

THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE / FEBRUARY / 50¢

ARGOSY

1P

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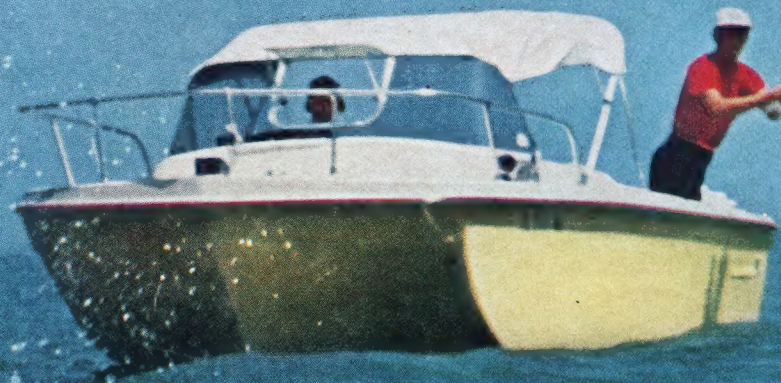
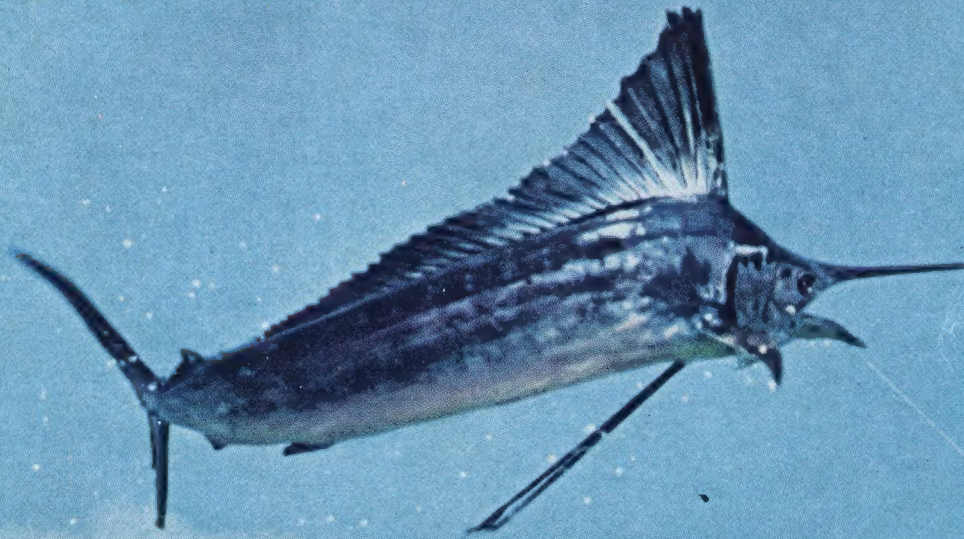
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Complete 1966 Price Guide

FEBRUARY, 1966

ARGOSY

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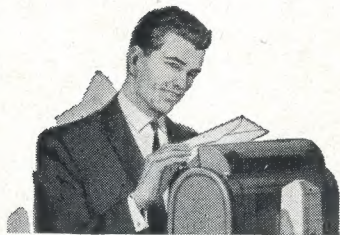
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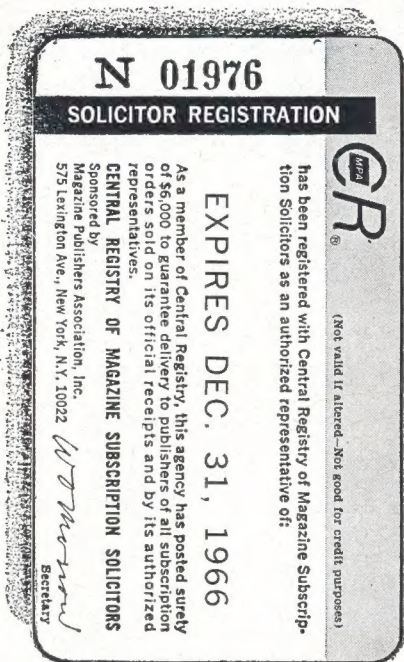
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THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE ARGOSY

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What's McCulloch got against overgrown outboards?

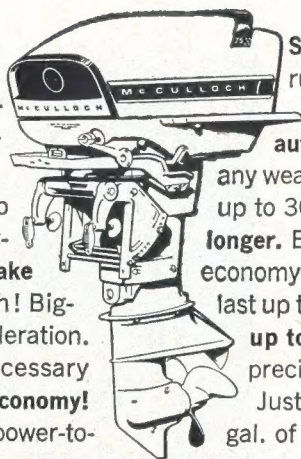


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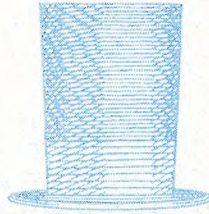
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1. HAPPY HONG KONG TO YOU!



2. HONEST ABE CLUB



3. COMING ATTRACTIONS

by *Harry Steeger*

1. Several of our avid readers wondered whether the ARGOSY tour to the Orient ever got off on its feet, so last month I told you it did and mentioned a few of the highlights of our visit to Japan.

You heard about geisha girls, the night clubs, the scenic wonders, etc., and I can assure you our distinguished group of travel hounds sniffed their way into an amazing number of fun spots.

This month, I'll tell you a bit about what happened when we reached Hong Kong, that weird, wacky and wonderful anomaly of a pleasure isle. The city itself is literally divided into two halves. Your plane lands at Kowloon, which is attached to the mainland, and across the bay is the island of Hong Kong, with its mountains and its tall buildings set like gems in the steep sides all the way to the top.

The harbor is a beehive of activity, with passenger steamers and freight vessels plowing along constantly from all corners of the globe. We also noticed one of our aircraft carriers and a couple of our destroyers, as well as several British warships. Junks of every possible description, some of them equipped with fast motors, seemed to cover all the spaces in between the larger craft.

And then there were the sampans, actually by the thousands, which are used for transporting goods as well as for homes. We saw two large sampan colonies with kids clamoring all over the little craft, and chickens in coops lashed to the stern. There were also sailboats, from frigates to schooners to sloops and, of course, the Star ferries. These remarkable little boats grind like an endless chain between Kowloon and Hong Kong, one route for passengers and the other for automobiles.

And if you think the harbor sounds like a busy thoroughfare, you should see the streets! They're crowded beyond belief, mostly with Chinese but also with a considerable percentage of British and tourists. The stores offer amazing bargains.

I bought a couple of cameras and watches for about a quarter of the price I would have paid elsewhere, and I understand that many items can be purchased cheaper than in the country of their origin. Suits, for instance, run between \$50 and \$60 and are made from the finest British woolens. The only (Continued on page 8)



Nothing but a thin, striped pole separates the free world from Communist China.

How to succeed while you're still young



"Take the initiative. You won't always be right. But knowing business fundamentals will cut your margin of error to the minimum"



"Actively seek all of the responsibility you can possibly handle. You'll never get anywhere by avoiding the tough assignments"



"Develop the instinctive ability to make quick, accurate decisions. Business has always reserved its greatest rewards for men of action and courage"



"Broaden your knowledge of business in a systematic, organized way; learn the problems and viewpoints of all major departments of business"

An interview with James M. Jenks, President Alexander Hamilton Institute

THE famed management consultants—Booz, Allen & Hamilton—contend that *"The return of rigorous competition is forcing the improved use of executives. In many cases the margin of competitive success or failure is locked up in the quality of management talent."**

It is in times such as these that seniority is often thrown out the window; and that knowledgeable, ambitious young people are permitted to rise as fast and as far as their ability enables them to go. For business has too much at stake to discriminate on the basis of age.

The man who can do the job, gets the job . . . whether he's 28 or 58.

And today—as in critical eras in the past—top managerial talent is emerging from big and small organizations throughout the country. From engineers, chemists and other technical men. Among salesmen. Accountants. Lawyers. Marketingmen.

Their backgrounds are diverse; but all of these men share a compelling force to succeed, and the intelligence to realize that only people with a well-rounded grasp of business functions can direct the activities of subordinates.

A Fascinating "How to Succeed" Plan

Most people are surprised to learn that the average age of our subscribers is closer to 40 than to 20.

And we, in turn, are equally surprised that this mistaken notion has persisted for so long.

After all, rarely does a man mature sufficiently until he is in his thirties to give any serious thought to his future, or to the security of his family.

But the day comes inevitably when he asks himself: "Where am I going to be in five or ten years? Will I be able to put my children through college? Will my estate support my family, for a reasonable period, without the need for additional funds?"

If he's fortunate, acts while time is still on his side and if the program he follows is valid, he frequently becomes successful while he's still young.

All of this, necessarily, is an oversimplification of the problem.

For that reason, we have analyzed the Institute's approach to executive-training problems in written form. The program is outlined fully in a 32-page book titled "Forging Ahead in Business."

This little book is not for children or even the 20-year-old. Rather, it was designed to show the mature, ambitious man how to build his career on a solid foundation—how to cope realistically with the problems everybody must meet and solve before he can hope to aspire to the top managerial level.

A copy is yours for the asking

After having devoted more than fifty years to helping ambitious men help themselves, we're naturally aware of the reasons why some men reach the heights at an early age . . . why others don't hit their peak until years later . . . and why some never do make the grade as major executives.

Surprisingly, native ability and intelligence are not nearly as dominant influences as one might expect (the \$50,000 a year man is not five times as intelligent as the \$10,000 man.)

Few men work at more than a fraction of their capacity . . . and most are willing to settle for mastery of a single department of business.

Somehow they fail to realize management's need to understand, relate and communicate on an overall administrative level . . . to master the basics of marketing, accounting, finance and production.

While helping thousands to accomplish more in months than they would, ordinarily, in years,

the Institute has compiled, analyzed and refined authentic case-history material . . . made depth studies of real and complex business situations. Thus the training is immediately applicable to average everyday business problems.

Many executives have called the Institute's descriptive booklet "One of the most valuable contributions ever made to business literature."

It explains the modern method of attaining success while you're young—while you can still enjoy it to the fullest. Tells you what you must do, what you must know, to make upwards of \$15,000 a year reasonably early in your career.

The program it describes is not meant for everybody; but if you happen to fit the pattern of the success-minded man, it's entirely possible that you, too, will find that the Institute's program will bring you a little closer each day to your chosen goal.

There's no charge for "Forging Ahead in Business" because—depending on the individual—it can be worth *nothing* . . . or a *fortune*.

To obtain your complimentary copy, simply fill out and return the coupon below.

*Quoted from June, 1962, issue of "News Front"

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trouble is, if they don't fit in the first place, there doesn't seem to be a tailor in America who can rectify the error.

Getting from one place to the other is easy. Taxis are inexpensive, and the double-decker trolleys and buses travel to almost every point in the city. We enjoyed riding in the rickshaws because you get a good view of the scenery and the price is right. The rickshaw boys don't walk; they jog along at a uniform pace and, from what my spies tell me, none of them ever drops dead from a heart attack.

You can take a funicular tram to the top of the peak on Hong Kong Island for a view in every direction—and if you're a camera hound, bring plenty of film.

Buses and taxis are available to take you to the New Frontier, which is about an hour or two away from Kowloon, depending upon how many stops you make for beer and food. On the road ahead of you at the border, there is a gate which bars your passage to Red China, but you can climb a little hill and look out at the mountains and shoreline of the mainland for many miles. The border is actually just a few hundred feet away and it's easy to see the Chinese moving along the nearby roads.

You can even buy an opium pipe on the hilltop from an old lady who will gladly demonstrate its use—although we were told they smoke only tobacco.

Of course, not all the female population is like this. In fact, many of the girls we saw were something to write home about. They were lovely, clear-skinned, big-eyed, willowy beauties, with the most amazing thin waists you ever saw.

These people seemed on the whole very cheerful, in spite of their obvious poverty, and their customs were both different and similar to ours in surprising respects.

Take food, for example. The first night out, as the guests of the wonderful Choy family, we had dinner on the Kowloon side at the Princess Garden Restaurant. There were sixteen courses—oh, my poor aching stomach!—and if you think that's a vast quantity of comestibles, you're right.

I couldn't give you the names of half of the courses, and it wouldn't make any difference anyway, because you wouldn't recognize them. But in spite of so many courses, there was a surprising result: believe it or not, they weren't filling. You could go right ahead making a pig of yourself, as each of us did, but after the feast was over, you could still arise without the aid of the white-coated attendants. Nor does the variegated meal amass blubber around your midsection. You don't even feel like slinking into a corner to sleep off a sleazy hangover. It's an eater's Nirvana, and I recommend it for all you fat cats who can't say no to a second helping.

Eating is usually accomplished with chopsticks although, if you're a sissy, you can demand Western-style table tools. You shovel each course into a small dish in front of you, and your neighbors seem to delight in helping you as well as themselves.

By the time nine or ten separate courses have cluttered up the table, the flying chopsticks become positively dangerous and you could easily have an eye knocked out or a tooth stove in. But it's all very delicious, and conversation continues at a hectic pace as well as the chomping.

After the Princess Garden, our hosts volunteered a night club. I think they felt this might be something really different for the visiting firemen.

So we went down from the street level to the Bayside Night Club. If this were really at the bay side, as the name indicates, we would have been ten feet under low tide. When the door opened, we had a real shock. Instead of soft, singsong-type Chinese music, our ears were blasted by the raucous cacophony of a discotheque band.

For the moment, we thought we were back in New York or Los Angeles—and when we looked at the floor, we were even more convinced. All of the local burghers were doing the latest versions of the frug, the jerk, the watusi and what-have-you. It was quite startling to find that the young-to-middle-aged element were doing every dance we thought we had patented in the United States.

One of the most picturesque places to eat is in the harbor at Aberdeen. A little sampan ferry—and almost every one of them is sculled by a woman—takes you out to the famous floating restaurants. These are barges decked out in the most elaborate finery, where you can look out into various fish pens and pick out your favorite variety, which is then cooked and served to order.

There are only two of these barges, but they're very large and serve an immense number of people. We ate at the Tai Pak and fared well, although some of my friends tell me they had difficulties later on.

There are fine bathing beaches all over the islands, as well as golf courses and tennis courts. You can really have the time of your life, just as we did, and pay less for it than at almost any other vacationland in the Far East.

I could tell you about some of our fantastic exploits—like the night several members of the party jumped into the pool with their clothes on, and the rather unusual bronco ride one of our daring cowboys took on top of a two-decker trolley car. But I don't snoop, and so these things may never have actually happened.

One way or the other, that trip was something to remember.

Which leads us naturally into the month-

ly meeting of the Honest Abe Club where remarkable things occur with clock-like regularity and the truth shines forth like the beacon on top of Hong Kong Mountain.

To those who relate the best yarns (truthful, of course) we award our globe-girdling trophy, the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

2. Honest Abe Club

We'll call first on Jon Nylander of Albuquerque, New Mexico, whose tale about his uncle proves that some people are just born lucky:

"Dear Harry: The following is a true story and, due to the modesty of my predecessors and their concern for the fish in this country, an old one.

"I have been reluctant to tell anyone about it for fear of starting another gold rush and also for fear of having my ancestors called dishonest for not telling others about it.

"However, I feel it is my duty to tell it to such a distinguished and honorable group as the Honest Abers so that it won't be lost to posterity.

"The whole episode started when my uncle, who had been hunting for gold in the Sacramento River during the California gold rush, was stuck on an island after his boat overturned in the muddy river and he lost all his possessions and had to swim to shore. He was too tired to swim back to the other shore from the island and was very hungry, so he looked around for food and saw that there were fish swimming upriver, but the water was so muddy they were swimming backwards to keep the silt out of their eyes.

"Well, my uncle pulled several out and noticed that they were awfully heavy for their size, and when he scaled them, he found a few flakes of gold under each scale. It had been washed down from upstream where the tailings from extensive placer minings were dumped into the river.

"My uncle stayed there for two months and got enough gold to make him a rich man when he went back East.

(Signed) JON NYLANDER"

I wouldn't mind a "fish feast" like that myself for a change, Jon. All I ever get is fins—and I don't mean five-dollar bills, either.

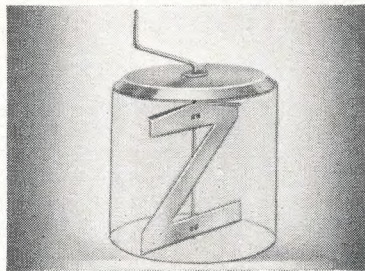
Speaking of luck, listen to the story Harvey Nielsen of Orleans, Minnesota, is about to relate:

"A recent article in ARGOSY about a pack rat brought to mind the most frustrating event of my entire life.

"I was prospecting in central Washington during the dirty thirties, lacking anything more profitable to do, and uncovered an old canoe partly buried on a sandbar. In the bottom of the canoe was a rotted leather bag containing some colored glass beads. Since they were pretty, I put a handful in my pocket. That night when I got back to the cabin, I laid the beads on the table and went to bed.

"Next morning when I got up, I could hardly believe my eyes. Instead of ten glass beads on my table, there were ten gold nuggets. They were small, but they were gold.

"I immediately assumed I was dealing with a trader rat and events of the next few



NEWSFORMEN

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days proved me correct because I managed to trade off the rest of the beads in the old dugout canoe for gold nuggets.

"Apparently the rat had access to an inexhaustible supply of nuggets, so the next morning I hit off for civilization where I bought up all the colored glass beads in the local stores.

"When I got back to the cabin, I found that another saddle bum had moved in. Being afraid he might discover my secret—if he hadn't done so already—I immediately became as nasty as possible and invited him to leave in no uncertain terms.

"This he did, but on leaving, he made a number of remarks about my brand of Western hospitality and informed me that he had done me a big favor. He said, "At least I shot that so-and-so pack rat that's been stealing you blind!"

(Signed) HARVEY NIELSEN"

It just goes to show, Harvey, that if Lady Luck doesn't deign to hand you that famous smile, you might as well expect the worst.

Gary Hauschild of Iowa City, Iowa, has some amazing shooting to tell about:

"Having been a fan of both ARGOSY and the Honest Abe Club for a number of years, I can no longer sit by and not tell of my experience.

"Last year, a few friends and myself had agreed to go pheasant hunting one weekend. This was fine and everyone looked forward to a good day of hunting.

"The night before we were to go, Jim, one of the group, came to my home and told me he wouldn't be able to go because something had come up he had to take care of.

"Well, after a couple of hours of talking—and a bottle of cough medicine—he agreed to meet us at our hunting grounds for at least a morning of hunting with us, but would have to leave right after noon.

"By noon, we had thoroughly hunted out our spot when we ran into another group of hunters. At the same time, a lone rooster took off. Everyone shot and down he came.

"There was one more in our group, so we won the argument that followed. Since Jim had to leave then, we gave him the disputed bird.

"The next day, Jim called and asked me if I was sure we had shot the bird we'd given to him. Now, considering the fact that nine men had shot at it, plus the way the bird fell, I told him I would guarantee it—and I hoped it wasn't too badly shot up.

"At this, he laughed and said there wasn't a shot in it! The pheasant had broken its neck when it hit the overhead wires.

(Signed) GARY HAUSCHILD"

That gang couldn't even have committed suicide, Gary, supposing such a thought may have crossed their collective minds after that display of marksmanship.

Even as a young boy, Cliff Baker of Vancouver, Washington, had the instincts of a real resourceful hunter, as you will realize from his tale:

"When I was a kid back in North Dakota, I used to earn my spending money by catching gophers and cutting off their tails for the two-cent bounty that was on them. Since I was too young to own a gun to shoot them with, I tried many different schemes.

"First, I tried using a noose with a string about six feet long. I placed the noose

Arctic char, bass, bluegill, crappie, grayling, muskellunge, perch, pike, salmon, brook, brown, cut-throat, Dolly Varden, lake, rainbow, speckled, steelhead trout, tuna, walleye.



USG 66-32

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around the hole and would lie there patiently waiting until the gopher stuck his head out of the hole, then jerk the noose tight around his neck.

"This method took too long and wasn't very profitable, however, so one day, while I was waiting for a gopher, I hit upon a scheme that was much easier and much more profitable.

"What I did was place a small, flat pillow rock on one side of the hole and a small pile of pepper on the other side. When the gopher came out of the hole sniffing for danger, he'd sniff the pepper and sneeze, thereby throwing his head back against the pillow rock so hard it broke his neck.

"All I had to do the next day was go out and gather my catch.

(Signed) CLIFF BAKER"

By your ingeniousness, Cliff, I bet you ended up with more spending money than any other boy in your school.

Robert Radencic of Dushore, Pennsylvania, has still another unusual and gunless method of hunting to impart to us:

"I have been reading your Honest Abe Club letters for quite some time now and I think it is time I gave the Club some money-saving advice. This advice is for the benefit of those of you who still hunt rabbits the old-fashioned way—with expensive guns and ammunition.

"I suggest that you get rid of your guns and get yourself a can of black paint, a brush, two pots and a large bag. Now you are ready to 'hunt,' but you must be sure to pick out a spot where there are plenty of rabbits and plenty of rocks.

"Use the brush and black paint to paint circles on the rocks, filling in each circle with black paint, and you're ready to go.

"Now, run through your rabbit country, clanging the pots vigorously together. If you've done everything correctly so far, by now you have the rabbits thoroughly confused, and, as we all know, a confused rabbit heads straight for the nearest hole.

"When the rabbits hit the 'holes' you've painted on the rocks, they will be knocked unconscious and all you have to do is use your bag to gather them in.

(Signed) ROBERT RADENCIC"

That could amount to a pretty good saving on ammunition during a season, Bob—at least enough to keep you stocked with snake-bite remedy for the whole period.

You'll all agree, I'm sure, that Steve Vaz of Hayward, California, has about the most unique style of hunting yet to be heard of around here:

"I have read stories in your Honest Abe Club from all kinds of hunters who use everything from rifles to bow and arrow, but I have yet to hear from a fellow bull-whip hunter. Yes, I use a whip!

"I received my first whip when I was only six, but even then, I could soon pick off a quail or a pheasant. I became very efficient and now I hunt the same game with a whip that most men do with a rifle.

"I carry an assortment of whips, as a fisherman carries lures—different weights and lengths.

"One morning, while hunting in the Rockies, I came across two huge bucks fighting over a cute little doe. They were really going to it with antlers together. I came upon them with a whip in each hand. I cracked out with both whips at the same time. The first lashed their antlers together; the second one caught them by the ankles.

"There the two magnificent bucks stood, hopelessly bound together and at my mercy. But, being the true sportsman I am, I released them because I never take more than I can eat—and my freezer was full of meat.

"This was the worst mistake of my life, for now no one will believe my story except, of course, the members of the Honest Abe Club.

(Signed) STEVE VAZ"

You'll have no more doubters now, Steve. Everyone knows that if a story is printed in the Honest Abe column, each and every word fairly sparkles with the truth.

Next, we'll have Harris C. Olson of Laurel, Montana, tell how he almost broke a record:

"I was reading where some guy back East shot what he thought was a record-size fox. I believe it was something like fifty-three inches from his nose to the tip of his tail.

"Anyway, I remembered seeing a big fox out back in the woods, so I took my shootin' iron and went after him to beat this guy's record of fifty-three inches.

"I hadn't hiked but a couple of miles when, sure enough, I jumped this big fox. I took a snap shot at him and shot off the tip of his tail clean as could be.

"He sure started making tracks then and I really had to lead him on the second shot,

but I nailed him and he went down for keeps.

"Well, I thought I'd see if I had got a record-breaker or not.

"Now, near as I could reckon, it was 210 feet from his nose to the tip of his tail—but I couldn't find it, no matter how I tried. Now it will never be official.

(Signed) HARRIS C. OLSON"

Some people might say that was stretching the truth (or the tail—or the tale (?)) a bit, Harris, but we know better, of course.

We'll close with a good tip from Joseph S. Koval of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, for those who can't find a way to keep rabbits from ruining their gardens:

"We have been bothered by rabbits destroying our vegetable garden year after year and I've tried everything I've heard or read about, but to no avail.

"One day, while reading a horticultural magazine, I got an idea and tried it. Now you can't find a rabbit in half a mile.

"Perhaps some of you have guessed my secret: I planted dogwood trees around the garden. The rabbits just can't stand the bark of a dogwood tree.

(Signed) JOSEPH S. KOVAL"

It must be true what they say about a dog's ears hearing things we don't hear, Joe, because I've often seen but never have I heard the bark of a dogwood tree.

What say we finish up the snake-bite prevention and crawl into our sleeping bags for a good night's rest. See you back here next month for another gathering of the clan, with a whole new batch of priceless experiences and ideas to make our hunting and fishing more successful than ever.

Meantime, keep sending us your ever-truthful tales and we'll keep sending you our ever-truthful five-dollar check for each one published, together with, of course, the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye—that most coveted trophy of the world of sports. Address your letters to Honest Abe Club, c/o ARGOSY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

And keep sending, too, for those Honest Abe Ties. They're really handsome and will show at a glance wherever you go that you are a sportsman of the highest caliber. See the ad on page 107, which includes a coupon for your convenience in ordering.

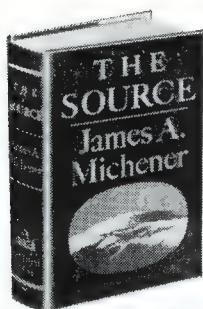
3. Coming Attractions

In our non-fiction for March will be a fascinating account of the most daring criminal operation of all time, "England's Great Train Robbery"; "Pete Joost and his Kachin Raiders," a gripping and unusual World War II adventure, and many other fine articles, features and picture stories.

Our novel for March is another exciting Inspector West mystery by Britain's best-selling novelist, John Creasey. In this adventure, West flies from London to New York to try to untangle a strange kidnapping which has international complications. It's one of the inspector's most rousing mysteries.

Besides the novel, we have three short stories, two by writers familiar to ARGOSY readers: Dion Henderson and Robert L. Fish. Henderson will never be forgotten for his memorable "Catbird," in November, 1965. Fish, one of the newest and best mystery writers, is the author of two of our novels and several short stories. • • •





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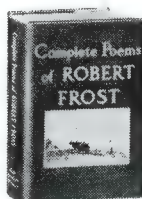
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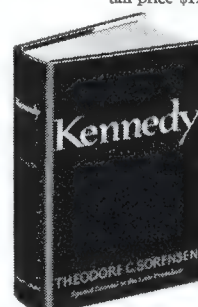


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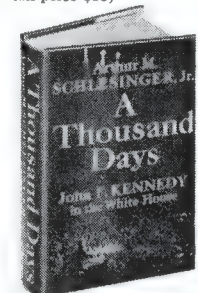


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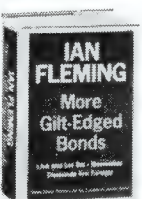
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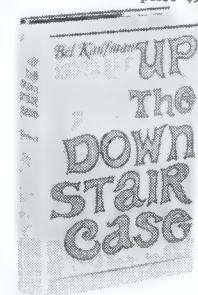
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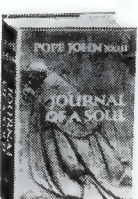
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BACK

talk

OUR READERS SOUND OFF



ARGOSY, 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

THE SHEPPARD CASE

I am a devoted subscriber to your incomparable periodical because I find your topics are always of great interest and a delight to read.

One subject which has drawn my attention is the epic of Dr. Sam Sheppard, and I think that your aid to people who are under the thumb of "so-called" social justice is highly commendable. I lean in his direction, not just out of pity but from pure admiration for an individual who is able to exercise self-control through trial and tribulation.

I hope, for the sake of the guy and his new wife, that a retrial is allowed.

A. D. DENARTI

Denver, Colorado

• **EDITOR'S NOTE:** On November 15, 1965, the United States Supreme Court agreed to hear his appeal. As we go to press, the date has not been set.

Regarding the article, "I Know Who Killed My Wife!" by Dr. Sam Sheppard (November), I would like to say that no one would expect the convicted to admit his guilt.

If he has evidence that someone else killed his wife, Marilyn, it is his duty to the public, to his loved ones and to himself to name the person or persons. To withhold such evidence under guise of getting a retrial is a pretty thin excuse and not worthy of consideration.

After years of following this case, I cannot but think, according to the evidence and decisions of the jurors of our land, that he is guilty and should pay for the crime as prescribed by the law as handed down. His old sob story is getting worn and tired.

CECIL EVERS

Fortuna, California

After reading Sam Sheppard's story, all I can say is that somebody wanted him "out of the way" (or dead, preferably) and used every dirty trick in the book to accomplish this end.

C. A. LOGAN

Wenatchee, Oregon

BEST FEATURE

Congratulations on a fine magazine. It is, in my opinion, the Number One magazine in circulation. Your choice of articles and pictures is excellent.

I particularly liked the picture feature, "The Ride of Their Lives," by Ward Kennedy in the November issue—with starlet Jo Collins (strumming on her banjo) on

page 39. I hope you will have another story featuring Jo, because she's one of the best "features" you ever had. At least, if possible, print a picture of her in your Back Talk section, along with her vital statistics. It will make about twenty-five members of the Monocacy Field and Stream Club (all ARGOSY

readers) very happy. Some are even betting on her statistics.

STEVE ROPER

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

• Jo tapes in at 36-24-36. Incidentally, she's five-four and has brown hair and green eyes.

NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER

My friends and I read your magazine with great enthusiasm because we are keen shooters of deer, duck, pheasant and pigs, and fishermen of trout and salmon.

I must admit, however, that we have a great many laughs at the trouble and expense people in the States have to go to in order to shoot a deer. And the idea of a limit seems hilarious.

We have deer in abundance. In fact, the government is training and paying men to eradicate them. Private shooters are paid \$2.80 for each tail and supplied with three rounds of .303 ammunition. Furthermore, there is no closed season on deer and no license fee.

Let me congratulate you on a wonderful magazine. It is very hard to procure here, but my friends and I certainly enjoy it when we get it.

ALEX J. COLLINS

Te Awamutu, New Zealand



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

Jo Collins . . . "best feature" . . . 36, 24, 36.

GUN LAWS

Your letters from T. C. Gifford and W. H. Updegrove in November Back Talk only serve to strengthen my opinion that Senator Dodd's proposed bill would put the onus on proper authorities to see that "criminals" do not have guns. To my way of thinking, that's the fairest kind of law.

If people want guns, they should be willing to respect the privilege and not turn it into several kinds of indulgences, as with automobile owners. Gun licensees who endanger peoples' lives by reckless shooting should not be allowed the use of firearms. Habitually reckless car drivers sustain the loss of their driving privileges, so why shouldn't offensively reckless or unreliable gun owners suffer the same punishment?

With best wishes for lots of Dodd-damned good gun laws!

W. HEAD (A Sportsman)

Windsor, Ontario

I heartily agree with the letters from T. C. Gifford and W. H. Updegrove that we need stiffer sentences for those who break laws with firearms, more freedom for the hunter and sportsman, and a jail term for anyone who bears false witness to purchase a firearm or steals one.

I'm all in favor of Senator Bob Casey's HR 5641 and HR 5642.

C. S. WINSLOT, SR.

Ketchikan, Alaska

COME ON OUT!

I must refute Dick Wolters' statement in your June issue that "there's nothing to see in Minnesota." How anyone can make such a generalization after spending only a day or so in our state is beyond my comprehension. After all, it is a big state—the fourth or fifth largest in the country.

All my life, I've traveled extensively throughout Minnesota and there's much to see and enjoy. Admittedly, there are some areas that would not appeal to tourists. On holiday weekends or certain times during the summer, some of the campsites might be filled up, but we have never received a single letter here at AAA deploring the facilities. On the whole, there are more advantages than disadvantages. According to all reports, the President's daughter enjoyed her stay in Minnesota last summer. As you will recall, she and her party were on a canoe trip in the wilderness near Ely, an area which is a favorite spot of thousands of canoeists and outdoors lovers.

In closing, I'd like to say to your managing editor: If you don't believe me, Milt, come on out and we'll arrange a tour of the state so you can see for yourself.

RON D. JOHNSON
Managing Editor

Minnesota AAA Motorist

Minneapolis, Minnesota

"STORM" OVER VIETNAM

With reference to comments in November Back Talk by "Ex-Pill Pusher" Bob Hill (USMC), of Abilene, Texas, I, too, agree that Milt Machlin's "Battle Front Report from Vietnam" and Frank Harvey's "The Green Badge of Courage" were damn fine reporting. This is from a guy who has been there and has seen some of the kooks who called themselves "war correspondents." (Continued on page 17)

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You Schedule the Orders while Your Servicemen Bring You \$18 an hour gross profit

Yes, that is your hourly gross profit from the work of only three servicemen . . . at "national-price-guide" rates. And this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service they themselves render. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a **clear net profit** to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to **BE YOUR OWN BOSS** . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now **YOU CAN**.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-

ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are **NOW** enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of **your** services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . **before** someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That mad sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life**. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got \$7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly**.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income**.

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today**.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



Own a Nationally Advertised Business

Your Services Are Endorsed by
*McCall's Magazine, American
Research & Testing Laboratories
and by leading Carpet Mills &
Furniture Makers*

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled \$1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could."

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as \$120 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was \$2,416. Total expenses \$814.

Gerald Weihrauch: Three persons called me . . . saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was \$186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hoak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned \$650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed \$1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased \$17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 6-722 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015
With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BACK TALK

Continued from page 14

But let's get a few things squared away right here and now!

Bob Hill seems to be just another big-mouthed Texan. Either he's a phony, or suffering from some kind of putrid brain disintegration.

The fact is that, since 1776, there hasn't been a marine born with the intelligence, guts, sense of dedication, or personal sacrifice for his fellow man required even of a hospital corpsman, USN—that special brand of swabbie who follows the old Semper Paratus boys into their jungle Jim escapades and saves their hides when the chips are down.

Don't get me wrong—I'll fight any candyass who knocks the Corps, but let's keep the church in the middle of town and give credit where credit is due. For twenty-five years, I've served with a few notable MO-rens, and I want to say that marines and corpsmen are two of a kind, like booze and vermouth—and they mix well into one helluva potent concoction. But when night is dark and that ugly red stuff seeps out of your guts, you don't call "Pill Pusher, USMC" or "Medic, USN," but, by God, the sweetest song you can sing is "Corpsman"—and I might add, USN.

Regarding your comment about us fluttering little angels of mercy being unarmed, I do recall that, a few times when I left the transport unarmed because of some starry-eyed assistant battalion surgeon, a marine gunny or light colonel would slip me his own .45, or at least a bundle of grenades, with a pat on the back and, "You might need this, Doc!"

And, Dad, don't tell me how "special" the Special Forces are! They have just as many gourdheads as any other outfit.

BILL FREDERICK, Master Chief Hospital Corpsman, United States Navy
San Diego, California

It's about time such a renowned magazine as ARGOSY donated a few pages to the U.S. Marines.

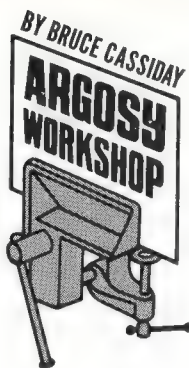
I'm here to tell you that I'm not the only marine who is annoyed at some of your articles about the "greatest fighting men in America" (Special Forces). Granted. But let's give credit where it's due. Since I'm discussing specially trained units, let's discuss the First and Second Recon Battalions of the Marine Corps. Gentlemen, we both know they are better parachutists, recon men and fighters (guerrilla warfare included), not to mention that they are expert scuba divers and have other special skills. Oh, yes, we even have the best-trained pilots.

Round everything out, and I'm sure you'll agree that the fighting force which deserves the word *greatest* is an armed force of approximately 20,000 men, often referred to as the Band of Brothers, more commonly known as the United States Marines!

JAMES W. MCBROON, Corporal, USMC
Santa Ana, California

• *We take off our hats to the Marines, and have probably given more space to their exploits than any other men's magazine, except "The Leatherneck."*

But you'll have to prove to us that their record in Vietnam is any better than the



Insulation for Oil Furnace

IF YOU'RE unsatisfied with the efficiency of your oil furnace, you might try relining

it with a brand-new kit now available for the home handyman. Called Cera-Form and manufactured by Johns-Manville, it reduces the cost of heating and cuts down noise, soot and waste heat. You complete the installation of the kit using a screwdriver, a wrench and a knife. The Cera-Form Replacement Combustion Chamber kit costs \$14, and contains complete materials and instructions necessary for planning and completing the job. It works not only on regular oil-burning furnaces, but also on units which have been converted to oil from coal. If you'd like to know more about it, send in for information.

TO SAVE you a lot of trouble in dealing with repair jobs in tight, inaccessible spots where the beams of a regular flashlight won't reach, you can use a new "grain of wheat" lamp, the world's tiniest torch. Called "Teenie-Genie," this little extension lamp fits into a regular flashlight connection. Then, you manipulate the lamp on the end of a thin wire, poking it into various out-of-the-way places to bring bright light to the dark corners. The lamp is manufactured by Spacetrone, Incorporated.

IF YOU'VE noticed that your wood floors have been getting too much wear and tear and are pocked with worn spots, you're ready for a refinishing job. The following tips from the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association may help you.

There are several ways you can prepare your wooden floors for redoing. First of all, you must take off what ever wax you have on the old paint surface. Use turpentine, mineral spirits, or any of the many products on the market designed for this purpose.

When you're down to the paint surface, you have to make a decision between two methods of paint removal: you can sand off the paint, or you can remove it by paint-and-varnish remover.

If your floor has become roughened and splintered, your best bet is to sand down the surface of the wood. Rent a sanding machine from your paint store. A floor sander is electrically operated, and consists of a revolving drum to which heavy sandpaper has been attached. When you sand, be sure to sand with the grain of the wood. Just follow the instructions and you'll have no trouble. It's a heavy job, but the result—a slick, bright, fresh wood surface—is worth the sweat.

If your floor is in pretty good shape, you can remove the old coating from

the floor with paint-and-varnish remover. Be sure you have good ventilation in the room. And don't smoke or let open flames burn around the work.

Brush the remover onto the surface of the floor and let it stand for twenty minutes or so, until you can see that the finish is softened. Then remove all the residue off the floor with a broad putty knife or a painter's scraper.

After you've finished with this job, wash the floor thoroughly with turpentine or mineral spirits to take off any remnants of the remover. This means you must pay special attention to cracks and crevices. If you leave any remover down, the finishing coat of paint may not dry properly.

If there are cracks and splits in the wood, fill them with special filler material to provide yourself with a smooth surface for painting. You can buy filler at your paint store.

Now you have several choices: (1) you can finish your floor with penetrating wood seal, (2) you can paint with floor paint or enamel, (3) you can give the wood grain a clear finish with shellac or varnish, or (4) you can stain the grain and finish it with shellac or varnish.

(1) Penetrating seal is a type of varnish that penetrates wood instead of remaining as a film on the surface. If you have worn spots on flooring where there is heavy traffic, you can bring them to life by the use of penetrating wood seal, applying a color that blends in with rest of the floor.

You can also finish your entire floor with penetrating seal. Just follow the instructions on the can.

(2) With floor paint or enamel, simply follow directions.

(3) In using shellac, be sure the material is fresh—no more than six months old on the dealer's shelf—and then apply as instructed.

With varnish, follow directions, and be sure not to stir the mixture before applying it. When you paint with varnish, don't brush it on—flow it on. Practice on a piece of scrap wood until you can do the job properly.

(4) If you want to stain your wood to bring out the grain, use a water stain. Water stain soaks in readily and gives a clear color to both hard and soft wood. Put on two coats of weak stain, applying it with the grain, then wipe the surface immediately with a soft cloth. Let the stain dry for at least twenty-four hours before applying filler. After that, varnish or shellac the floor.

No matter what kind of finish you've put on, once it is dry, apply a coating of wax to protect it. Let periodic wax coatings take the wear, and you may never have to refinish again. For maximum protection, use paste wax for the first coat. You will have to buff it. Subsequently, according to Johnson Wax, use a liquid naphtha-based cleaner wax. This type dry-cleans a wood floor as it is applied, eliminating the need for water washing that is potentially harmful to wood. An electric polishing machine, either your own or one you can rent inexpensively, will take most of the elbow grease out of the task of buffing.

Special Forces who defended Plei Me, or the Infantry who have fought all the way against the V.C. As good, maybe, but certainly not "better."

WILL THE REAL JESSE JAMES STAND UP!

I enjoyed October ARGOSY and was especially interested in "Secret Code to the Jesse James Treasure," by Steve Wilson, a well-known Western writer. But Mr. Wilson missed out on one fact. Jesse James did not die at St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 3, 1882. The man killed that day was Charley Biglow. He had two tiny children, Johnny and Mary. Johnny, through no fault of his own, lived under the alias of Jesse E. James, Jr. He died in 1951.

The children of Charley Biglow, for some tragic reason, grew up as if they were the children of Jesse James. Their mother posed with them in public as the widow of Jesse James.

Jesse Woodson James was identified in 1948 as the real Jesse W. James. At one time, he used the name of J. Frank Dalton. No agency could disprove his claim that he was Jesse James. He and the last living members of the James gang held a reunion at Meramec Caverns, Missouri, on September 5, 1949. It was his 102nd birthday.

Jesse Woodson James, alias J. Frank Dalton, died in Granbury, Texas, on August 15, 1951, at the age of 107 years. I know Jesse J. James very well, and other members of the James family. I am kin to the Daltons, which automatically makes me kin to the Jameses, too.

I hope you will print this letter.

JACK WALLACE

Loma Linda, California

• *I would truly like to believe that J. Frank Dalton was Jesse James, and that he pulled off the greatest hoax in the Old West. But unfortunately, the facts show otherwise.*

Such authoritative writers as Homer Croy and Carl Breihan have spent years digging into the historical facts concerning the James gang and denounce J. Frank Dalton as a great story-teller.

For example, not only did Dalton claim to be Jesse James, but also maintained that William F. ("Bloody Bill") Anderson was not killed in the Civil War, as history relates, but died "an old man" near Rising Star, Texas. Dalton also said that he killed John Wilkes Booth in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1903, which is absurd. Again, his story was far removed from history when he claimed that William Quantrill did not die in 1865, but in 1892, and taught school in Texas.

If J. Frank Dalton were Jesse James, then there must have been two outlaws going under the same name.

STEVE WILSON

Edmond, Oklahoma

I enjoyed Steve Wilson's article "Secret Code to the Jesse James Treasure."

The country where the treasure is supposedly buried is not new to me because I lived near the Wichita Mountains in my childhood. Needless to say, I never recovered any of the hidden treasure, but have done varmint hunting in the area.

Stories of the Old West and of hidden treasure fascinate me, so keep up the good work.

H. L. VALLANCE, DK1, USN

American Embassy, Tokyo

The story of Jesse James in the October ARGOSY appears highly improbable to me. However, there must be some truth somewhere, because I remember several of the symbols. When I was a youngster, my grandfather taught me the meaning of a few which were shown in your magazine. The code and symbols are a form of calculation used before the eighteenth century, and are not all Spanish.

If Mr. Slim Dillingham were here, perhaps I could tell him exactly how Frank James failed, and also where the treasure is supposed to be.

HENRY SYNDER

Athens, Ontario

WEIRD WAR

It was a genuine pleasure to read "Battlefront Report from Vietnam" (August issue), by your managing editor, Milt Machlin. An account like this is better than trying to decipher generalizations in the press, and I truly hope you will have a follow-up story later on.

Congratulations again for a fine article and a first-rate magazine. You've gained a new customer.

DAVE DAVIS

Longview, Washington

Let's have more on Vietnam from Milt Machlin. His exposé in the August issue is a great piece and the photograph of the wounded pilot should be printed on the front page of every newspaper in the world—particularly in the U.S.A. It's a mild reminder of what's really taking place in that end of the world.

Brass hats have withheld bad news and defeats from the press since George Washington's day, but it's more noticeable now,

with wars every few years, and the one in Vietnam is just a continuance of the old struggle for control of China and all of Asia that has been going on for over twenty-five years. We went in there with obsolete equipment, just as in Korea, and tried to win the war with "nice words and paper promises." In return, we got the hell shot out of our soldiers and there'll be many more killed before it's finished. President Johnson said it would get worse before it got better, which I could have told him in the beginning.

We must realize that the enemy understands one thing and that's "force." So we must fight dirtier than he does, take no prisoners and do the same to those who supply the enemy with war materials. In other words, we've got to quit playing "patty cake" with a blood-thirsty tiger.

Again, congratulations to Milt Machlin for good coverage on this dirty war.

WALT THAYER

Wenatchee, Washington

BLOCK HEATERS

I read J. Edward Schipper's comments on electric block heaters in the November issue, and it appears that Mr. Schipper never ventures out of the balmy Florida sun during the months of December, January and February. Perhaps he has been out in the sun too long. (Note Schipper's address below.)

If he ever visits the northern portion of the States or parts of Canada during those months, he will be surprised at the wide usage of electric block heaters in these areas. It has proved to be more practical and slightly more economical to use such modern conveniences than to rely on the old method of pushing your car over a blazing bonfire to warm the engine when the mercury starts to shiver.

BRYAN HODGE

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

While I consider ARGOSY tops in men's magazines, I have a complaint to make regarding your November issue.

In "You and Your Car," Mr. Schipper, in his discussion of block heaters, states "... but they are not widely used, except in areas such as Alaska and the Yukon." I can state without fear of contradiction that at least ninety percent of the cars in Western Canada are so equipped. Incidentally, if you look up the location of Prince Albert, you will find that we are somewhat south of the center of the Province of Saskatchewan... and a hell of a long way from Alaska.

F. E. NUNAS

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

• "Climatically," I would certainly put Saskatchewan in the same class as the Yukon. We were not speaking geographically, and only mentioned Alaska and the Yukon as typical of areas with extremely cold winters.

J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

Pontiac, Michigan

REPAIR SHOP OF THE FUTURE

"The Electronic Service Center," by David Sanessa, in your December issue, is of great interest. May such centers multiply more rapidly than rabbits so that we car owners can get an even break.

P. A. AGNEW

San Francisco, California



**A most unusual car for people
who enjoy the unusual**



'66 Corvair Monza Convertible—with outside rear-view mirror and back-up lights among the safety assists that are now standard equipment.

If you perked up when you turned to this page, our research computer says you're probably well informed, earn above average income and have more or less "in" type tastes. That's the kind of person who usually drives a Corvair. But then you can't always go by research. The fellow who turned all this up on our computer, for instance, was a frugal soul who read nothing but technical stuff and drove the same black sedan for 15 years. Then one day he showed up in a Corvair convertible a shade redder than the one above. How did he square this with his research? He didn't. That was the same day he asked to be transferred to a job that would get him out on the road more...driving his new Corvair.

'66 Corvair by Chevrolet

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



IS PARIS BURNING?

by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre

PHOTO COMPOSITE BY WIL BLANCHE

Excerpted from the book "Is Paris Burning?" ©1965 by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

"Le jour de gloire est arrivé." Paris had waited four years for it. Now, on a breathless, blue summer morning, it arrived. Not a cloud disturbed the dawning of this day of glory. It was so beautiful, so perfect, that nature and history seemed to have co-operated in its creation. In thousands of homes, Parisians prepared to greet it with the explosion of emotion that would stamp it forever in history and in the memories of those who lived it. Never again, perhaps, would a city know anything like the wave of sheer happiness about to break over Paris on this, its Liberation Day. It was August 25, 1944, the feast of Saint Louis, the patron saint of France. It was, thought a private American soldier (continued on page 24

ONE OF THE GREATEST MOMENTS OF WORLD WAR II WAS THE LIBERATION OF PARIS. FROM THE PAGES OF A FAMOUS BEST-SELLER—NOW A PARAMOUNT MOVIE—ARGOSY PRESENTS SOME GI MEMORIES OF AUGUST 25, 1944

if the Allies were to take Paris, Adolf Hitler wanted the city to be in ruins. Which is why, when it fell, he demanded, "Brennt Paris?"—"Is Paris burning?"



argo notes

DICKEY CHAPELLE was one of the great war correspondents of all time. So great that she made ARGOSY violate a long-time prejudice against women writers and use her to cover three wars. In 1958, she reported the Algerian revolt for us and brought back eyewitness photographs of the execution of an Algerian rebel. (ARGOSY, October 1958.) A month later, the Lebanon crisis broke and we rushed Dickey there to cover the Marines' action on these Middle Eastern beaches, because no correspondent working had better liaison with the U.S. Marines. We got a two-part exclusive out of that, with the best color coverage ever taken of that small war. It ran in November and December of 1958 under the title, "The Untold Story of the Marines in Lebanon." In October of 1960, Dickey, who had covered the Castro revolution from deep in the Sierra Maestra, wrote what was to be her last story for ARGOSY, "The Marine Who Fought for Castro." In all, Dickey covered eight wars as a photographer and writer: World War II, Korea, the Hungarian Revolution (she was captured for fifty days and held by the Reds), the Algerian War, the Castro Revolution, Marine operations in Lebanon and the Dominican Republic and Vietnam.

We last saw her when she came to our office last spring to ask what she could do for ARGOSY at the front in Southeast Asia. But we had already completed arrangements to send Managing Editor Milt Machlin. Dickey promptly got together with Machlin and gave him all the inside poop on how and where to see the most action. She also advised the fortyish World War II vet to visit the delta in preference to the mountains. "There's no sense killing yourself running after those kids up and down mountainsides. Its tough enough keeping up with them as it is." Machlin took the advice and came back with a prophetic frontline report. Shortly afterwards, Dickey left on her fifth trip to the Vietnam front, for WOR radio and "The National Observer." While covering a search-and-kill mission near Chu Lai, America's most gallant correspondent—man or woman—stepped on a mine and died a few hours later,

surrounded by the Marines for whom she had fought.

STILL on the subject of Vietnam, it is comforting to know that our old friend the Douglas DC-3, otherwise known to World War II vets as the C-47 ("Old Glory Girl—DC-3," ARGOSY, February, 1964) is still in there flying. In fact, say most pilots, you just can't fight a war without the old bird. The Fourth Air Commando squadron, recently arrived in the Saigon area, is flying what they call FC-47s. Technically that would mean gooneybirds transformed into fighters. It might rate that description, at that. It has been fitted with machine guns in its door and in the port side of the fuselage. The guns can blast out 6,000 to 10,000 rounds a minute, and have been actually used to give support to ground troops. The use of this version of the DC-3 as a jungle fighter started a little over a year ago. At this writing, there are more than twenty in use. None was built since V-J Day, which must make them the world's toughest flying antiques.

ARGOSY's frequent outdoor writer, Bradford Angier (his last story was "Clam-

bakes Anywhere," July, 1965) is author of a book called "How to Build Your Home in the Woods." (How's that for a snappy title?) It's published by the Hart Publishing Company. Price, \$1.95.

FANS of CHAOS (Cannon Hunters Association of Seattle) who read about this unique group in the April, 1965 ARGOSY wrote more than 1,000 letters to Head Hunter Donald H. Clark after reading the article. A big bore. . . . Speaking of initials that spell words, one of our ad execs was speaking at a dinner recently when his wife handed him a note which simply had the letters KISS on it. The man alongside our ad man was very moved until the speaker sat down and explained the meaning of the note: "Keep it short, stupid!"

IF YOU liked the article on page 20, you'll love the movie—we're talking about Paramount's film of the best-selling book, "Is Paris Burning?" While ARGOSY's story includes only the American role in those hectic final days of the fight for Paris, the picture goes into fascinating and highly realistic detail on the role of the FFI (French Force of the Interior) in the liberation. German General von Choltitz, who made the fateful decision not to burn Paris, is played by Gert Frobe of Goldfinger fame. Others in the film include Glenn Ford as General Omar Bradley and Kirk Douglas as General Patton. In roles as resistance fighters are Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer. Love interest is supplied by Leslie Caron. One of the year's best adventure pictures! • • •



Above is photo taken of former Argosy correspondent Dickey Chapelle, just before V.C. mine took her life. Right: Medics carry critically wounded Dickey to medical-evacuation helicopter.

For the man who has everything



but the best fishing boat built

Some fishermen say our Sportsman is the best all around fishing boat ever built. Far be it from us to disagree.

It's a brand new breed of all-purpose boat that's convertible in minutes for all kinds of fun.

Snap on the deck cover and it's a smart run-about. Face a front seat aft and it's a ski boat. Turn the rear seats around and it's a big water fishing boat. Or take the seats ashore for beach partying or camping.

The walk-through folding windshield makes docking or going ashore as easy as stepping

off a curb. And gives you easy access to the foredeck fishing platform. You can play a fish all around the compass from any place in the boat.

We sometimes call it a 16-footer, just because it's 16'-2½" long. That doesn't do it justice. We should call it a *short-18* — because it's an 18-footer in everything except the last two feet of pointed nose (who needs it?).

It has more cockpit space and walk-around room than the roomiest "18's." And it has more flotation, stability and riding comfort.

It's a dry boat on any heading. When a conventional boat hits a wave, it throws spray up. The Gull Wing hull rides the spray. Its spray tunnels turn it down — creating hydraulic lift. The bigger the waves, the greater the shock absorbing lift.

The more you know about boats, the more you'll appreciate what the Sportsman does for fishing.

See the Sportsman at your Evinrude dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4217 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53216.

EVINRUDE
first in  outboards
DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP

IS PARIS BURNING? *Continued from page 21*

named Irwin Shaw, "the day the war should have ended."

The road ahead of Milt Shenton's jeep was empty and menacing. The drab gray shutters, sagging from the stucco buildings that hung over the narrow sidewalks beside him, were snapped shut. The only living thing ahead of Shenton was a stray cat sneaking along a building front. The only sound he could hear, it seemed to the sergeant, was the thumping of his own heart.

Ahead of him, Shenton saw a blue-and-white T-shaped road sign reading, PARIS—PORTE D'ITALIE, the same sign Dronne had seen the night before. Overhead, Shenton heard a window creak open. He whirled around, snapping off the safety of his carbine. Then he heard another window open, and another. From somewhere he heard a woman's voice call, "*Les Américains!*" Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a man in shirt sleeves and two women in bathrobes, their slippers flapping, bolt for his jeep. The man threw his arms around the sergeant from Maryland and kissed him wetly on both cheeks.

Major S. L. A. Marshall of the U.S. Army's Military History Section counted 67 bottles of champagne in his jeep by the time he reached the Seine near Les Invalides. For the men who rode into Paris through that jubilant throng, there were sights they would cherish forever. To Pfc. Stanley Kuroski of Headquarters Company, it was "an old man with a handlebar mustache and all his medals on, standing like a ramrod with great big tears rolling down his cheeks." Major Barney Oldfield of SHAEF's press section remembered an old woman lying on a stretcher watching,

through a mirror held over her head, the liberators arrive. "Paris is free, Paris is free," she kept repeating to the blue skies above.

Some of the sights were bizarre. Communications man Oren T. Eason, attached to the Second Armored, saw a beautiful blonde hanging from a lamppost, repeating over and over again to no one in particular, "Hey, I'm from Hoboken!"

But of all the experiences along their route, nothing stood out more for these men than the sheer emotional impact of the hundreds of thousands of exultant, overwhelmingly grateful Parisians swarming over them. Major Frank Burk of Jackson, Mississippi, submerged in a sea of people, thought it was "without a doubt, the happiest scene the world has ever known." Burk reckoned there were "fifteen solid miles of cheering, deliriously happy people waiting to shake your hand, to kiss you, to shower you with food and wine."

Pfc. Mickey Esposito, an ex-prize fighter from New Jersey, and his company rolled straight through Paris in a six-by-six without stopping. As Esposito and his company passed, the crowds along their path reached up to slap their palms "to say thank you." Suddenly Esposito felt something being pressed into his hand. He opened his hand and saw a little white ivory elephant the size of a quarter. Esposito looked back at the faces in the crowd disappearing behind his truck. There Esposito saw an elderly woman—her white hair strouDED in a black shawl, her face thin and emaciated—watching him. This unknown Frenchwoman, who had just offered her little charm to a passing GI, cupped her hand and gave a timid wave as his truck disappeared forever. Esposito tucked the elephant into his pocket, sure it would bring him good luck.

Everywhere along the lines advancing into the city were the women of Paris, lean, sun-tanned and, to these men who had fought their way to Paris from Normandy, almost unbelievably beautiful. Pfc. Marcel Rufin of the Chad Regiment of the Second Armored had boasted about them all the way to the capital. Now, leaning out of his half-track Lunéville, Rufin kissed dozens until, to his mates, his face "looked like a red mushroom." Aboard his Sherman Viking, Corporal Lucien Davanture felt he was "almost being assaulted by Parisiennes." He established a priority for entry to his turret: prettiest first! Pfc. Charley Haley of the Twelfth Regiment watched a blond-haired buddy who wanted to see how many girls he could kiss. "He must have kissed a thousand," Haley thought with awe.

Paris lived and loved, cheered and cried, danced and, on occasion, died, all through this magnificent day with a vigor that did honor to even its gay and Gallic heart. Caught up in the delirium, Captain George Knapp, a Protestant chaplain from Dyer, Indiana, thought it was "the greatest experience" he had ever lived. (His fellow chaplain, Captain Lewis Koon of Woodstock, Virginia, driving in a jeep with his function painted on it in white letters, heard the crowds murmur, "Ah, Charlie Chaplin.")

Everywhere, people were breaking out bottles of champagne long set aside for the Liberation. Huddled underneath a truck on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, while a fire fight flared around him, Colonel David Bruce suddenly saw a well-dressed Parisian crawling through the gutter to join him. Bruce, the European head of OSS who had accompanied Ernest Hemingway to Rambouillet, stared in surprise at his elegant visitor. "Excuse me," the Frenchman said, "but I wonder if you'd like to come to my home for a glass of champagne?"

For most of the exhausted and dirty soldiers of the Second French Armored Division and the Fourth U.S. Infantry Division, few of the gifts Paris might offer could rival a bath. Pfc. Charley Haley of "B" Company, Fourth Engineers Combat Battalion, got his in an apartment at Two Avenue Léon-Bollée. Stripped to his skivvy shorts, Haley stood in a tub while a Frenchwoman, her two daughters and her son scraped the dirt of Normandy off him. When his company drew up at the Avenue d'Orléans, Captain Jim Smith of the Twelfth Regiment Antitank Company was invited by a lovely blonde to take a bath. She had neither a tub nor a shower, but she stood the lanky captain in a wooden bucket in the center of her kitchen and, while he drank champagne and asked himself if he was dreaming, she scrubbed him down from head to foot.

Everywhere among the wild and happy crowds, nothing touched the city's liberators more than the spontaneous generosity of a city anxious to share the little it had left after four years of occupation.

In the gay carnival now reigning in the streets of Paris, everything seemed to be happening at the same time. Excited FFIs [French Forces of (Continued on page 27)]

Swank Rue de Rivoli was turned into a scene of hell again for startled Parisians last year for the filming of Paramount's soon-to-be-released movie based on book, "Is Paris Burning?"

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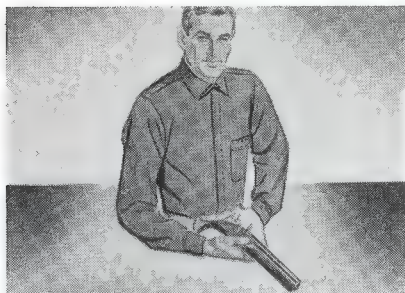
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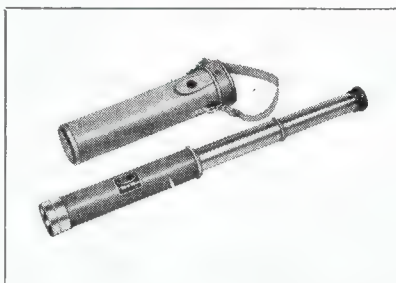
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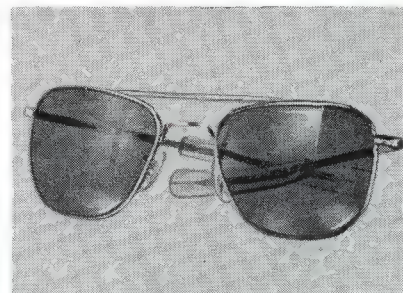
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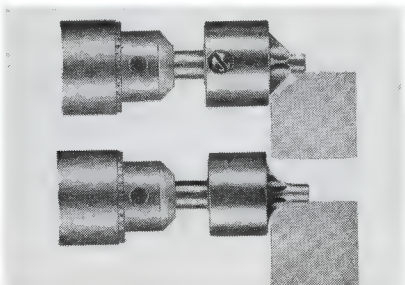
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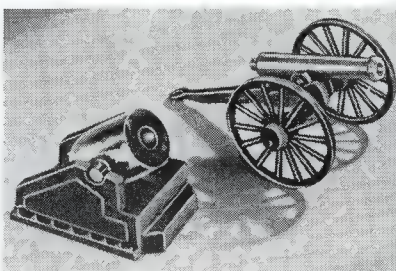
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IS PARIS BURNING?

Continued from page 24

the Interior], a bottle in one hand and a rifle in the other, chased over the city's rooftops looking for German snipers. On the Champs-Élysées, an excited fireman's band alternated choruses of the "Marseillaise" and "God Bless America." Around the German strongpoints still resisting, the troops of the Second Armored fought and died, while just blocks away, their comrades, their fighting over, celebrated.

Lieutenant Colonel Ken Downes and Lieutenant John Mowinkle decided to have a welcome-home drink in the only place that, to ex-newsman Downes, seemed fitting for such an occasion—the Hotel de Crillon. Downes shoved aside the hotel employes barring the iron grille to its lobby and stalked inside. He stopped with an abrupt jerk at the sight before him. Stretching from one end of the lobby to the other was a sullen mass of Germans, haversacks slung over their shoulders, side-arms strapped to their waists. They stared at the two Americans. Then one of them stepped forward. "Are you American?"

Downes replied that they were.

"Then," said the German, "we surrender to you, and not"—he gestured disdainfully to the crowd beyond the hotel gates—"to that out there."

"How many are you?" asked Downes.

"One hundred and seventy-six," answered the German.

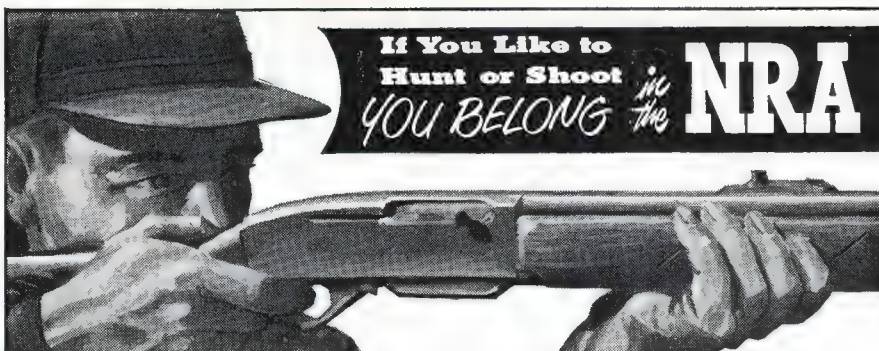
Downes thought for a second. Then he turned to Mowinkle. "Lieutenant," he said, "take care of the prisoners." With that, Downes left to find a more congenial bar. Alone with his 176 prisoners, Mowinkle decided to disarm them like a gentleman. He told them to check their arms in the cloakroom.

As they did, Mowinkle found he had an ally, an enormous French lieutenant in the uniform of the Spahi Regiment. Like Mowinkle, he had entered the hotel with a distinctly exaggerated notion of the state of its liberation. He had thought it was Leclerc's headquarters. The Frenchman decided to tour the hotel. Pulling his Colt from its holster, he cleared a passage to the stairs by bopping the Germans in his way with the butt end of his pistol. The American followed him. Upstairs was a huge banquet hall still littered with the remains of the Germans' last feast. The two young officers entered by different doors, and at almost the same instant spotted a prize left behind by the Germans—a case of champagne. With as much speed as a sense of dignity would allow them, they raced each other for it. They reached it together. Face to face, they stood at semi-attention over their prize.

"Lieutenant Jean Biehlmann, French Intelligence Service," said the Frenchman.

"Lieutenant John Mowinkle, American Intelligence Service," answered Mowinkle.

"I propose," said the Frenchman with a sweep of his hand, "six for you and six for me." Mowinkle bowed a polite assent and the two young officers scooped up the champagne. Then, side by side, their arms crammed with champagne bottles, they marched solemnly down the grand staircase of the hotel, past their popeyed prisoners, and, laughing like two schoolboys who had just played a prank, (Continued on page 33)



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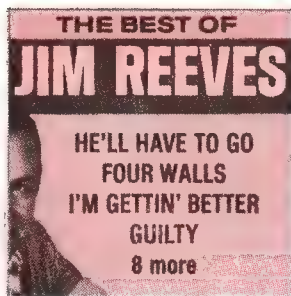
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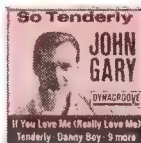
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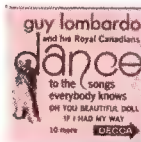
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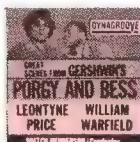
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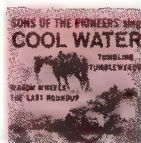
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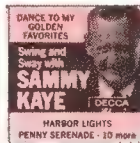
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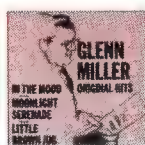
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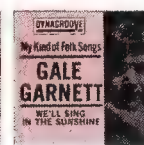
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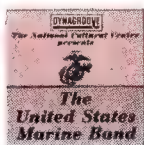
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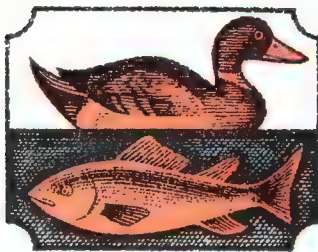
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10. **CHRYSLER**—Trailer towing brochure. This free brochure tells you all about trailer towing for camping fun and travel.
11. **HERTER'S**—Contains thousands of items for the sportsman. Hunting, fishing, camping, shooting supplies and many others. Price: 25 cents.

CARTOON PRIZE: Send in one or more captions for the cartoon below. The funniest will receive a sportsman's *Therm'x portable heater* (see below). Entries must be in by February twenty-eighth. Address: Outdoor Editor. October winner of a new *Harnell fly rod* is on page 104.

THERM'X HEATER: Called the *Adventurer*, made by the Therm'x Corporation of San Francisco, for boats, cabins, campers, trailers, etc. Size: 9½ x 8 inches. Weight: 3 pounds. Output: 3,000 BTU. Burns odorless fuel, operates like the familiar hand warmer (flameless). Price: \$27.95.

COLD FEET: Perspiration causes feet to get cold fast. Keeping them dry is easy. Spray them with a strong anti-perspirant of the underarm type. Try it at home first to make sure you're not allergic to it.

CROSSING ICE: When you must walk on thin ice, carry a long tree branch, grasping it near its center. Should you fall through, it will rest on solid ice and hold you up. (B. A. Harten, Merlin, Oregon.)

SNOW BLINDS: For shooting crows, calling fox, etc. in the snow, your blind

must be camouflaged white. Easiest way is to use a can of Christmas spray. Spray it in patches. One can is enough. (Willard Edberg, Lincoln, Nebraska.)

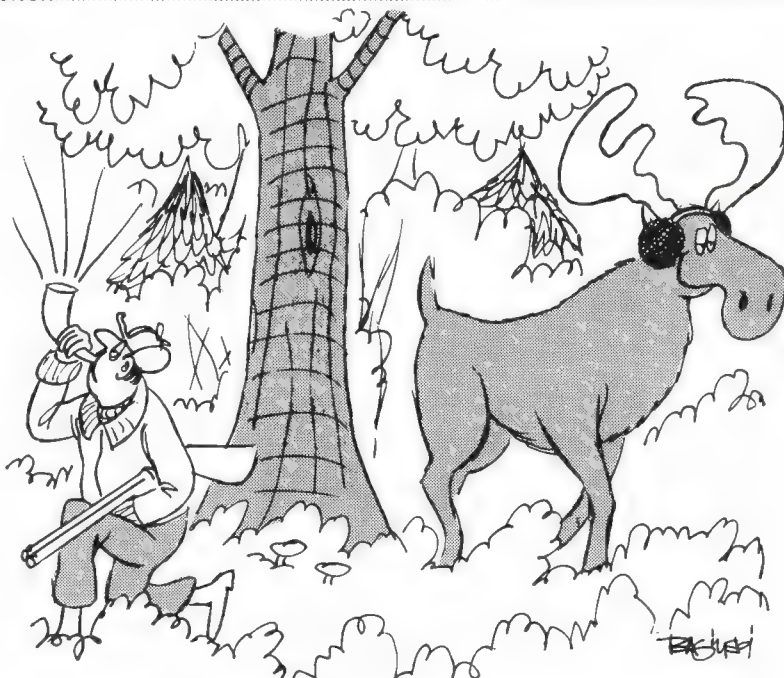
SCOPE SIGHT: If you can't sight your scope accurately and quickly, maybe crosshairs just aren't for you. Try a scope with a tapered post reticle. Many hunters prefer it, especially for fast shooting.

FOR COON HUNTERS: A new call, the *Coon Squaller*, will bring down the most reluctant coon from a high tree. Its sound will put a cat-and-dog fight to shame. From Bill Boatman, Bainbridge, Ohio.

DIAL-A-SHELL: New dispenser for .22 cartridges. Clips to your belt. Shells are released singly when you twist a knob. Lightweight yellow plastic, holds a full box. By Flambeau Plastics, Baraboo, Wisconsin. Price: \$2.98.

ICE-FISHING BOBBER: One of the best is a small sponge-rubber ball, slitted to take your fishing line. When ice freezes on it, squeeze it and the ice crumbles off. Stick a red cocktail stirrer in it to help visibility.

Caption.....



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IS PARIS BURNING? *Continued from page 27*

they strode out of the hotel and along the Rue de Rivoli.

A few blocks away, two truckloads of FFI drove up at the main entrance of an equally famous Paris hostelry. Dirty and dusty, in berets, undershirts and grease-stained blue-denim work clothes, they strode, like the workers' battalions that had marched out to defend Madrid, into the very citadel of old world luxury, the Hotel Ritz. At their head marched the imposing general of this one-man army, Ernest Hemingway, and his two volunteer aides, the distinguished Colonel David Bruce and "Moutarde," a prewar engineer on the French-owned Ethiopian railroads who had served as chief of staff of Hemingway's FFI army for the past four days.

In the Ritz's deserted lobby, they found only one person, a frightened assistant manager. He recognized his distinguished American visitors, frequent prewar guests at the hotel.

"Why," he gasped, "what are you doing here?"

They informed him they had come with some friends for a short stay. Recovering from his surprise, the assistant manager asked Hemingway if, as a welcoming gesture, there was anything the Ritz could offer him. The writer looked at his happy, scruffy horde of FFI already milling through the lobby.

"How about seventy-three dry martinis?" he answered.

Dusk dropped softly over a free Paris. Like a body spent by love, the city drifted into a kind of ecstatic numbness, the natural hangover of the day's emotional outburst. It was a moment of tenderness after a storm of joy.

Sergeant Armand Sorriero of Philadelphia, bodyguard of the Twelfth Regiment's commander, tiptoed into Notre Dame, his carbine flung over his shoulder. Inside, the Philadelphian knelt in the semidarkness and prayed for a moment, until he suddenly thought that he "did not belong in the house of God with a weapon to kill." As he hurried away, half ashamed, a pair of nuns beckoned Sorriero to a three-legged milking stool. Chirping like happy sparrows, they washed the grime from his face with a porcelain potful of warm water. Sorriero was moved; he thought it must "be the Lord's way of thanking me for going to church."

A twenty-nine-year-old former Georgia farmboy named Leon Cole stared in wonder at the sight. There, spread at his feet below the balcony of this fifth-floor Montmartre apartment, were all the sights he had read and dreamed of for years, their contours barely visible now in the sinking dusk: the Eiffel Tower, the twin towers of Notre Dame, the lazy loops of the Seine. His host brought him a glass of cognac, and, side by side—the elderly French couple who had invited him for a drink and the gangling GI with a carbine hitched over his shoulder—watched the darkness settle over Paris.

Suddenly, as they watched, the whole magnificent sight spread before them burst into a blaze of light: the lights of Paris shining defiantly forth for the first time

since September 3, 1939. In one brief gesture of celebration, its electricians had just flooded the city with power.

Cole gulped at the beauty of that sight. The woman beside him gasped. Slowly, half in a trance, she lifted her glass out across her iron balcony toward the city below.

"*A la Ville Lumière*," she said in a whisper.

Cole looked down at her, and, peering through the darkness, he realized she was crying. Then the farm boy from Georgia realized something else. He was crying, too.

Of all the jobs he had held in his life, the one ahead, thought Major Robert J. Levy, was going to be the most difficult. The New York stockbroker had just been assigned to Charles de Gaulle as his American liaison officer. After three days of searching, he had finally caught up with de Gaulle in Paris on this Liberation night. He waited now in his outer office to be presented to the general. From the faces of the men streaming out of the great man's office, it was apparent to Levy that the general was in a high state of ill-humor. He could understand why. The Ministry of War headquarters, occupied just three hours earlier, was bedlam. The lights did not work. The telephones worked only now and then, and when they did, only for local calls. No one seemed to know where anything was.

Finally, Captain Guy called Levy into de Gaulle's office. The general rose behind his

plain, flat desk and peered at the five-foot eight-inch Levy.

"*Eh bien*, Levy," he said, "I hope you speak French. I speak English, but I don't intend to."

The formalities that followed were brief. When they were finished, de Gaulle thrust out his hand in an angry gesture at the noise, the faltering lights and the confusion around him.

"How," he thundered at Levy, "can I govern France in chaos like this?"

On the rue de la Huchette, near the Twelfth Regiment headquarters, an outdoor Bastille Day type of ball was in full swing with the firemen's band for music. An excited middle-aged woman was led up to Sergeant of the Guard Thomas W. Lambero. She wanted to know if all the men had girls to sleep with. Lambero assured her the situation was well in hand.

In the Bois de Vincennes, worried about discipline, the commander of one of the regiment's infantry battalions ordered his men to pitch their pup tents in squad lines and ordered a reveille formation for dawn. When it was staged, he took the measure of his failure. Out of virtually every tent staggered a tired GI—and with him, a sleepy-eyed girl.

Language was no barrier that happy night. Still scanning his army phrase book for something to say to the pretty girl beside him, Pfc. Charlie Haley of "B" Company, Fourth Engineers, thought what a stupid institution the Army was. "Imagine,"



Time: August 26, 1944. Parisians run for cover as Nazi snipers take pot shots prior to liberation.

We put more muscle in our hulls.

Feel it yourself in the Nassau and Seafarer. Lapstraking aluminum hulls was one of the "firsts" that's set more Starcraft afloat than any other boat. This feature automatically meant a stronger, smoother riding boat. And, when you add the 5052 marine grade aluminum sheets—finest alloy known—double riveted as tightly as those on a jet aircraft, you've got a floating fortress. Shuns rot, rust, salt and everyday dock pounding. □ Feel this extra strength for yourself. For fishing, try the Seafarer with its non-skid interior . . . 12 or 14-foot. For all-around fun, feast your eyes on the 16-foot Nassau. Her cockpit has real family roominess □ Either way, SEE YOUR STARCRAFT DEALER . . . HE HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO BE FIRST. Cruisers, Runabouts, Fishing Boats, Canoes and Sailboats



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Boat Division, Dept. A-2, Goshen, Indiana



he told himself, "saying to this girl, 'Have you any eggs?'"

Technical Sergeant Ken Davis, a tough Pennsylvanian, had memorized one practical phrase: "*Vous etes très jolie.*" As Davis prepared to put it to use, an excited group of FFI rushed up to his truck looking for GIs to help flush out a sniper. Davis went.

On the way back, a truck hit the car in which he was riding, throwing the sergeant unconscious onto the pavement. As he came to, Davis saw a group of faces forming and reforming over his head. One was female and very pretty. To his chagrin, his carefully rehearsed phrase deserted him. Instead, he kept repeating over and over again to the pretty Parisienne above him another phrase. It was one his buddies had used in Normandy to justify the occasional pilfering of a chicken or a duck: "It's a cheap price to pay for liberty."

In the gaiety, the laughter, the happiness of this evening, no one noticed the pickup truck, its canvas flaps snapped shut, rolling quickly down the Avenue d'Italie. Inside, a passenger peered through a flap at the carnival outside. He saw a GI lean down and haul a girl up to the turret of his tank. The crowds around them cheered. Sadly, Dietrich von Choltitz closed the flap.

Beside him, Colonel Hans Jay remarked to console him, "The war will be over in eight weeks."

"No," answered von Choltitz. "In Germany, there'll be a madman to shoot at them from behind every tree. You'll see."

Then, smoking his first American cigarette, Dietrich von Choltitz leaned back and,

lost in a melancholy silence, rode out of the city he had helped to save, toward two years and eight months in Allied prison camps.

Outside the city, far from the ring of its celebrations, a lonely GI noted a few lines in a diary. It was Corporal Joe Ganna, a young medic.

"This should have been written in Paris," he scrawled, "but they decided going through was good enough for us. There were women and children kissing us, men handing us tomatoes and wine. It was a grand day until we met the Germans. Then it was the same old story, firing, more killed and wounded, digging, and to bed in a foxhole."

One of Ganna's buddies was among the killed. It was Pfc. "Davey" Davison. He had been shot in an open field near a pair of old factories. The FFI buried him in a churchyard cemetery. The little GI would sleep forever on the edge of the city in which he had hoped to find "one night's sleep in a real bed."

For most of the men of the Second Armored and the Fourth Division lucky enough to survive this fabulous day, the memory of its emotion, its tenderness, its beauty, would remain in the face of a woman. For Technical Sergeant Tom Connolly, it was a beautiful blond girl in a white dress. He first saw her timidly edging her bicycle toward the circle of children

clustered around him in the cobbled courtyard of the old château where his battalion had set up its command post. Her name was Simone Pinton and she was twenty-one. To the twenty-seven-old soldier from Detroit, she was the most beautiful girl he had seen since he left the States.

Never would he forget her first words. "May I wash your uniform?" she asked in her hesitant English. "It is very dirty."

At those words, Connolly felt "awkward, tongue-tied, very dirty and very grateful." Just after dark, Simone brought him back his clean uniform and, arm in arm, the two set out through the neighborhood around them. It seemed to Connolly that he "toasted to a million Frenchmen" that night. Everywhere people cried to them, "*Vive l'Amérique*" and "*Vive la France*." They offered them wine and flowers and affection. Finally, happy, exhausted, the couple slid away from admiring crowds.

Alone, the lanky sergeant from Detroit and the beautiful French girl in her white dress ran up a little wooded hillside. Laughing, they flopped on the grass at the top. Overhead, Connolly could see a forest of stars and, in the distance, in the heart of Paris, the dark silhouette of the Eiffel Tower poised against the lighter night sky.

Simone gently took his head and put it in her lap. She leaned over and kissed him, and her blond hair spilled over his face. Then, in a gesture as old as men and women and arms, she began to softly caress his hair. "*Forget la guerre,*" she murmured quietly. "For tonight, *mon petit Tom*, forget *la guerre*."

campfires

BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

Pointers on Tents

IF THIS is your year to buy a new tent, you will find a wide range of sizes, styles, colors, weights and prices. But the choice should not mystify even the first-time camper. Reputable manufacturers handle quality goods. In tents, as in so many things, you get what you pay for.

The big considerations, aside from price, are the size and ease of using and transporting the tent. Here are a few pointers to keep in mind:

A rule of thumb on tent size is a floor space of nine by nine feet for two campers, nine by eleven for three, nine by twelve for four, ten by twelve for five and nine by fifteen for a family of six. It is better to get a tent larger than you think you will need. It will still fill up with people and equipment, especially if a rainy day keeps you indoors.

TWO-TENT families are becoming increasingly common. It is a good plan to have a second and smaller tent for the young campers in the family.

As far as style is concerned, the high wall or cottage-style tents are preferred by many who leave their camp in one place for several days at a time. Those who move camp every day or two, often choose a tent that requires less time to erect and take down and may be a little lighter in weight. Some of the newer external suspension-type tents are excellent on this score and can be erected or dismantled and folded away in ten minutes or so.

TENTERS are always wise to include tent-patching materials in their equipment. Repairing small tears in canvas is easy. Pull the edges of the rip together with needle and thread; then select a round canvas patch of about the same material used in the tent. It should extend an inch or two beyond the ends of the rip. Use canvas cement to secure the patch in place. Both canvas cement and tent patches can easily be purchased at your local sporting-goods or camping-equipment store.

IN FLORIDA recently, John Wilhelm, Ray Stephens and I camped in a new Airstream travel trailer towed by a four-wheel drive vehicle with a canoe on top. This kind of camping emphasizes the changes that have come to outdoor living. The beds were as comfortable as hotel beds. The kitchen was complete. The water system even included a device for purifying water from questionable sources if you should run short of tested

water. Racks for the fishing rods were attached to the ceiling so the rods could be carried without breaking them down. One compartment included flush toilet, lavatory and shower with hot and cold water. We even had a portable TV with a four-inch screen. This is what outdoor living and camping is coming to for some campers.

"WHAT kind of hitch equipment should I put on my car for the travel trailer I expect to get this year?" asks reader T. M., of South Dakota.

In reply, Merrill Ormes of the Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association says, "We strongly recommend a welded frame hitch for your car." Manufacturers also suggest an equalizer to shift part of the weight to the car's front wheels, thus permitting the car to ride level while towing the trailer.

FREE to campers is a list of names and locations of more than 150 privately operated campgrounds in Michigan. Write Michigan Tourist Council, Stevens T. Mason Building, Lansing, Michigan 48926. Ask for "A Guide to Private Trailer Parks."

FROM T. W. H. of New Mexico comes the question: "Can you tell me the origin of the old saying about sleeping outdoors and 'pulling up a couple of dogs for cover?'"

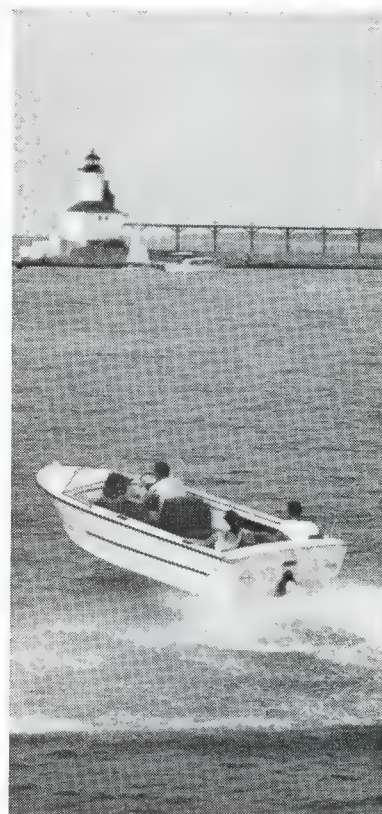
It is my understanding that the saying had its origin with the Australian bushmen, who must sleep without blankets. But they've got their dogs to keep them warm. A cold night is a "two-dog night." A "four-dog night" is enough to make your canines chatter.

"WE PLAN a camping trip to Florida and want to stay in the state parks, but I've heard they don't allow dogs. Is this true?" asks V. H. A., of Illinois.

Florida state parks do not permit dogs to stay overnight. During daylight hours, they're allowed if on leash. Most states insist that dogs be leashed. Several prohibit them completely. Among these are Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Best plan is to check state park departments before taking the dog camping.

IF YOU are going north and taking along your dog, remember that he may not know what a porcupine is. Keep him leashed because, if he runs loose, he may learn about them the painful, and sometimes highly dangerous, way. •

Why only Starcraft makes a special hull for MerCruiser power



For one of the same reasons that Starcraft makes more boats than anybody . . . a better ride. □ Ordinarily, an 18-foot aluminum boat like the Holiday V would run into bumpy riding problems with a 110 MerCruiser at the stern. We tried compensating for the weight with trim tabs, but that was far from perfect. Patchwork measures always are. So we went all the way. We took our water softening concave vee hull, a Starcraft "first", and formed it into a new design to dip deeper at the transom. What a difference! It lifted her up and set her on an even keel! □ See how special this hull is. Take a ride in a Holiday V AT YOUR STARCRAFT DEALER . . . HE HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO BE FIRST. Cruisers, Runabouts, Fishing Boats, Canoes and Sailboats



Dealers listed under "Boats" in Yellow Pages. For 1966 Catalog send name and address to: Starcraft Boat Division, Dept. A-2, Goshen, Ind.



The tuned car. For young people of all ages.

*What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick.
Like this '66 Wildcat Gran Sport.*

We have a secret formula for rejuvenating tired drivers. It's called "Buick tuning."

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Where the tuned car comes from. It comes from ideas, yes. But we don't really trust ideas until we see how they prove out. So we put our ideas in cars and take them out on the road for exhaustive testing.

Do we test on orthodox proving grounds? Sure—in Phoenix, Arizona, for example. But since we couldn't tune

a car on a proving ground alone (and since you won't be driving on one, either), we don't ship our cars out there. We drive them—testing all the way.

Where else do we test and tune, test and tune? The answer is: everywhere. Anywhere a road can teach us something about the roads you drive.

Safety is everybody's business. Including ours. The tuned car is tuned for safety, too. Which is why every model comes with an outside rear view mirror. And a padded dash. And seat belts front and rear. And a shatter-resistant inside mirror. And padded sun visors. And automatic backup light. And dual-speed windshield wipers and washers.

What the tuned car can do for

you. Will a new 325-hp Wildcat make a new driver out of you? We think so. You may find yourself enjoying those little unexpected trips to the grocery store. With the 340-hp Wildcat Gran Sport version (it has the larger engine, a special ride and handling package, Positraction rear axle and—naturally—everything tuned to match), you may just find yourself arranging to forget things so you can go back again. Don't blame us. Just think how much fun it will be to feel like you've just gotten your driver's license. Ah, youth.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

**1966 Buick.
The tuned car.**

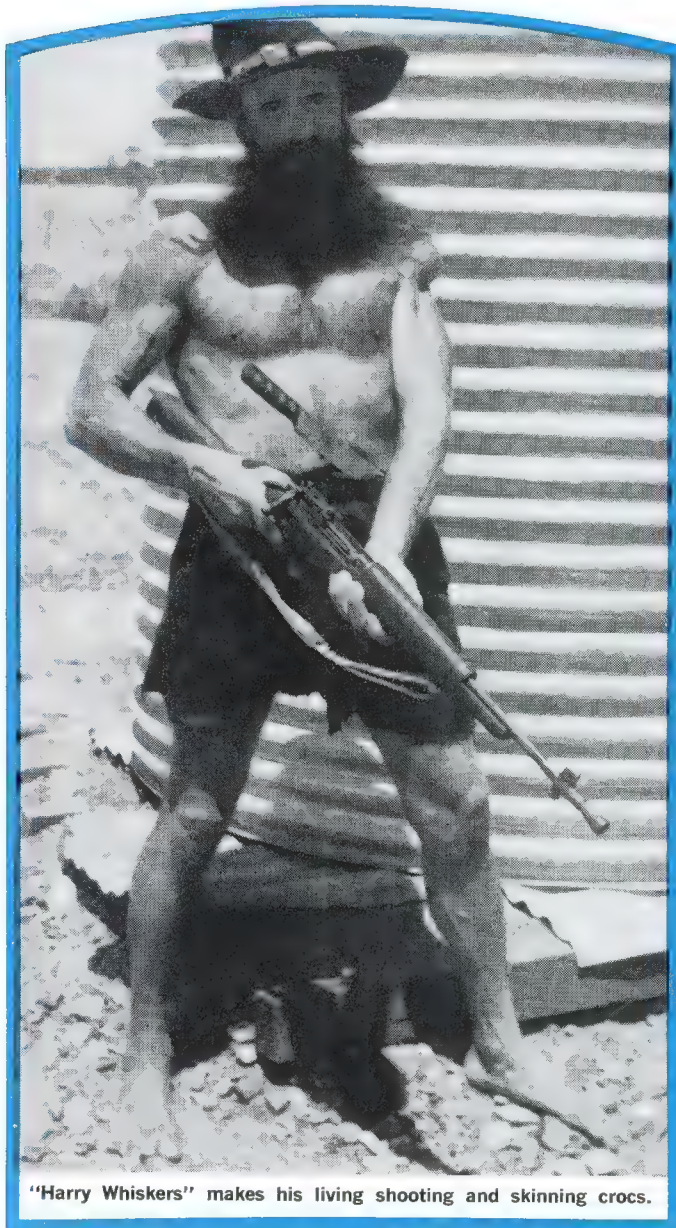
AUSTRALIA

Wide Open for ADVENTURE

by JACK HILDRETH with FRANK HARVEY

Photos by Jack Hildreth

**GOT THAT
TRAPPED FEELING?
WITH A TINY GRUBSTAKE,
YOU, TOO, CAN
BE MINING OPALS,
HUNTING BUFFALO
AND CHASING
KANGAROO IN
THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.
HERE'S HOW...**



"Harry Whiskers" makes his living shooting and skinning crocs.

Four years ago, at age twenty-eight, I was driving a cab in Boston. I had my high-school diploma, \$600 in the bank, and my idea of a big deal was going to Cape Cod for the weekend. If somebody had told me I would shortly be exploring the Australian Outback, I would have laughed. Me, an explorer? The only

AUSTRALIA continued

thing old Jack Hildreth was likely to explore was the back of the refrigerator, looking for a cold beer.

Then, one day, a seedy-looking character hailed me during the rush hour in downtown Boston. "Airport, mate," he said in a kind of a British accent. "And move a bit briskly, eh?"

Moving briskly at that time in the afternoon meant moving twelve feet, breathing monoxide fumes for five minutes, then moving twelve more feet, and pretty soon this fellow got fidgety.

"I say," he muttered, "how in heaven's name do you stand this bloody job?"

"A guy has to make a living."

"I'll make mine digging opals."

I figured I had some kind of a nut. Who digs opals in Boston? But we had time to kill and I said, "Where's the best place to dig?"

"You've never heard of it," the fellow said. "Coober Pedy. About three hundred miles up from the south coast of Australia."

Then he told me about the opals. It seems that Coober Pedy is the center of the biggest opal field in the world. Guys are digging all over the place. All you need is a pick and shovel and a case of explosives. The permit costs sixty cents.

"How much do you get for opals?" I asked.

"Six hundred dollars an ounce for top-grade."

I thought he was pulling my leg. In the cab business, we get some awful snow jobs. But the thing kept bugging me, and finally I went to a library and looked in the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

These opals were pretty hot stuff. Pliny wrote about them: "For in them you shall see the living fire of the ruby, the glorious purple of the amethyst,





Opals are among the most fragile of gems and must be cleaned with care to avoid chipping and breaking them.

Left: the opal diggings at Coober Pedy are as desolate a spot as you're apt to find anywhere in the world.

For an Aussie cowpuncher, entertainment is pretty hard to come by. A joy ride on a donkey replaces movies, TV.





the sea green of the emerald, all glittering together in an incredible mixture of light." Pliny went on to say that the opal was next behind the emerald in precious stones. Mark Antony threw some famous Roman senator out of the country for stealing an opal no

bigger than a hazelnut. Opals were interesting, but a Boston cabbie had about as much chance of going to this crazy Coober place as joining the astronauts for a trip to the moon.

That was before I met / Continued on page 88



Above: a nine-ounce rough opal valued at \$4,500. At right, a rainbow strikes the diggings at Coober Pedy, possibly pointing to a rich vein of gems instead of the usual pot of gold.



Last Gasp

by ARTHUR PORGES

**How do you disarm
a booby-trapped
delayed-action bomb in the heart
of the London blitz?
You call in Selby, of course—and
let him blow his head off!**

WHEN COLONEL HACKER of the OSS loaned Lieutenant Selby, his "ingenuity man," to a British bomb-disposal unit, he was careful to impose one vital condition. • "I don't want the boy meddling with any live land mines at close range. It's not his business, for one

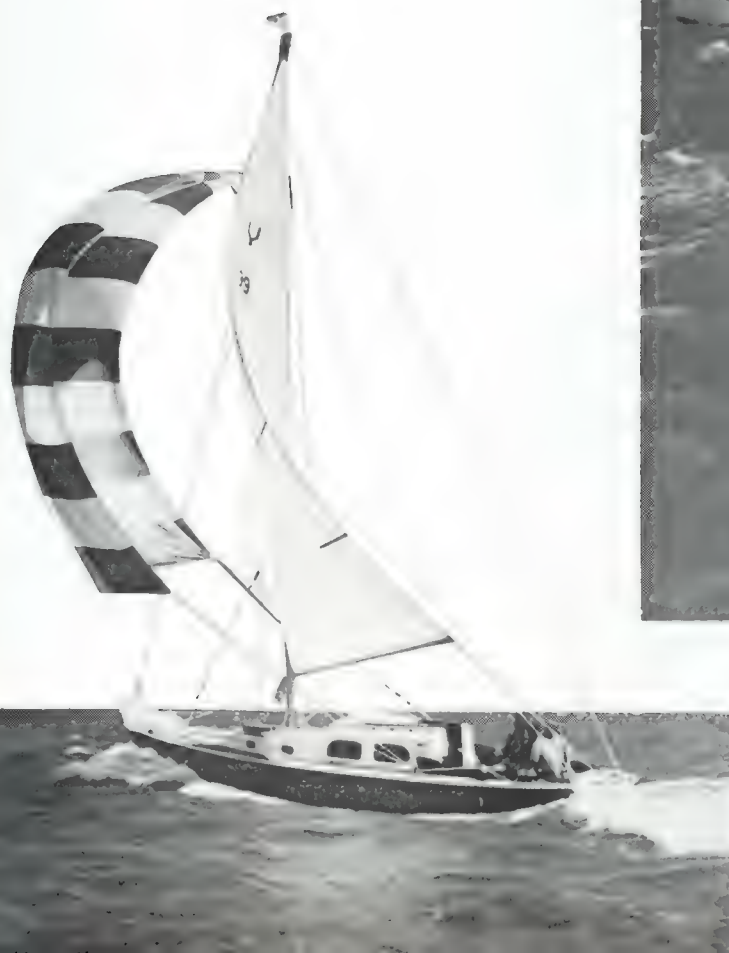
thing; and besides, I need him. He gets the wildest ideas since Rube Goldberg, but so far, they've worked every time. So I don't want his head blown off. Just give him a good briefing on your problem, and he just may come up with an (continued on page **92**)



The Blue-Water Midgets

BY BILL ROBINSON

**HERE'S
THE ANSWER TO
BIG-BOAT RACING
AND CRUISING ON
A SMALL-BOAT
BUDGET**



MORRIS ROSENFELD

The "midgets" average twenty-five feet in length, and with a head, galley and bunks are practically floating summer cabins. You can take along your wife, children and dog.

PEARSON YACHTS



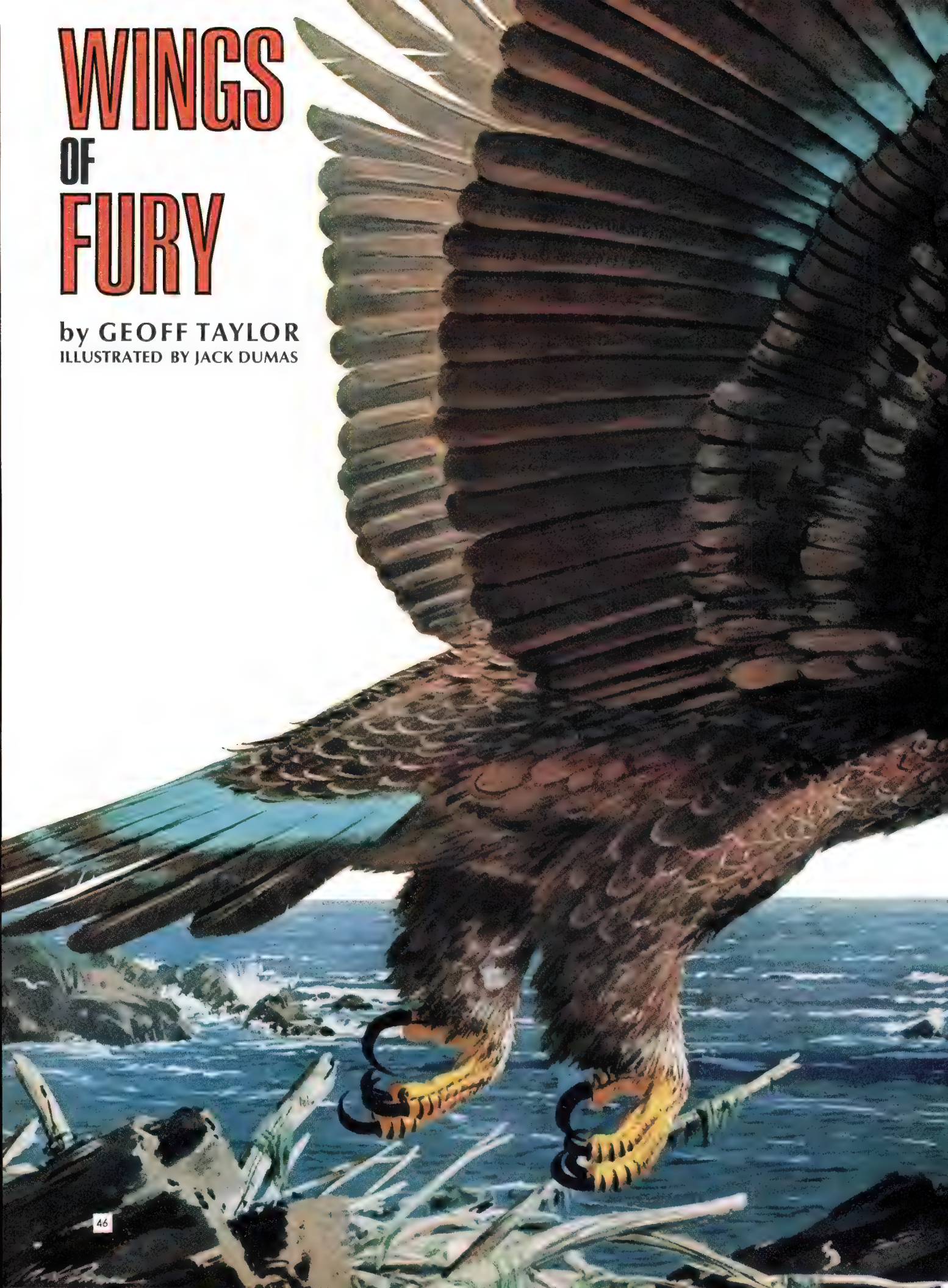
Midget Ocean Racing is not for midgets and seldom takes place on the ocean.

"Midget" refers to the boats, and "ocean racing" to the fact that it is not the typical round-the-buoys racing that takes place at most local yacht clubs but is

done over a distance, most of it being carried on in waters more protected than such open-ocean courses as those from Newport, Rhode Island to Bermuda, Miami to Nassau, and Los Angeles to Honolulu, favored by full-fledged (Continued on page 101)

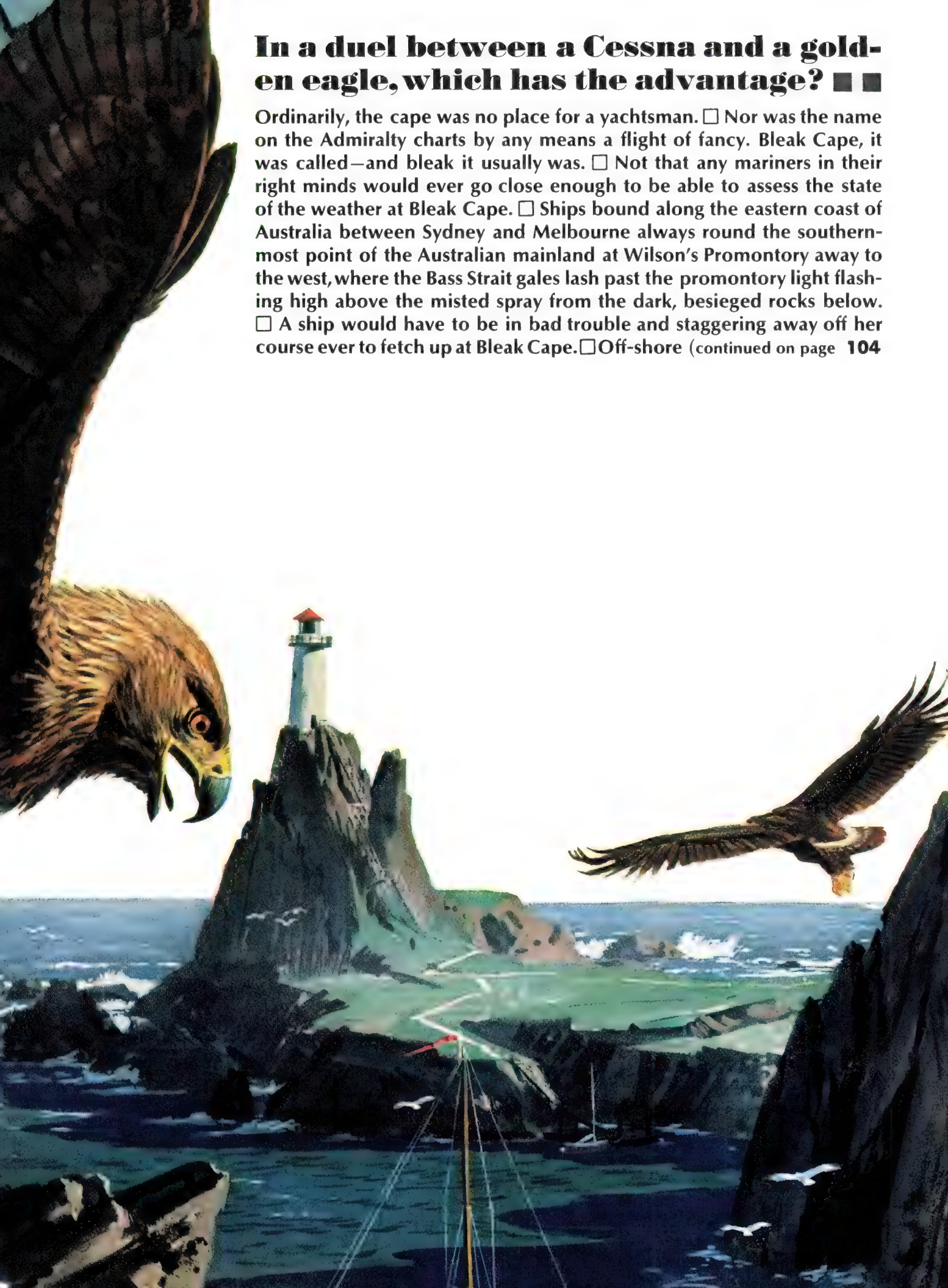
WINGS OF FURY

by GEOFF TAYLOR
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK DUMAS



In a duel between a Cessna and a golden eagle, which has the advantage? ■ ■

Ordinarily, the cape was no place for a yachtsman. □ Nor was the name on the Admiralty charts by any means a flight of fancy. Bleak Cape, it was called—and bleak it usually was. □ Not that any mariners in their right minds would ever go close enough to be able to assess the state of the weather at Bleak Cape. □ Ships bound along the eastern coast of Australia between Sydney and Melbourne always round the southernmost point of the Australian mainland at Wilson's Promontory away to the west, where the Bass Strait gales lash past the promontory light flashing high above the misted spray from the dark, besieged rocks below. □ A ship would have to be in bad trouble and staggering away off her course ever to fetch up at Bleak Cape. □ Off-shore (continued on page 104



FIELD-TESTING A NEW RIFLE

BY PETE KUHLMHOFF

THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A DOZEN WELL EQUIPPED HUNTERS TREKKING UP TO THE SHOGOMAC AREA OF NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA—EXCELLENT WHITETAIL-DEER COUNTRY. • WHAT WAS UNUSUAL IS THAT THOSE FELLOWS WERE NOT THERE TO HUNT, THOUGH THEY CERTAINLY DID NOT TURN DOWN ANY DEER THAT OFFERED THEMSELVES. THEIR PURPOSE WAS TO PUT A NUMBER OF NEW SPORTING RIFLES THROUGH ACTUAL AND TOUGH—PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY GRUELING—HUNTING CONDITIONS TO BRING OUT ANY FLAW OF DESIGN OR PRODUCTION—WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, SOMETIMES MAY SHOW UP WITH THE MOST CAREFULLY DESIGNED AND THOROUGHLY FACTORY-TESTED ARMS. AS IT TURNED OUT, PRACTICALLY

continued on page 86

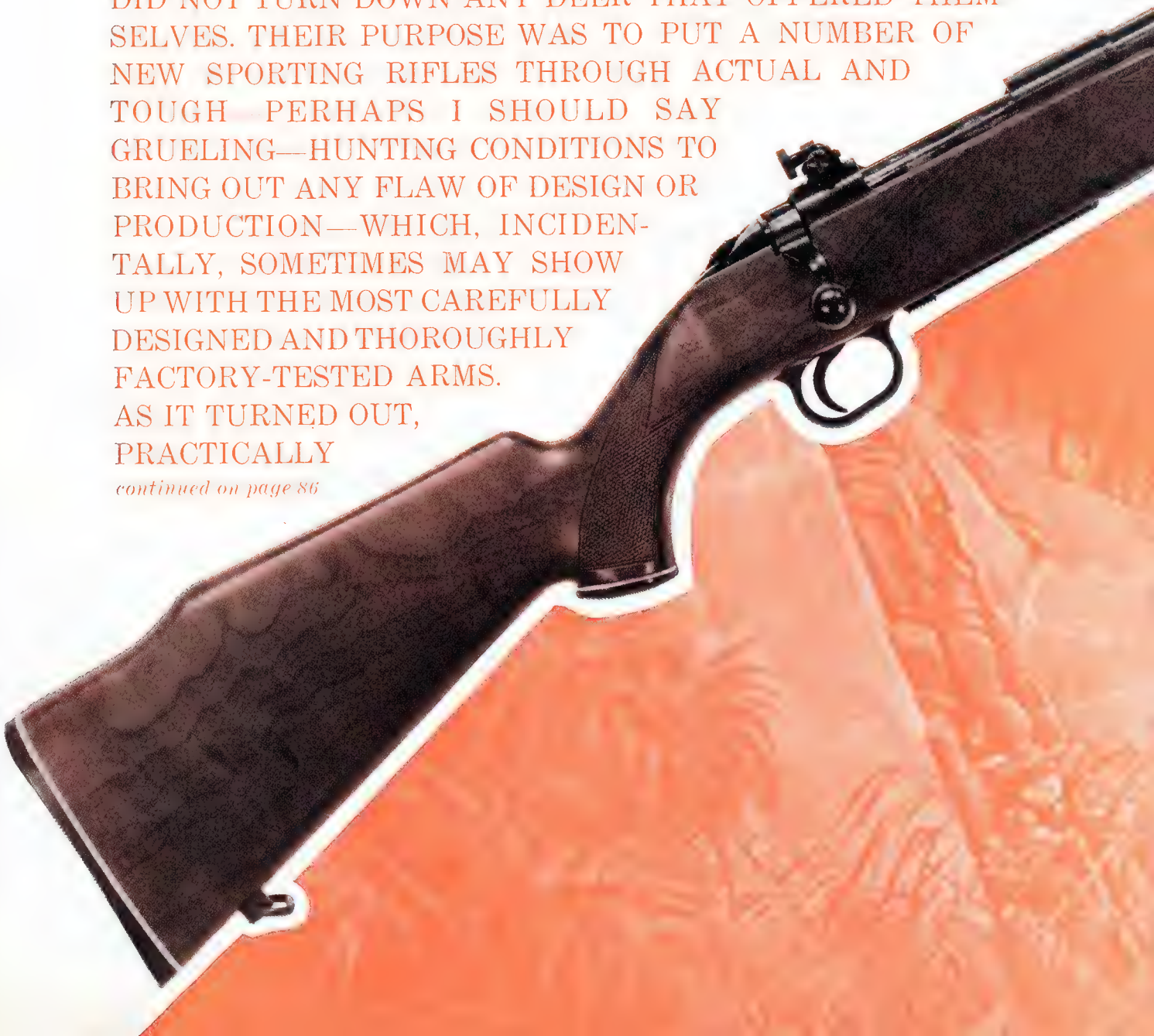


PHOTO BY JAMES PICKANDS II
ILLUSTRATION BY KYUZO TSUGAMI

Mossberg Model 800 Sporter

**The rifles were
dropped into swamps,
dragged over rocks,
drenched in rain and snow—
all for the sake
of research**





THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA
HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE,
WHETHER YOU WANT TO BE
UP TO YOUR ARMS IN GIRLS,
OVER YOUR HEAD IN REEF FISH
OR

UP TO YOUR HIPS IN CROCS

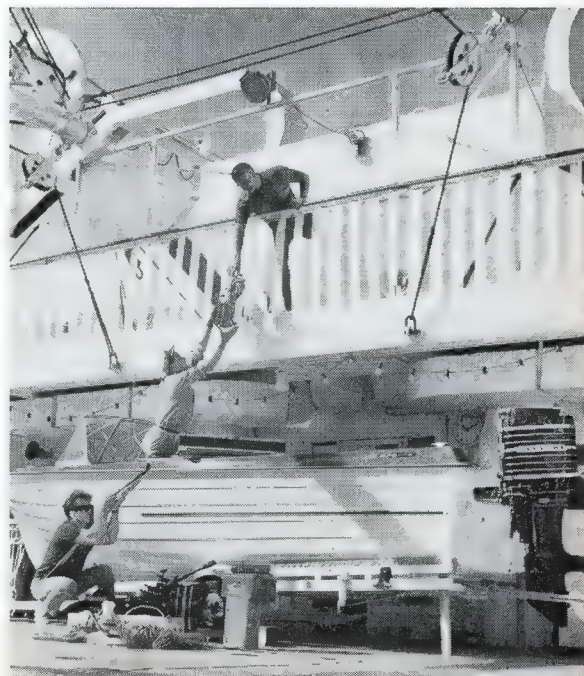
BY HAL STEEGER

ACCORDING to one of the popular songs, you should "Take Her to Jamaica Where the Rum Comes From." Which is a fine idea, if you have to take her—or you really want to. Otherwise, forget it! Because, if there is one thing this glamorous isle doesn't need more of, it is girls. Especially during the off season, which is any time other than the dead of winter and also the best time to go, for a lot of reasons—including price.

There are two ways to get there. Pan American will jet you across from Miami in a little bit better than an hour for about sixty dollars. Or if you can spare a couple of extra days, you can make the crossing in real luxury aboard the **Ariadne**. That's the way we did it, and if you are really bushed, (Continued on page 102)

◀ African crocodiles were kept in pits during the old plantation days, and any slave who got out of line was pushed in as an object lesson to the others.

Jamaican scenery (above) is spectacular under the sea, in the streams, or aboard the cruise ship **Ariadne** entering the harbor of Ocho Rios.





Down with Wine Snobbery!

by Hyman Goldberg

WINE IS FOR DRINKING, NOT ONE-UPMANSHIP, SAYS THIS WELL-KNOWN FOOD EXPERT. IF YOU DIG RED WINE WITH FISH, OR WHITE WITH SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS, GO RIGHT AHEAD

“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou/Beside me, singing in the wilderness—/Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!” wrote old Omar Khayyam back in the eleventh century. But if it had been written last week by any of the precious pretenders who customarily write about wine, it undoubtedly would have carried a footnote reading: “If the bread you take into the wilderness is white, the wine **must** be a Chablis; if it is pumpernickel, lightning will strike you if it is not a red Burgundy; and if ‘Thou’ is a blonde broad, not only will she not sing beside you in the wilderness, but she’ll think you are a slob if you don’t tote along a magnum of French champagne.” ■ If the foregoing seems to you like a wild exaggeration, then you are fortunate, for you haven’t been exposed to the kind of airy-fairy

nonsense perpetrated by the self-anointed authorities who have for many years made a very nice racket for themselves writing about wine. ■ There is more phoniness in this field of writing than in any other branch of the food racket—which is infested with people whose lives and efforts are devoted to making mysteries out of what should be drunk and eaten, for the sole purpose of creating rules which will allow the people who follow them to feel superior to the vast majority who haven’t got either the time, the means or the inclination to learn them. ■ They tell you not only which wine to drink with (Continued on page 124)

Hy Goldberg, forty-one years a newspaperman, learned to cook in his father's restaurants and hotels, was an expert salad man and chicken-liver chopper by the time he was six. A few years ago, he was exposed as author of the Prudence Penny cooking columns, and switched to a nationally syndicated feature, “Our Man in the Kitchen,” under his own name. He also wrote a book, same title, published by Odyssey, which has been pronounced hilarious and delicious by critics.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE KORBEL VINEYARDS BY BERNARD J. WHITE



It's "Ankles Aweigh" as a group of lovely landlubbers leave their convertible and board their weekend houseboat. Front to back in the car: Connie Warren, Pat Povalitis, Peggy Fish and Marnie Wood. Once aboard, the uniform of the day is strictly swim togs.

HERE'S WHAT WE CALL A PLEASURE CRAFT: A HOUSEBOATFUL OF FUN- LOVING BACHELOR GALS OUT FOR A WEEKEND OF WATER SPORTS

SIX Chicago career gals have discovered a nautical recipe for a fun-filled weekend. Betty Crocker, take note: Rent one plush fifty-four-foot houseboat on picturesque Green Lake, Wisconsin. Toss in fishing gear, suntan lotion, air mattresses, bikinis, plenty of food and refreshments. Season with sunshine and moonlight, and simmer for at least forty-eight hours at eighty degrees!

Big Green Lake is famous for its clear, cool water, and its scenic coves are made to order for houseboat enthusiasts.

The girls twisted their bosses'

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY HANSON CARROLL



Houseboat Holiday





"Queen of the Hill" is a fun game if you wind up on the boat instead of in the water. Edie McFadden (below) lost game and suit.

"Shape up or ship out" is one Navy expression that does not apply to the three sailors at right.



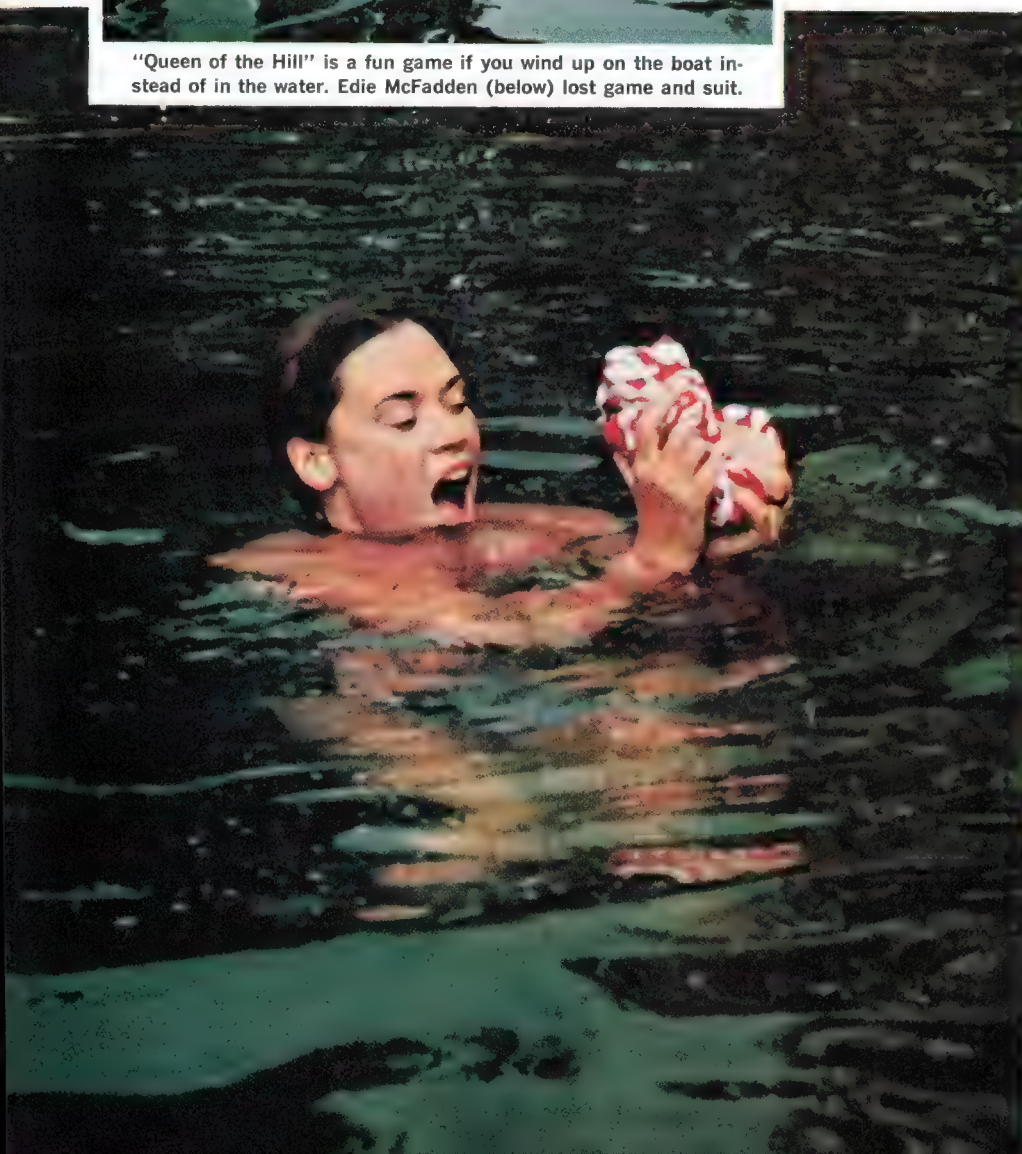
HOUSEBOAT continued

arms for an early Friday furlough and jammed their nautical gear into a Buick Wildcat convertible for the three-hour drive north from the Windy City.

Marnie Wood volunteered to be skipper of the boat, a Carri-Craft pushed by a pair of Johnson Sea-Horse V-75s, and after ten minutes of instruction from the owner, she handled the floating giant like a professional.

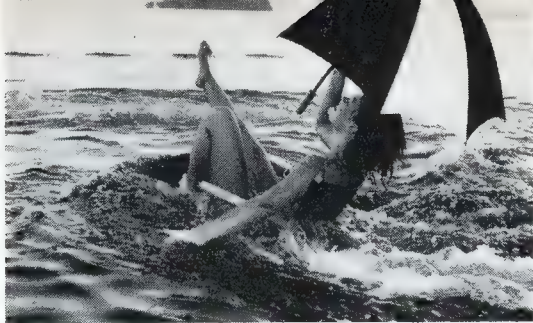
Connie Warren was navigator. This simply required a hail to fishermen: "Which way are we going, please?"

Edie McFadden took the job of social director. Her major responsibilities were inflating water toys and placing worms on fishhooks.





Drying out are Peggy Fish (left) and Edie McFadden. Peggy plays guitar, models, has an office job. Edie is twenty, and hails from Harvard, Illinois.



Peggy Fish, Mary Grant and Pat Povalitis were content as deck hands, a chore offering the opportunity to select the music on the ship's built-in stereo.

Minutes after leaving the dock, it was mutually agreed that all what-to-do and where-to-go-next suggestions would be accepted or rejected by vote of the crew. For two full days, however, no "nay" votes were registered as the gals unanimously passed on ideas to fish, swim, sun, water-ski (plenty of go in the big rig for this kind of fun), barbecue, and to "rescue" a boatload of young fishermen for a moonlight rooftop dance and sing-along.

They invented a few new activities, too—like water-tubing. Mary thought it a lark to float around on a lawn chair stuffed into an inner tube, until Pat suggested towing her behind the boat. One by one, the gals did the balance act on the moving tube. Edie's ride of sixty seconds was good enough for the championship.

As novice boatmen, the six, as might be expected, made minor miscues. Trying to find their dock one night, the gals picked out a bright light on shore, thought it was home and ran for it. Their target turned out to be the lantern of a group of tenting Boy Scouts, directly across the lake from the gal's dock. ("Take us to your leaders," quipped Connie.)

Over the weekend, the new skipperettes discovered that: fishermen like girl-watching better than fishing; a line should be secured to the boat before the anchor is tossed; fishermen-watching is better than fishing; Captain Marnie had not attended the Naval Academy; perch should be scaled before being fried; Peggy's new bikini had shrunk; someone should rent houseboats on the Chicago River as floating apartments for working girls; the fellows on Green Lake liked Peggy's bikini best.

And, as the Sunday sun sank slowly in the west and the six hermits regretfully vacated their motorized island, they agreed, when it comes to houseboats, how sweet it is!

• • •

HOUSEBOAT continued

Water-tubing requires: a tow line, a lawn chair and umbrella stuffed into an inner tube, and a pretty girl. Speed up boat and the sequence at left will naturally follow.



Net a mermaid in the sea or a six-pound pike. It's the chance any angler would like, especially with fishing companions as lovely as Marnie, Pat, Peggy and Edie.



HEROES OF THE HUMP

by **DON DWIGGINS**

Illustrated by Ray Dallasta



**MEET THE ONLY AIRLINE IN THE WORLD THAT
EVER FLEW A
DC-2½ OR HAD
A PILOT NAMED
ELMER THE BEAR**

AT 25,000 feet somewhere over Shangri-La country in southern Tibet, a battered, olive-drab Curtiss Commando bounced along through the murderous turbulence of a boiling snowstorm, its wings, propellers and windshield coated with rime ice, like a refrigerator that is badly in need of defrosting. (Continued on page 118)



***If you go for
breathtaking
scenery,
fabulous fishing,
reindeer hunts,
hearty food and
reasonable prices,
Norway's got 'em***

by Martin Deutsch

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

VISTA PHOTOS



NORWAY= Unspoiled Vacationland



PIX

Winter or summer, Norway is a country for lovers of the outdoors. It has some of the greatest salmon fishing in the world, and more miles of coastline than any other land.

Just seven or eight hours by jet from New York lies a handsome country with hospitable people and a heroic history. In the summer, the citizens go boating and fishing; in the winter, they can't wait to go skiing, either cross-country or downhill. Last March, during the first of two visits, I noticed that quite a few salesgirls wore ski outfits on the job. No, I was told, they are not promoting ski wear. When the working day ends at four, they take the (Continued on page 98)

“THAR SHE BLOWS!”

is the cry from the
crow's nest as a whale's plume of spurting air

is sighted, and
Knut Huse and
his harpoon crew
spring into action

by Ward Kennedy
PHOTOS BY BOB BROOKS



THE time is nine-twenty a.m., thirty miles off the coast of Nova Scotia. The Norwegian whaling vessel *Haroyffjord* is wallowing to and fro on the churlish ocean. The ship's crew of eight has been up since dawn. All eyes are scanning the Atlantic for the first telltale sign of a spray. Tension is mounting. Only a thin sliver of whale is visible when he nears the surface. And only a trained eye can usually spot the faint geyser of water which spews some thirty feet in the air when the whale "blows." The sixty-mm harpoon gun on the bow stands ready and waiting. Knut Huse, the ship's seasoned twenty-seven-year-old gunner, and his two-man crew have checked and double-checked to make sure. Suddenly, a shout is heard from the crow's nest. Some 200 feet ahead, a spray is sighted. Instantly, the ship takes action. Captain Torodd Huse orders a hard right on the bridge. Knut runs to the bow gun. He has only seconds to get away a clear shot. Swinging the gun around, he sights and fires. The harpoon finds its



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)

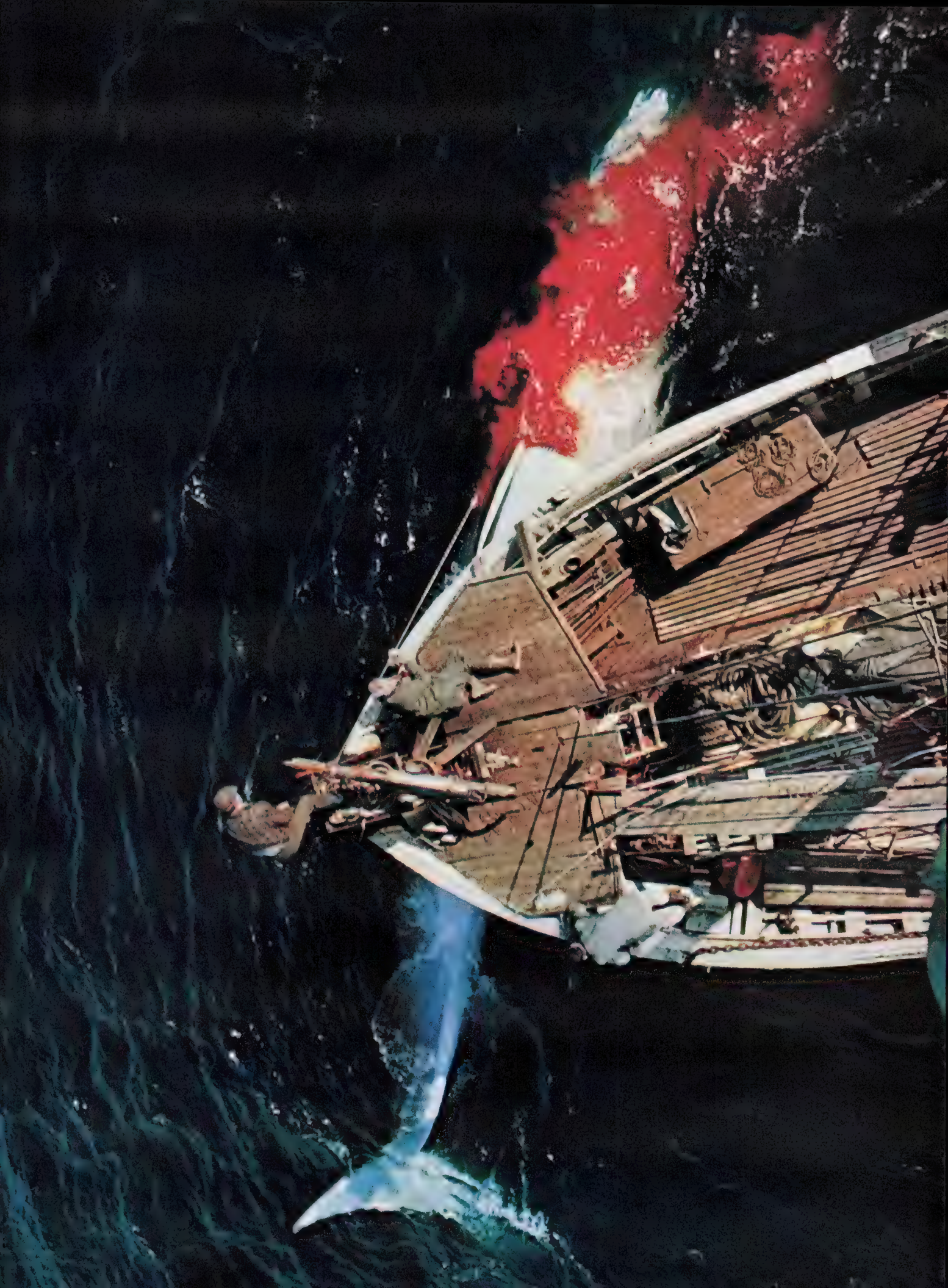


(5)

"Hvalblaast!" shouts Knut Huse at the monstrous fin whale, dead ahead. Wham! The gun fires, sending a five-foot, forty-pound harpoon streaking through the air, followed by a zigzagging yellow rope. The harpoon plunges into the giant's gray skin. Whale's eye! The whale is hit!



(6)



"THAR SHE BLOWS!"

continued

Crimson blood flows from the white belly of the whale which surfaced directly below the bow. It is sixty feet long and weighs almost sixty tons. Slowly, the carcass is maneuvered starboard so crew can lash it securely to ship.



In wheelhouse, Knut Huse lights up after kill. Trigmar Huse opens up *Haroyfjord* to full speed of nine knots and heads for port.

mark. The whale dives for the bottom. Forty fathoms of line is let out.

Knut doesn't look to see the effect. He's too busy reloading his weapon. If the whale is not killed by the first harpoon, he may tow the boat along at seven to eight knots. This can be kept up for as long as two hours. But it does not happen. The whale breaks water a quarter of a mile away from the ship. Captain Huse (a cousin of Knut) maneuvers the *Haroyfjord* in close. Unlike the story-book fables of old, the whale does not thrash or try to charge the ship. Knut's shooting has been extraordinary. Usually, it takes two to four shots to kill a huge fin whale. Knut has killed the beast with one shot to the lungs. The moment is exhilarating. Knut has been a gunner for the last fourteen years, but this is his first year hunting down the big fin whales. His father was a whale gunner all his life and taught Knut the trade.

The *Haroyfjord* is now in position. The whale has turned. The huge, long narrow belly is directly beneath the bow. Blood is rushing out of the hole where the harpoon struck. Huse quickly jabs a long pole with air hose attached into the white belly. This is to inflate the whale with compressed air so that the carcass will float. After a few minutes, the air hose is withdrawn. The whale is then maneuvered to the side of the ship and lashed down. The whale cuts the water as smoothly as the ship.

It is now nine forty-five a.m. The hunt has been

easy. "Whale sighted, whale killed, whale secured" took only twenty-five minutes. And yet this sixty-foot whale was to prove the largest single catch in value ever to be taken from waters off Nova Scotia. It brought a whopping \$3,000.

Knut did not rest with the kill. Another harpoon was straightened to fit the muzzle of the cannon. The connecting rope was looped into the tray under the gun. Redying the gun again took thirty minutes. Knut did not hurry. The ship already had its prize.

Now the ship headed for port—in this case, the village of Blandford, Nova Scotia. The crew was overjoyed. There was back-slapping and "vell dones" to Knut for his shooting. The ship had already brought in two whales earlier in the week. One crew member figured that the week's pay would average \$500 per man. This seems a lot. But if the ship doesn't bring in a whale during the week, the men aren't paid at all. Lunch, today, tasted especially good. There was roast pork with dark bread and a warm, sweet plum soup for dessert.

At two p.m., the ship glided into the small harbor near Blandford and tied up at the dock beside the bright red whaling shed of the Karlsen Shipping Company. The word had passed quickly in the village and townspeople were on hand to cheer the *Haroyfjord*. After securing the lines, the crew went right to work. The whalers strapped cleats on their boots and honed their "flacking knives" until they



"THAR SHE BLOWS!"

continued

Chunks of meat are sliced by fleshing knives aboard ship and lifted to dock and then to factory loft by a pulley. Slabs are further cut into smaller pieces and forked onto wooden meat racks to drain for six hours before refrigeration.



Head of whale is severed by a crewman as his buddy keeps him from falling into water. It took ten minutes to slice through.

were razor-sharp. Then they made their assault on the whale, which was sandwiched between the ship and the dock. With precision they severed the tail and began cutting up the carcass. It took six long hours to take off the blubber. No matter what time of day or night, the crew is responsible for chasing, killing, bringing the whale back to port, cutting it up and depositing it in the whale factory. Some nights, they are lucky if they get two hours' sleep before upping anchor the next morning at five.

After the meat is processed by the company, it is filleted, stored in fifty-pound lots and shipped to Halifax, where it is frozen. From Halifax, it is sent to the United States to be used as pet food.

It may seem strange that a Norwegian vessel is operating out of a port in Nova Scotia. The reason is that they were hired to do so. For a long time, Nova Scotia, as well as the rest of the Canadian fishing industry, has been hard hit by ships from all over the world infringing on their "backyard" fishing grounds. Russia, for instance, has forty ships almost

eight months of the year off Canada's Eastern coast. The Canadian Government decided to do something about it. They brought the 102-foot *Haroyffjord* with its crew from Norway to Blandford to try to revive Nova Scotia's long-dormant whaling industry.

The job of the *Haroyffjord* is twofold: to assess the whaling grounds off Nova Scotia, and, if successful, to train Nova Scotia fishermen in the fine art of whaling. So far, the experiment has been a success. In one three-month period, the *Haroyffjord* has brought back seventy-five big whales.

Perhaps the best indication of the program's effectiveness is the reaction of Captain Huse and his crew. Papers are being arranged so that all eight of the ship's crew will immigrate to Canada. Training Nova Scotia fishermen to be whalers takes time, but is paying off nicely. One fishing firm sent two of their best skippers to observe whaling aboard the *Haroyffjord*. After three weeks, the skippers quit their Norwegian firm. They refused to go back scallop dragging after being on the hunt.

• • •

HELLO DILLY!

IT WAS THE YEAR OF
MICKEY MOUSE, 3.2 BEER,
SALLY RAND AND SHIRLEY
TEMPLE. BUT IN THE
HEADLINES, DILLINGER
OVERSHADOWED THEM ALL

by LEW LOUDERBACK

Hotel Kenner

GRACEY HOTEL CO. INCORPORATED, PROPRIETORS

WALNUT NEAR FOURTH

Louisville Sept 12 1933

Hello Dilly:
This is to inform you
that I am not going to
change my address just now
owing to certain things
that have come up since
I last saw you

But I am ready to
go to work at once
right now. I mean, now.
So say the word.

Will explain all when
I see you. Get lost.

Whitey

Broke and stranded, a
pal in Kentucky wrote
Dillinger to come on
down and help him
pull a few heist jobs.

Dillingeriana courtesy of Captain Matt Leach,
Indiana State Police (Ret.)

He carried a submachine gun, wore a double-breasted pin-stripe and a pearl-gray fedora from under which jutted a blue-sheened chin, and he rasped out of the corner of his mouth, "Listen, copper, they haven't built the sneezer that can hold me." Whereupon he made good his boast by escaping from everything they put him in, at the same time busting open thirty-odd banks to the tune of \$2,500,000 in mixed, unmarked currency while the nation's law-enforcement bodies tied themselves into foolish knots trying to catch him.

He was, of course, John Dillinger, and for sheer gall, effrontery and spectacular fireworks, nothing quite matched the prison break he masterminded when he found himself in need of a General Staff for his rapidly growing super-gang.

Dillinger had been paroled from the Indiana State Penitentiary in May, 1933—a lousy time for anyone to be getting out of jail. Fifteen million Americans were unemployed. The dollar, already

sixteen cents below par, was threatening daily to drop even lower. Banks were closing on all sides. "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" was Number One on the Hit Parade.

But Dillinger wasn't worried. He'd had nine years to think about his future and to develop his own plan for reopening the nation's banks.

Within weeks of his release, banks in three states were suddenly hit by a series of smooth, lightning-fast raids. In each, some unusual new wrinkle was introduced. At New Carlisle, Ohio, it was a trail of heavy roofing nails released by the fleeing V-8 sedan which punctured (continued on page 72

Photo composite by Wil Blanche



For sheer firepower, the Dillinger gang's arsenal would have made James Bond look practically defenseless.

HELLO DILLY!

continued

the tires of pursuing cars ("Bandits Nail Cops" chortled the New York *Daily News*). At Daleville and Montpelier, Indiana, it was the fact that the bagman vaulted the wickets to pick up the cash himself instead of ordering the teller to shove it through the cage

window to him. In the \$10,000 push-in of the Cass County Bank of Logansport, Indiana, it was the fact that the occupants of the bank were ordered to keep their hands at their sides instead of in the air where they would attract attention on the street outside.

In a cluttered basement office of the State Capitol in Indianapolis, Captain Matt Leach of the State Police pondered the sudden crime wave. The speed, the precision, the getaways—only an Eddie Bentz or Frank Nash were *that* good. But both were in stir. So Leach lifted the mug shots of everyone released from the State Pen since January and began showing them to witnesses. More than a dozen parolees were immediately identified. Leach rounded them up and began grilling them.

The picture they painted chilled him. It was of a tri-state network of parolees ready to shield one another, act as fences, use their homes as drops, refueling stations, hideouts. Bank bandits were to operate along this network like trains, shuttling between hideouts, robbing banks along the way, working in small, separate bands, converging only when a job needed a large force or when an expected clash with police called for mass strength.

Stoolies now directed Leach to a number of abandoned farmhouses in various parts of the state. What Leach found in them sent him hurrying to Governor Paul V. McNutt's office.

"This is no crime wave," he stated. "It's practically armed insurrection." And he proceeded to itemize his findings:

On a farm outside Monon, storage tanks of gasoline; in a abandoned barn near Young America, a souped-up Essex Terraplane sedan with rear-window struts to accommodate a machine gun and—welded to the axle casing—an automatically triggered dispenser of nails, oil and broken glass to discourage pursuit; in a barn near Peru, Indiana, a scale mock-up of the Cass County Bank of Logansport, complete with chalk guide lines which explained the balletlike precision with which the gunmen had moved during the actual robbery; in a farmhouse on the Ohio line, geodetic survey maps, detailed "route crawls" of hundreds of back-country roads plus a huge cache of arms, many stolen from the Fifth Corps National Guard at Fort Hayes, Ohio, a few weeks earlier.

What was particularly chilling about the weapons were the modifications which had been made in them: the stocks of sawed-off shotguns had been replaced by revolver grips (and trousers had been found with their pockets lengthened sixteen inches to accommodate them in the manner of concealed hip holsters); Winchester .401 autoloading rifles had

been altered to work as machine guns and wore silencers on their muzzles; Thompson submachine guns had their magazine drums replaced by flat clips and their stocks removed so they could be used as ultra-fast-firing handguns, shot from the hip.

Governor McNutt was alarmed, but feared widespread panic if the disclosures were made public. He ordered Leach to keep what he'd found to himself, to drop everything else, and to round the gang up with as few fireworks as possible.

Actually, as Leach was quick to discover, there was not one, but *three* separate gangs—one operating in Kentucky and southern Indiana, a second in Ohio, a third in the Calumet region and adjoining Illinois. Through the "little fish" he'd already rounded up, Leach now began to bag bigger ones: the Whitehouse brothers of Kentucky; "Whitey" Mohler of the Calumet gang; Noble Claycomb and Floyd Ruppelt who ran with the Ohio outfit.

What linked the three gangs was the man they all identified as their leader. John Dillinger. This puzzled Leach. He hadn't even pulled Dillinger's mug shot because his pre-jail record had been so minor—one abortive stick-up in 1924. Yet this was the man that dozens of witnesses now identified as vaulting over bank wickets, a blazing submachine gun in one hand, a satchel of loot in the other. He was also the man gang members claimed had originated the ambitious tri-state setup.

Leach studied Dillinger's records. The story they told was of an affable farm boy from Mooresville, Indiana, who had pulled one stickup to get out of a scrape. The judge had thrown the book at him. Result: the farm boy had spent nine years in stir—the first four as an incorrigible in the Pendleton Reformatory and the last five, Leach was now convinced, studying the business of crime under top pros in the State Pen.

Captain Leach decided to visit the Big House at Michigan City and ask some questions. He wanted to find out who Dillinger's pals in stir had been. The very day he was scheduled to leave, however, he received a phone call.

"I hear you're looking for me, copper," a voice rasped over the wire.

"Who is this?" demanded Leach.

"John Dillinger," said the voice. "And I'm cooking a nasty surprise for you—right under your butt!" The line went dead.

The surprise was a raid on the Massachusetts Avenue State Bank in downtown Indianapolis, less than a mile from where Leach sat. It happened within an hour of the call, the gang scooping up \$24,864 with cool precision and split-second timing and the last man out the door shouting, "Give Leach my regards. The name is Dillinger."

Leach immediately cancelled his plans for visiting the State Pen. He'd be needed on the investigation of the Indianapolis robbery.

It was an unfortunate decision. The bank job had purposely been pulled as a red herring. All hell was



Arrogant split grille. Sleek sculpturing with no chrome coverup. Rich walnut paneling, elegantly enveloping buckets, windshield washers to help you see your way clear in any weather. And underneath it all, a driving machine: up to 376 horsepower tied to a silky automatic or fully synchronized manual transmission and wedded to a sporting Wide-Track chassis. The classic Grand Prix formula for success. Notice how so many 1966's are attempting to follow it? And failing?

1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Obviously.

HELLO DILLY!

continued

about to break loose up at the State Penitentiary.

The prize student planned to spring his teachers. They were to form the High Command of his tri-state gang.

Professor emeritus of the group was "Three-Finger Jack" Hamilton, a stocky, muscular Old West-style bad-

man with an irregular scar running down his forehead. Hamilton was serving twenty-five years for automobile banditry, but his first heist had actually been pulled on horseback before World War I—a bank holdup in Prairie Grove, Missouri. Hamilton was one of those transitional figures whose career bridged the Old West and the modern underworld. In his youth, he had known outlaws like Camilla Hanks, Jake Fleagle and Al Jennings, the tough Oklahoma range rider. He was a type penologists have since labeled "Elders of the Tribe"—hardened repeaters who form the aristocracy of a prison's population, who are the real custodians of underworld culture, heroes to the young apprentices, the teachers who shape their minds.

He and Dillinger had worked adjoining "tom cats" in the prison shirt factory and over the years they had discussed the organization of one last unbeatable gang before the two-way radio and airplane ended the old style of bank "kick-in" once and for all. J. Edgar Hoover would later credit Hamilton with originating the idea for the inter-state network of parolees and hideouts, and would call him "Dillinger's tutor, the most cunning crook in the gang."

The most murderous was undoubtedly Harry Pierpont, serving a ten-to-twenty-one-year set for bank robbery. His blue eyes, light, wavy chestnut hair and fair complexion gave him the handsome, collegiate look of an F. Scott Fitzgerald hero. But Pierpont, later characterized by Captain Leach as "a human buzz saw, extremely temperamental," could, without warning, turn so savage that prison officials had been forced to keep him locked up for long stretches in the segregation block on 000-Red Card, the maximum security classification.

Russell Lee Clark, a Detroit gunman serving twenty years for a Fort Wayne bank heist, was a top "center fielder"—a submachine gunner whose job was to cover the bank customers from a central position in the lobby, usually near the door. It was a key slot, and no "supergang" would be complete without this tall, sleepy-lidded marksman who doubled as gunsmith and armorer to the gangs he served.

Also vital to an elite organization of bank robbers was a "wheelman" of Ed Shouse's caliber. A former dirt-track racer from Terre Haute doing a twenty-five-year stretch for automobile banditry, Shouse could make a car do everything but sit up and beg. Captain Leach would later call him an "underworld Barney Oldfield."

"Fat Charlie" Mackley, forty-eight, a veteran Ohio bank bandit, was serving ten to twenty years for

armed robbery. He and Dillinger had shared the same cell for years, and Mackley's influence on the younger man was incalculable. A "prison library intellectual," he resembled Major Hoople of the comic strips, and he strengthened that impression with his "gadzooks, kaf, kaf" style of delivery. But his humorous exterior masked a cold, ruthless personality second only to Pierpont's in pure ferocity. A prison psychiatrist had called him "as unpredictable and dangerous as a magnesium bomb."

The sixth member of this potential High Command was already on the outside, paroled a few days before Dillinger and actively collaborating with him toward the release of the others. He was Homer Van Meter, one of the truly great bank casers of the Public Enemy Era. Frail, barely five feet tall, "Little Homer" had a reedy, piping voice and the wide-eyed intensity of Elisha Cook, Jr. He was a master of disguise, a financial expert, undeniably a genius. He would don a derby hat, pinch-nose spectacles and spats, walk into a bank and talk high finance with the president while his photographic memory registered every detail. Posing as a prospective depositor, he would then be led—all the while nodding and making small clucking noises of admiration—through the tellers' cages and vaults while intricate, "foolproof" alarm circuits were explained to him in minute detail. It was Homer who had cased New Carlisle, Montpelier, Daleville and the Indianapolis job; he was to case many more and would handle a submachine gun with skill and daring in the great battles of St. Paul, Little Bohemia and Hastings.

Not in the same league with this sextet was convict James Jenkins. A Floyd County hillbilly serving life for murder, he was nevertheless vital to their crash-out plans, for all communication between Dillinger and the gang passed through him. Jenkins' sister, Mary, who visited him at the pen almost weekly, happened to be Dillinger's present girl friend, and her chit-chat on visiting days about their Pentecostal preacher dad and the family dog was interspersed with such terse instructions as "Give Blue Eye a C," and "Ray is in crock," and "Sit tight."

Between bank jobs, Dillinger and Homer Van Meter had been driving along back country roads, mapping the most isolated route from the penitentiary to a hideout in Indianapolis. They had noted down every curve, bump and landmark along the 155-mile route, and had hidden caches of clothes and gasoline in abandoned barns and under culverts. The Michigan City "route-crawl," labeled simply "M.C.," ran fourteen pages and was measured to fractions and timed to seconds. It was so thorough it even included night-driving reminders, such as to douse the car's headlights 800 yards before coming to main highways.

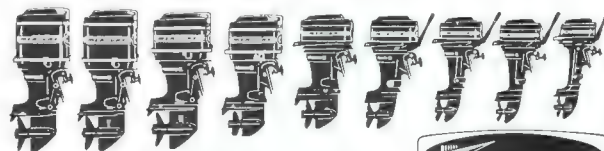
All six Dillinger mobsters worked in the prison shirt factory, and Van Meter had managed to get his hands on a list of suppliers. One of them, the Gordon East Coast Shirt Company of Indianapolis, was scheduled to ship a half-dozen crates of thread



Mercury '66... most pulling power you can hang onto

A '66 Mercury outboard has the kind of skiing power that puts new excitement in skimming the surface, leaning into quick turns, jumping the wake. It'll outrun, outpull anything in its class, particularly in deep water starts. And Mercury offers you the widest choice of skiing power with 5 new models. Leading off are two brand new sixes—the 110-hp Merc 1100, world's most powerful outboard, and the thrilling new 95-hp Merc 950. Next comes the most powerful Mercury four—the great new 65-hp Merc 650—and two motors with new mid-range ski power for '66: the 50-hp Merc 500 and

35-hp Merc 350. The Merc 500 has new drive gears and choice of propellers; the Merc 350 boasts a brand new powerhead and gears that get you up and skiing faster. Get all the exclusives that make Mercury the world's best ski motor. See your Mercury dealer today! 3.9, 6, 9.8, 20, 35, 50, 65, 95 and 110 hp.



MERCURY



FIRST IN MARINE PROPULSION

Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin and Kiekhaefer Mercury of Canada, Ltd.; Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

HELLO DILLY!

continued

to the prison on Monday, September twenty-fifth. After making certain Leach would be pinned down by pulling the Massachusetts Avenue Bank job, Dillinger and Van Meter concealed seven automatics plus ammunition in this shipment and marked the "hot" crates with stencil ink. The trusty in charge of incoming goods at the prison had agreed to get the weapons to the gang if he and three of his buddies were included in the crashout group. This added four lifers to the party: Walter Dietrich, serving it for bank robbery; Joe Fox, for the same; James Clark, for automobile banditry, and Joe Burns, for murder.

Dillinger now headed to Dayton, Ohio, carrying the M.C. route-crawl and the gang's prearranged hideout address. His plan was to have the sister of James Jenkins smuggle the papers to her brother during a visit. Captain Leach, however, had learned of Dillinger's frequent visits to Mary Jenkins from a stoolie. He had alerted the Dayton authorities and they had placed a twenty-four-hour watch on her West First Street room-

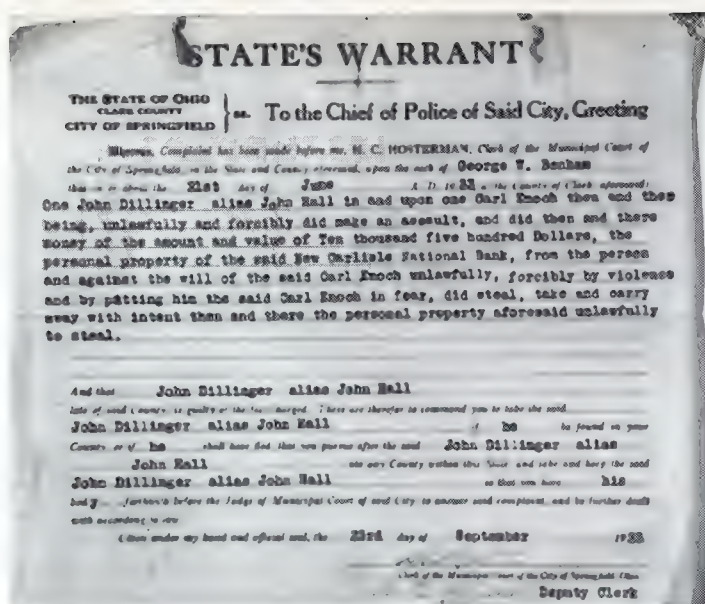
At right is a series of notes left by Dillinger at some of his many hideouts. Signature "Me" is as secret as you can get, but to those who knew him, sign-off "as B/4" was giveaway.

Four Thirty
We have gone
on over to the other apartment
Johns.

Went to store
Back soon
as B/4
me

Henry He went to
Harrisonport will
be back soon -
Yes - me

Went To Store
Back soon
as B/4
me



"This is no crime wave. It's practically armed insurrection," said Captain Matt Leach. Considered a minor crook when he left the pen in May, 1933, Dillinger soon became most wanted man in U.S., head of a supergang.

ing house. Within minutes of Dillinger's arrival on the morning of September twenty-second, a force of thirty cops had the rooming house surrounded. Four detectives, carrying rifles and submachine guns and wearing bulletproof vests, moved cautiously up the stairs and kicked in the door. Dillinger was in bed. He just shrugged as the cops came pouring into the room. "I'd have been pretty stupid to go for my gun," he told reporters later.

The police found a submachine gun in Dillinger's car, a Remington .300 Magnum, three automatic pistols, a sawed-off shotgun, a suitcase full of ammunition and a briefcase containing maps, notes and what looked like route lists for bank robberies. This last item was what Captain Leach was after. There had been growing murmurs along the grapevine of a mass breakout at the State Pen. He was sure Dillinger was somehow involved. He rushed to Dayton.

The crush of reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen around Dillinger kept Leach from his side for more than an hour. When he finally reached him, the gangster met all his questions with a sneer, his final comment, overheard by reporters, making the next morning's headlines: "Listen, copper, they haven't built the sneezer that can hold me!"

Among Dillinger's papers, Leach caught a (Continued on page 94)

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its de-factored character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION (18)

RECEIVED AT 18 N. MERIDIAN ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CC876 15=JEFFERSONCITY MO 3 204P

CAPT MATT LEACH=

INDIANA STATE POLICE INDPLS=

WIRE DESCRIPTION DILLINGER AND ESCAPE COMPANION ALSO CAR USED TIME OF ESCAPE AND LATEST INFORMATION=

MISSOURI STATE HIGHWAY PATROL.

1934 MAR 3 PM 2 19

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS SOLVE THE PERPLEXING QUESTION OF WHAT TO GIVE




Bullet-riddled car, used in Michigan City crash-out, was discarded.



Blackwater Fever

HER PURSUERS WERE CLOSE BEHIND HER, WHEN AT LAST SHE CAME TO THE NILE—TO FIND THE GREAT RIVER DESERTED AND TRANSFORMED INTO A BARRIER TO HER ESCAPE



Her thighs ached. All day, she had manoeuvred the motor-scooter through the mud, away from the burnt-out mission, away from the sudden, terrifying violence that had erupted along the border of the Southern Sudan. Now she had come at last to the river, only to find the tiny Nile port deserted, the motorboat gone. ■ "Deserted!" The word escaped her lips in an unbelieving whisper. She propped the scooter against the corrugated-iron shed and walked to the end of the wooden pier. Rain bowed down the great mopheads of the papyrus; a snake-bird swimming neck deep in the muddy waters was the only sign of life. ■ Nervously, she looked back the way she had come. The scooter had given her a thirty-mile start on her pursuers, but now the road had come to (continued on page **80**)

by Glynn Croudace
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT CASSELL

BLACKWATER FEVER continued

an end. Before her lay the river and its attendant dangers. On either side stretched the pathless barriers of the papyrus swamp.

A goat bleated close at hand, startling her. She stared at the isolated hillock, the only solid ground in the area. On its crest, built to catch whatever breeze there might be, was the cotton buyer's bungalow, a flimsy structure of wood and mosquito wire with a steeply sloping roof of reed thatch.

Picking up her water-logged skirts, she took the path among the ant hills toward it. Half a dozen white goats huddling under a tamarind tree watched her approach, their prehensile lips twitching, their marbled eyes blank. The door of the bungalow was open. Hesitantly, she stepped inside.

Somehow, the disorder was what she had expected. Her nose wrinkled distastefully at the smell of stale beer and her eyes swept over the punctured beer cans littering the floor, the torn books, the smashed bottles. A magazine, still in its postal wrapping, lay at her feet and she could read the printed label: HOWARD INGHAM, ESQ., c/o WEST NILE COTTON BUYER'S ASSOC., KAMFALA, UGANDA.

Near the door leading into the next room stood a pair of men's shoes; mildew, like soft gray fur, sucked at the leather in the warm damp. Slowly, the door beyond the shoes began to open without a sound.

Margaret Barry was born in Chicago on August 8, 1937. Six years later, to the very day, her father was killed in the Sicilian landings. After that, her mother leaned more and more heavily, as she put it, on the arm of God until he gently freed her from the uncoveted shackles that bound her to life on earth. By that time, Margaret was twenty-four. She was a qualified teacher, shy, pale, comparatively friendless. Within a few months of her mother's death, she had made her own withdrawal from modern American society and was teaching the children of pagan tribesmen on the borders of the Southern Sudan.

Now, in a state of mingled terror and exhaustion, she stared at the half-open door and saw a man standing there—a tall, gaunt man who grasped the lintel with one hand for support while, with the other, he tried to level a heavy pistol.

He was a white man, dressed only in pajama shorts. Sweat plastered dark ringlets to his forehead, ran down the corded channels of his throat and glistened on his bare shoulders and chest. She could see daylight reflected in his dark, staring eyes.

"The times I've prayed," he said slowly, "for a white woman to walk through that door. And now, what do I get?" He tried to laugh, his body shaking so that the pistol knocked against his knees. "Damn me, if I don't get a nun."

At first, she thought he was drunk. Then she noticed the yellowness of his skin and of the whites of his eyes.

"You're sick," she said hastily, compassionately. "Where's your motorboat? We must get away."

"My boys took it, Sister, just as they took my food and my booze. They heard the Bari tribesmen had

taken up their spears and, being dogs of Baganda, they panicked."

A fit of shivering seized him and she saw him brace his wasted muscles as if to control it.

"I couldn't stop 'em," he breathed. "I was too sick."

"What is it, Mr. Ingham—malaria?"

He bared his teeth in a silent, mirthless laugh. "Blackwater."

She closed her eyes. Not only was she trapped at the end of the road, but she had a dying man on her hands as well.

"Well, say something," he snarled. "You a nurse?"

She shook her head. "A teacher."

"Christ!" he exploded. "One of those."

He was the kind of man, she realized, who thought it a waste of time to bring education and Christianity to a primitive part of Africa. Once the Bari and Madi knew a little arithmetic, they wouldn't be cheated quite so easily over the weight of their rain-cotton crop. Immediately, she dismissed the thought as uncharitable.

"But I will look after you," she said.

She tried to remember what she had heard about blackwater—other than the fact that one in four of its victims died.

"I'll need plenty of fluids," he said. "Those swine might have left me some tea. Some of the goats have milk if you can keep the kids away from them."

He staggered back through the doorway and sat down on his bed.

"Come in here. Never been in a man's bedroom before, have you? What brought you down to the river?"

She stood in the doorway, the water draining from her saturated habit.

"I was staying at Fuba Mission last night when the Bari attacked. They killed the White Fathers. I was in the guest house, apart from the main building, and managed to get away on my motor-scooter."

He looked down at the revolver he was still holding. "So they'll probably follow you here." His eyes met hers. "Know how to use one of these things?"

She shook her head.

"I'd better show you, just in case."

"It's no use," she said quietly. "I couldn't use it on them."

"Not on them!" Scorn hardened the faltering edges of his voice. "On yourself! And, if you're feeling particularly charitable, on me. They're savages, remember, in spite of what the bloody missions have done, and when they reach here, I may not be strong enough—or sane enough—to pull the trigger."

He fell back onto his dirty pillow. She took the pistol from his hand and put it on the table beside his bed.

"What day is it, Sister?"

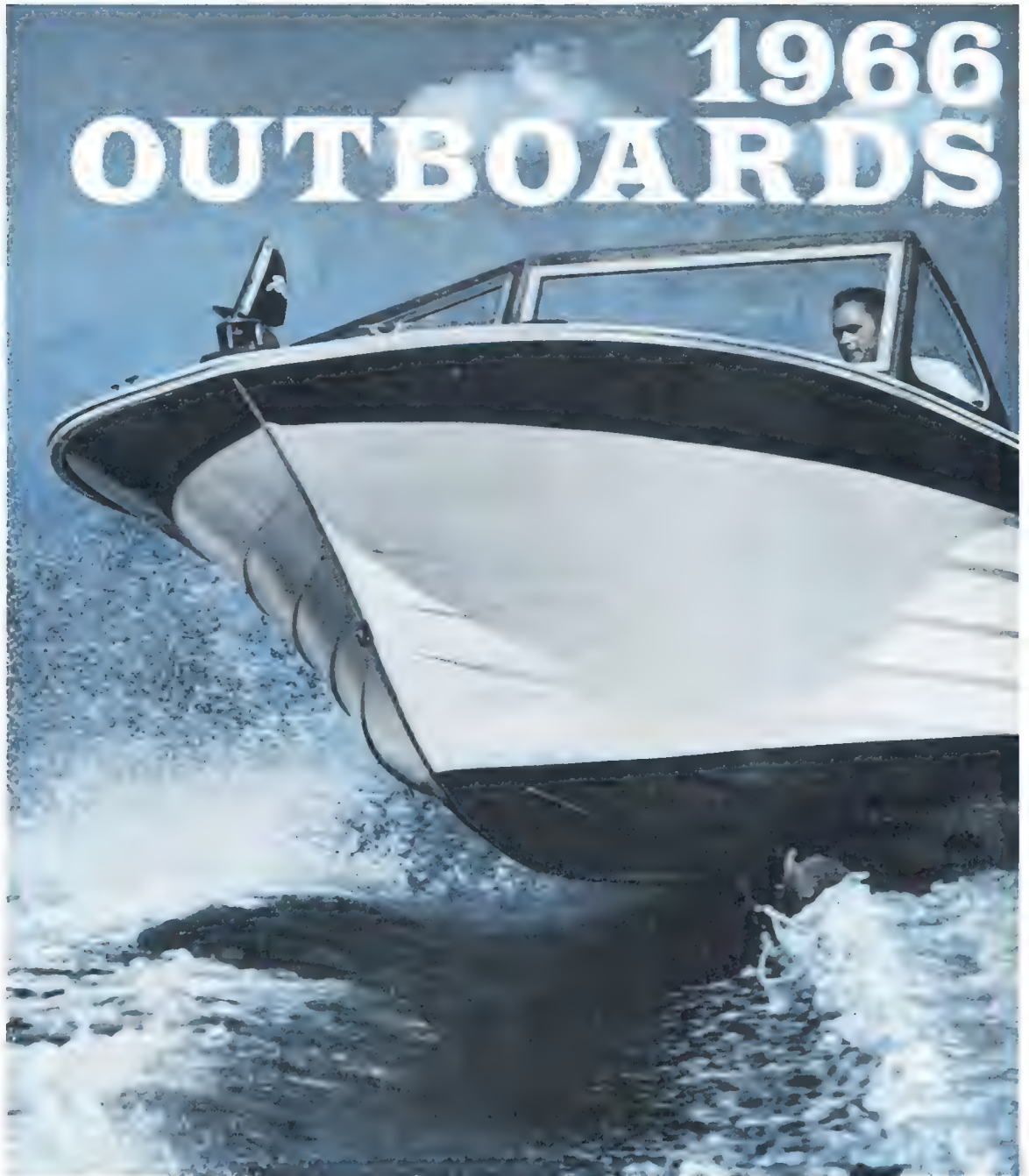
"Tuesday."

"On Friday morning, the paddle steamer *Lugard* will be passing. You must look out for her."

"I'll do that," she promised, and went into the kitchen to see if there was (*Continued on page 122*)

PRICE GUIDE TO THE

1966 OUTBOARDS



MORRIS ROSENFELD

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A VARIETY OF PORTABLE POWER, DESIGNED TO PUSH ANYTHING FROM A PRAM TO A HOUSEBOAT, TO CANOES AND PONTOON BOATS, AND INCLUDING RUNABOUTS, CRUISERS, SAILBOATS AND BARGES. HERE IS A LIST OF A HUNDRED DIFFERENT MOTORS FROM 3-HP TO 110-HP AIR-COOLED, WATER-COOLED, 2-CYCLE AND 4-CYCLE, LONG SHAFT OR SHORT.

continued on next four pages



5-HP JOHNSON

3-HP EVINRUDE

9.2-HP CHRYSLER

6-HP MERCURY

HORSEPOWER	TRADE NAME AND MANUFACTURER	PRICE
3	EVINRUDE LIGHTWIN (folding) (long shaft, \$7.50 extra) _____	\$190
	with case _____	\$205
	EVINRUDE DUCKTWIN (folding) _____	\$190
	EVINRUDE YACHTWIN (folding) (long shaft, \$7.50 extra) _____	\$190
	with case _____	\$205
	JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 3 ANGLE-MATIC _____	\$175
	right-angle drive _____	\$175
	right-angle drive, long shaft _____	\$182
3.5	CHRYSLER 360 _____	\$149
	long shaft _____	\$157
3.9	MERCURY 39 _____	\$210
	long shaft _____	\$220
4	McCULLOCH Air-Cooled _____	\$149.50
5	EVINRUDE ANGLER with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$7.50 extra) _____	\$230
	JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 5 _____	\$230
	long shaft _____	\$237
6	CHRYSLER 660 _____	\$275
	EVINRUDE FISHERMAN with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$7.50 extra) _____	\$275
	JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 6 _____	\$275
	long shaft _____	\$282
	MERCURY 60 _____	\$280
	long shaft _____	\$290

7.5	McCULLOCH 7½	Weedless	long shaft optional	\$279.50
		Standard	long shaft optional	\$295
		Electric	long shaft optional	\$315
9.2	CHRYSLER 960			\$345
	CHRYSLER AUTOELECTRIC 9.2			\$395
9.5	EVINRUDE SPORTWIN with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$10 extra)			\$365
	JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 9½			\$365
9.8			long shaft	\$375
	MERCURY 110			\$365
14			long shaft	\$375
	McCULLOCH 14		long shaft optional	\$385
18	McCULLOCH 140 OX			\$530
	EVINRUDE FASTWIN with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$10 extra)			\$395
20	CHRYSLER 2060			\$415
			long shaft	\$422
	CHRYSLER AUTOELECTRIC 20			\$500
	JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 20			\$405
			long shaft	\$415
28	MERCURY 200			\$425
			long shaft	\$440
28	McCULLOCH 28		long shaft optional	\$480
			electric, long shaft optional	\$589

18-HP EVINRUDE

20-HP JOHNSON

35-HP MERCURY

28-HP McCULLOCH



33

EVINRUDE SKI TWIN with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$15 extra)	\$495
electric start, standard shift	\$585
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 33 manual start	\$495
long shaft	\$510
electric start	\$585
long shaft	\$600

35

CHRYSLER 3560	\$525
long shaft	\$555
MERCURY 350	\$525
electric	\$600
long shaft	\$540
electric, long shaft	\$615

40

EVINRUDE BIG TWIN with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$15 extra)	\$585
electric start, standard shift	\$675
EVINRUDE LARK electric start, Selectric shift, with 6-gal. tank (long shaft, \$15 extra)	\$765
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 40	\$585
long shaft	\$600
electric	\$675
electric, long shaft	\$690
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE ELECTROMATIC 40	\$765
long shaft	\$780

45

CHRYSLER 4562	electric start \$610
	long shaft \$625
McCULLOCH 45	long shaft optional \$655
	electric \$780
McCULLOCH 450 OX	long shaft optional \$775

50

CHRYSLER 5062	electric start \$685
	long shaft \$700
	electric start, with alternator \$755
	long shaft \$770
MERCURY 500	\$625
	electric \$700
	electric, with alternator \$780
	long shaft \$640
	long shaft, electric \$715
	long shaft, electric with alternator \$795

55

HOMELITE GRAND PRIX	\$1201.95
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60

EVINRUDE SPORTFOUR electric start, standard shift, with 6-gal. tank, standard or long shaft	\$865
EVINRUDE SPORTFOUR (heavy-duty), electric start, standard shift, with 6-gal. tank, standard or long shaft	\$895
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 60 standard or long shaft	\$865
heavy-duty	\$895

65

MERCURY 650 electric, standard or long shaft	\$850
with alternator	\$920

75

CHRYSLER 7566 electric with alternator, standard or long shaft	\$995
McCULLOCH 75 electric long shaft optional	\$1045



80-HP JOHNSON

55-HP HOMELITE

80

EVINRUDE SPEEDIFOUR electric, with 6 gal. tank,
standard or long shaft _____ **\$975**

EVINRUDE STARFLITE electric, Selectric shift, standard or
long shaft _____ **\$1095**

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 80 electric, standard or long shaft _____ **\$975**

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 80 ELECTROMATIC standard or
long shaft _____ **\$1095**

95

MERCURY 950 electric with alternator, standard or long shaft **\$1130**

100

EVINRUDE STARFLITE 100-S electric, Selectric shift, with 6-gal.
tank, standard or long shaft _____ **\$1275**

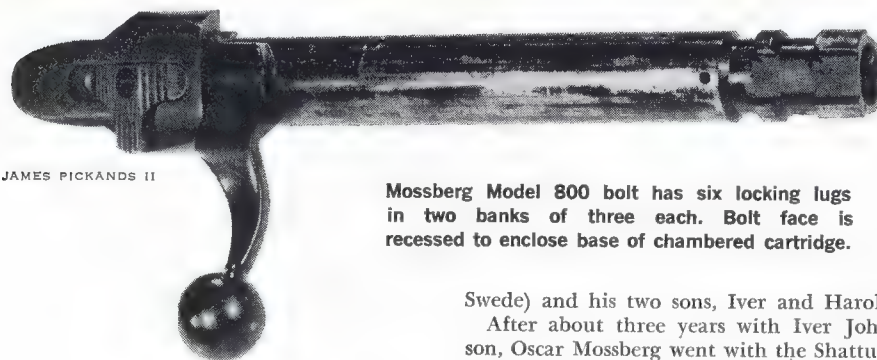
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE 100 ELECTROMATIC long shaft _____ **\$1275**

105

CHRYSLER 10566 electric with alternator, standard or long shaft **\$1280**

110

MERCURY 1100 electric with alternator, standard or long shaft **\$1280**



JAMES PICKANDS II

Mossberg Model 800 bolt has six locking lugs in two banks of three each. Bolt face is recessed to enclose base of chambered cartridge.

every outdoor condition that is found in the big-game fields was encountered—rain, some snow, weather ranging from very cold to almost balmy, and covering virtually the complete scope of terrain from open but rugged hillsides, through dense, bruising brush and timber, to tangled, miry swamps.

The rifles involved in this Canadian field test were examples of the new Mossberg Model 800 sporter in .308 Winchester caliber. The purpose of the hunt was to expose these rifles to as many variants of actual hunting conditions as possible, including those that may put a rifle out of commission. Some of the brand-new sporters were drenched time and again with cold rain, melted snow and moisture from vegetation. Others were fouled with swamp muck. And all took the beating that sometimes is unavoidable on a protracted and tough hunt—jouncing around in a meat-carrying, two-wheel trailer, slipping and sliding down craggy rock formations, and so on.

After the ordeal, the rifles showed the signs of hard use, but from the standpoint of design and construction, no bugs reared their ugly heads.

The experienced hunters who took part in the field test were key executives at the corporate level of O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Incorporated, and key members of the company's sales staff. This is the first time that a newly designed rifle has been field-tested in a familiarization program set up for the fellows who are going to sell the rifle throughout the United States and Canada.

Earl Dennis, of the Mossberg sales force, proved his hunting ability (several of his co-workers and severest critics maintained that it was only a matter of luck, augmented by a number of uncouth and rather vulgar remarks) by taking the very first big-game animal, a whitetail deer, with the new Model 800 rifle.

All this means that O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Incorporated, has gone A-Go-Go for 1966. For the first time in the forty-seven-year history of the company, a centerfire, high-power Mossberg rifle—the above-mentioned Model 800—is being produced. The rifle initially is being made in .308 Winchester caliber, an all-around big-game proposition, and in .243 Winchester caliber, the highly popular deer and lesser-game cartridge.

Practically all shooters, from youngsters up, know Mossberg sporting firearms in the form of .22 rifles, produced since 1922, and shotguns, produced in various forms and gauges since 1933.

The company was organized in 1919 as a partnership consisting of O. F. Mossberg (a

Swede) and his two sons, Iver and Harold.

After about three years with Iver Johnson, Oscar Mossberg went with the Shattuck Arms Company, Hatfield, Massachusetts, as superintendent. There, he was responsible for the production of several types of firearms. Several years later, he joined the staff of Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, now a part of Savage Arms Corporation, Westfield, Massachusetts. After fifteen years with that firm, Oscar Mossberg became associated with the then newly formed Marlin Rockwell Corporation to produce desperately needed machine guns during World War I.

In 1919, the partnership, O. F. Mossberg and Sons, was formed to produce a Mossberg-invented, four-barrel, four-shot .22 rim-fire pistol called the Brownie. This little double-action pocket pistol has a 2½-inch barrel and looks like an automatic. However, it is top-break for loading the four barrels and is fired by a rotating firing pin that strikes the four cartridges in turn with pulls of the trigger. Approximately 37,000 Brownie pistols were manufactured by 1932, when it was decided to drop the Brownie and add a shotgun to the line of Mossberg .22-caliber sporting rifles then being manufactured. Today, the little Brownie is a collector's item.

The partnership was dissolved and a corporation was formed in 1926. Growing steadily, the firm O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Incorporated, has flourished through the years. O. F. Mossberg died in 1937. Since that time, the corporation has seen highly successful management through efforts by members of the Mossberg family and by long-time company personnel.

As I said, the Model 800 represents the first Mossberg-designed rifle of centerfire persuasion. Let's take a detailed look.

The 800 is bolt-action. Cocking is accomplished with the opening or unlocking motion of the bolt. Lockup to support the chambered cartridge is by six lugs at the head of the bolt in two circumferential banks of three each, that turn, into mating grooves within the receiver ring. For added safety, the bolt face is recessed to enclose the base of the chambered cartridge.

The receiver, bolt and barrel of this new rifle are made of tough chrome-moly steel which is heat-treated for the degree of hardness and/or toughness best for the individual part.

A substantial barrel bracket, located at the forward edge of the receiver ring, is held in place by

the shoulder of the barrel when it is screwed in place. This barrel bracket projects at the underside of the receiver to act as the recoil shoulder. The recoil shoulder, also called the recoil lug, of a high-powered, bolt-action rifle is a support against recoil from the metal parts to the stock—a projection from the receiver that extends into the shoulder against a flat, perpendicular surface of the stock. The perfect mating of metal to wood at this point, as well as at the large, flat surface of the bottom of the receiver, is of utmost importance for accuracy. These surfaces of the Model 800 that I fired fitted perfectly.

The short-throw bolt, about sixty degrees, has a handle designed for easy grip and fast operation. It protrudes about an inch and a-quarter from the side of the stock. This may be a bit too much for hunters who carry their rifles in long saddle scabbards when on horseback. But no problem is involved. The handle is shaped in such a way that a gunsmith can easily do a bend job for a protrusion of an inch or less. Personally, I prefer the bolt handle as is—convenient and very fast in operation.

The new rifle has a capacity of five cartridges, four in the staggered feed-box magazine and one in the chamber. The awkward business of unloading the magazine by jacking out cartridges with operation of the bolt is eliminated by the hinged magazine floor plate that is opened by pushing a slide catch. Faster, easier and safer.

The receiver is tapped for scope-sight bases and for receiver sights.

The straight-taper, twenty-two-inch barrel is factory-mounted, with a gold bead front sight on ramp and a folding leaf adjustable rear sight. The six land-and-groove buttoned rifling is called Mossberg Ac-Kro-Grav.

A tough weatherproof finish is given the American walnut stock. The Monte Carlo, with cheek piece, is fashioned for use with either scope or iron sights. Stock dimensions are: drop at comb, 1⅞ inches; at Monte Carlo, 1⅝ inches; at heel, 2⅛ inches. Length of pull (distance from trigger to the central point at the butt plate) is fourteen inches. Pitch down is 2⅝ inches.

White liners are installed at the pistol-grip cap and butt plate. However, the checkering on the forearm and pistol grip, shown in the photograph on page 48, is not the finalized version. Standard checkering will be fancier, probably with big-game animals



Smith & Wesson Model 60 .38 Chief's Special Stainless has all metal parts of stainless steel.

IS YOURS THE **Winning Number** ON THIS **LARSON?**



50 opportunities to win a Larson Medallion.
It's easy . . . just take your Lucky Number Coupon (below) to a participating Larson dealer.
(See list next page).



Even a stereo tape player is standard in Larson's 16' Medallion 166. This limited edition, deluxe model marks Larson's Golden Jubilee.



Are you looking for a special boat? This 16' Medallion 166 includes a stainless steel enclosed, corrosion resistant stereo tape player.

Just a gimmick? No Sir! It's a great pleasure to have static free, uninterrupted music on board. Quiet tunes for fishing. Jazzy for the beach. Or rock for dock dancing. Of course we recommend romantic mood for moonlight runs. You can detach it for home use too.

Write for free catalog and Price Comparison Chart of 67 models of 14 brands.

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., WESTFIELD, MASS., NASHVILLE, GA.



Wrapped around this stereo is a first class fibreglass runabout at a reasonable price. It includes a modified vee, lapline hull with Larson's "Million Bubble Ride", golden convertible top, stern cover and side curtains, golden bucket type sunbather seats, instrument cluster, horn, and a handsome panelled interior with storage.

You may have already won one with this number . . . Look the Medallion 166 over at your local Boat Show at the Larson dealer's booth (see next page) and check the winning number list. You may come home with a Larson.

We urge you to compare the value/quality built into a Larson against any other brand.

**THIS IS YOUR
GOLDEN JUBILEE
SWEEPSTAKES NUMBER**

A 234128

Take it to Larson dealer's booth at the Boat Show (see next page for easy rules and dealer listing). Expires May 31, 1966.

**YOU may
have already
WON 1 of 50
LARSON
Medallion
BOATS**

**\$150,000 worth
of PRIZES!**



Plus Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes has reserved 20,000 Early Entry Gifts plus local drawings for over 100 Boat Show Bonus Fishing Boats

There's nothing to buy or write in this Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes celebrating Larson's 50th year of boat building. Just take your Golden Jubilee Lucky Number to the local Boat Show, check the list of winning numbers, or at the Larson dealer's store. You may come home with 1 of 50 Medallion boats.

Prizes include 25 Comboard models with 110 hp. Mercruiser engines and 25 outboard models. Plus 20,000 gifts for the early entries and a local Boat Show drawing for fishing boats to be held by your local dealer at the conclusion of your Boat Show.*

There are plenty of winners and you will enjoy looking over the beautiful, Medallion styled 1966 Larson line.

*Offer void where prohibited by law. Employees and their families of Larson Boat Works, Inc., Larson Boat Dealers, their advertising agency are not eligible. All Federal, State and local regulations apply.

CONTEST RULES

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED—HERE IS ALL YOU DO

1. Take your Golden Jubilee Larson Number to your Larson Boat Dealer or to the Larson Boat Display at your local boat show and compare your number with the list of winning numbers on the Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes Display.

2. If you have a winning number, mail your winning coupon by registered mail along with your name and address to the judging organization:

D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION
25 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

The judging organization whose decisions are final will verify your winning number. Winning numbers must be postmarked by May 31, 1966, and received by June 10, 1966.

3. Winning numbers have been selected by electronic computer under the supervision of the judging organization.

4. Sweepstakes open to residents in the U.S.A. where made available by participating Larson Boat Dealers except in Nebraska and wherever prohibited by law. Employees and their families of Larson Boat Works, Inc., Larson Boat Dealers, their advertising agency and the D. L. Blair Corporation are not eligible. All Federal, State and local regulations apply.

FILL OUT AND LEAVE WITH DEALER FOR LOCAL BONUS PRIZE DRAWING

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Phone _____

☐ I already own a _____ Boat

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incorporated in the design. One-inch sling swivels are standard equipment.

The manual safety of the 800 is centrally located on the tang-like bolt sleeve, handy for thumb operation by right- or left-handed shooters. It blocks the trigger, and the bolt may be worked or removed with the safety in either the on or off position. This means that a chambered live cartridge can be removed with the safety on.

The Mossberg Model 800 weighs about 6½ pounds and measures forty-two inches over-all. Here's a surprise! The retail price of the rifle with open sights is a mere \$97.95 in the United States and \$113.50 in Canada.

Before the field-test Nimrods took off for Canada, a day was spent shooting ten of the .308 Winchester-caliber rifles at a distance of 100 yards. Of course, each hunter sighted-in for his individual requirements. Accuracy was excellent.

Since that time, I have fired one of the rifles with Federal, Remington and Winchester brands of .308 ammo with 180-grain and 150-grain bullets. Groups measured from slightly under 1½ inches to about three inches. Very good!

Smith & Wesson Stainless Steel Revolver

Announcement of the Smith & Wesson Model 60, .38 Chiefs Special Stainless revolver was received with a great deal of enthusiasm at the annual conference of the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

This is easily understandable. Anyone who has occasion to carry a pocket-type revolver—including off-duty police officers, detectives and others involved in law-enforcement activities—knows the vulnerability of standard blued revolvers to rust, both externally and internally, during normal use. I have one of the very first production Model 36, .38 Chiefs Special revolvers with the handsome S&W bright-blue finish. It has seen good care, but with considerable carrying during law-enforcement work, a number of rust spots have appeared to mar the beauty of the finish. Not a major calamity in this instance, but it is possible for rust and corrosion to put a gun out of commission.

Of course, everyone is familiar with the rust-and-corrosion-resistant qualities of stainless steel. To ban the problems of humidity, condensation, salt atmosphere, perspiration and other such conditions that materially shorten the life of firearms, the new Model 60 Chiefs Special Stainless revolver has every metal part made of stainless steel. At the S&W factory, pilot models have survived the most stringent tests. So, with reasonable care, the new revolver should last a lifetime.

Initial production is a nineteen-ounce, round-butt revolver with two-inch barrel and an over-all length of 6½ inches. Caliber is .38 Special and the retail price is \$85, with Federal excise tax included. Variations will follow with the demand.

Optical Shotgun Sight

Trius Products, Incorporated, Box 25, Cleves, Ohio, makers of the excellent portable Trius Mechanical Clay Target Trap, has come up with an interesting shotgun front sight. Called the Bi-Ocular Sight (\$9.95), it is actually a tiny, precision opti-

FREE TRAVEL LITERATURE

- 1. NORWAY:** This month, our Travel Editor takes us on an arm-chair tour to the fabled Land of the Midnight Sun. (See page 62.) We're willing to wager that reading about it will pique your interest to learn more, particularly if you're planning a trip abroad. It's not all snow and ice in the fjord country. Town and country are bathed in warmth and color by the summer sun. And natives and tourists enthusiastically enjoy the many outdoor pleasures to be found up and down the unusual, winding typography of this fantastic country. Couple this with friendly people, hearty menus, budget prices, and you've got the makings of a grand tour.
- 2. CANADA** takes the fuss out of foreign travel and leaves the flavor in. Entry is easy, as eight of her dozen provinces border on the U.S. Vacation offerings in this vast playground are many. Fishing and hunting are famed boasts, and justly so. Closely matched pleasures can be found in picturesque, historic landmarks; in exciting French and English Cities; in the scenic splendor of towering peaks; in lush woodlands and miles and miles of sparkling waterways. The Canadian Government Travel Bureau stocks 37 updated brochure packages covering every area. The latest entrant, just published, is a 48-page book—"Invitation to Canada"—chockful of pictures, maps and information.
- 3. AFRICA:** With the newly reduced airline fares to Africa, and the growing number of twenty-one-day excursions to the Continent, Africa is rapidly becoming the new place to go. The developing states are extending themselves to attract tourists. The game reservations remain an outstanding attraction. ARGOSY has arranged for literature from a number of sources to reach readers interested in travel to Africa.
- 4. OCEAN HIWAY:** For a scenic route by car, anywhere from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida, this 998-mile highway is tops. You'll receive data on campgrounds, motels and restaurants. There are shopping centers, drive-in movies, night clubs, golf courses and fishing facilities along the way, too. With the new Chesapeake Bay Bridge and Tunnel—the world's longest bridge-tunnel—if offers an extra dash to your trip.
- 5. LAKE TAHOE-RENO:** This is the place for recreation any season of the year! Skim the crystal lake by boat or water skis, bathe from sandy beaches, Schuss the snow-covered peaks, swing the irons on the green. Fish, hunt, camp. Lake Tahoe, high in the Sierra Valley, has all the outdoor sports you'd expect to find in a mountain-lake resort. If you prefer your pleasures indoors, both the Lake and neighboring Reno glitter after dark with exciting Broadway shows, big-name talent, gambling casinos, gourmet dining and dancing to big-band rhythms. All these can be found in Reno and Tahoe, twin headquarters of the famous Harrah's Club. And new on the Tahoe scene is the rambling Sahara-Tahoe, whose plush and extensive attractions make up a many-acred resort-hotel complex.
- 6. ORIENT:** For the East-bound traveler, Canadian Pacific Airlines offers a bonanza bundle via their tour package that takes in Japan, Hong Kong and Taiwan. Thrill to unusual attractions, see the boat people, visit mysterious quarters and—when homeward bound—you get to relax in sunny Hawaii. All this in twenty-one days, in a princely style, on a Scotsman's purse.

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cal system that projects a colored spot only to the shooter's pointing eye.

The idea is that, with both eyes open, straight-down-the-barrel eye alignment is assured (with an absence of any chance of crossfire) since the non-pointing eye does not see the color of the sight.

This brings up a point that is somewhat controversial, whether it should be or not. All experienced shooters I know shoot with both eyes open, and some maintain that they do not see the shotgun bead—or beads, in case a center one is installed on the rib. Up until five or six years ago, I believed that I did not see the bead or beads on a shotgun when shooting moving targets.

However, during a series of experiments, too lengthy to go into, it was proved, at least to my satisfaction, that I do see the bead or beads, perhaps subconsciously.

Due to this, and to the fact that there are undoubtedly a great many shotguns who shoot with the non-pointing eye closed, it seems that this Bi-Ocular Sight should be of quite some value.

Is is an established fact that shotgun handlers should shoot with both eyes open for binocular vision—wider field of vision, better judgment of distance, more accurate lead and a speed-up shooting.

I mounted one of the new optical sights (that projects red) on a Winchester Model

101 over-and-under shotgun. With the gun held as for shooting, a conscious look at the sight with the pointing eye shows the red dot clearly. The red dot is not visible to the other eye. I still am not conscious of the sight when shooting, but knowing that I really do see it, the sight very well may be helpful. At this writing, I have not used the sight enough to determine whether or not it improves my shooting.

One apparent fact is that the easy-to-install Bi-Ocular Sight is helpful in instructing beginners. It super-emphasizes the fact that proper mounting of the gun, with the eye and barrel in perfect alignment, is the first step in learning to shoot the shotgun. ●

AUSTRALIA—WIDE OPEN FOR ADVENTURE *Continued from page 40*

Joan Nicol. Joan also hailed my cab and directed me to Cambridge, where she was taking night classes. She had a British accent and I asked her if she was from England and she said no, Australia. So I asked her about Coober Pedy and if there really were opals there.

"I rather think so," she said. "A man found one as big as a loaf of bread."

"Oh, come on," I said. "Mark Antony ran a senator out of Rome for stealing one no bigger than a hazelnut."

But she insisted it was true, and we got to talking and I got her name and phone number. I won't drag this out. I fell in love with Joan, and when she went back to Australia, I went with her. I got a job driving a tractor-trailer truck in Melbourne, and we were married. I had fifty-eight dollars in my pocket. I wasn't exactly a member of the jet set—but the opals were still glowing in the back of my mind.

Salaries in Australia are lower than in America, but your money goes farther. If a chap is willing to work, he can set out in Sydney on the East Coast with twenty dollars and wind up in Perth on the West coast, an indeterminate time later, with twenty dollars. That's about as revealing a statement as could be made about Australia—and a very comforting one for an energetic Yank who might be you. At any rate, I drove my tractor-trailer long enough to get a grubstake, bought a 1955 Land Rover, and Joan and I set out to look for opals.

The road was good to Port Augusta on the southern coast, but when we started the 300-mile penetration to Coober Pedy, it turned into a kangaroo trail. Stretches were covered with "gibbers"—sharp, hard little stones which can cut through six-ply tires if you strike them incorrectly.

In some places, it took our lowest gear in four-wheeled drive to finally get through the drifted sand or a stretch in unusually bad repair. But these are routine hazards in any back-country road in a wild area, and the only real danger in the Australian Outback is leaving the road to explore on your own. This can be dangerous in summer. Once you are out in the glaring desert, every hill looks alike, and if you get stuck and try to walk it, you could die of thirst. Many have. In 120-degree heat, the sun robs the body of moisture very rapidly, the blood thickens like gravy and, if you are without water for forty-eight hours, your heart can stall.

We reached the opal capital of the world, Coober Pedy, in midafternoon, and

it was one of the most depressing collections of little sun-blasted buildings my bloodshot eyes had ever seen. The temperature outside the general store was 112. But we were nearly broke and, in the words of Con Edison, "Dig we must."

If you haven't sensed it already, now is a good time to spell it out. They want you in Australia if you are here to work. But the place is actually still a frontier and if you are the type who can't make it without cool sheets, hot and cold water, air-conditioning and a floor show—stay out of the Outback. The Australians have two terms for no-goodniks: (1) "no-hoper"—a chap who moans all the time about how tough things are and (2) "bludger"—a chap who, if you and he lift a piano, you find yourself supporting ninety percent of it.

Opals are like gold. They are where you find them. It would be a disservice to the ARGOSY readership to suggest that all you need to do to make a fortune in opals is to go to Coober Pedy and dig. Some *do* strike it rich, however, and you have as much chance as the next guy. Bill Lamb and Griff Ellerway had a mine in a place called Eight-Mile. Eight-Mile, as you might suspect, was eight miles from the general store. It was in a heavily worked area, as full of opal mines as a Kansas prairie of gopher holes. And to prove that you don't need to be a mining engineer to hit it big, here is how Griff and Bill staked their claim. They walked out in this old worked-over place and asked a miner they met, George Wilson, where to dig. He picked up a rock and tossed it haphazardly into the desert.

"You might try there," he said. "One place is as good as another." (This is true: opals are as likely to be found under the gas pump in town as they are a hundred miles off in the hills).

Bill and Griff had the usual prospector's feeling about luck. They went over and carefully drove their stake where the stone stopped rolling. They put down their shaft at this point—and they hit one of the biggest strikes in recent years!

Bill Lamb offered to take me out and show me his mine. I gladly accepted. We found Greg sitting in the paralyzing sunlight holding his leg, which he had clipped with a pick; he was out of business for the day. Unwittingly, I spoke the magic words which will get you accepted in Australia as fast as any I know. "Hand me a pick," I said.

Don't say it if you don't mean it. In Australia, they don't give you A for sweet-talk. They hand you a pick and see what you will do with it. George and I went down the eight-foot ladder in the four-foot-square shaft and he showed me how to use the pick on the tunnel wall. The earth there is like plaster. You can pick it out easily, but it is so firm that there has never been a cave-in in a deep mine that I know of.

Opal sounds like glass when your pick strikes it. Go easy then. The stuff is fragile.

I worked all day with the pick and shovel in Griff's mine and I actually found opals. It was a big thrill. Pliny hadn't been kidding; an opal is one precious stone which looks as pretty in the rough as it does when polished and cut. In the light of your cap lamp, it glows like a rainbow in the wall—gold, pink, blue, red, yellow, purple. In fact, they call opals "the frozen rainbow."

Griff and Bill hired me to help in the mine. One night, when Griff was extra thirsty for beer, he asked me to keep a twelve-gallon can of raw opals we had dug during the day. By that time, I knew opals well enough to realize that we had about \$8,000 or \$9,000 worth in the bucket. It was so mixed up with "potch" (worthless opal material) that I could easily have sneaked \$1,000 or more in opals out of the bucket, without Griff knowing the difference. The truth was, both Joan and I would have fought harder to protect that pail of opals than if we'd owned it ourselves. When a guy trusts you as Griff trusted me, you'd never be able to look at yourself in the mirror to shave if you took advantage of it. If an Australian really likes you, he calls you "cobber." If you rate that nickname, the big Australian sky is not too high. You're in.

There's a rather exciting field back farther from the main road known as the Shell Patch because it was once the floor of an ancient sea. Many shells are found there and some of them are "opalized"—are pure, glowing opal. If you find a perfect one, it's worth \$1,000 in cold cash! The buyers come to the Coober Pedy field from Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Japan. The deals are informal and I fear that the Australian Government loses a bit of tax money from time to time. It's done this way: a buyer takes a look at your stones. He says, "Fifteen thousand." You know darned well they're worth \$20,000—even in the raw state—but by the time you take

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them to a big city, pay taxes on them, pay your travel and so forth—what the hell. . .

"Okay, mate," you say to the buyer. "Let's have the fifteen thousand in cash!"

Coober Pedy, as an opal field, has not as yet been scratched. And one thing I can promise you: the only things you need to set yourself up in business are a shovel, pick, some explosive, a hand-cranked winch, a ladder and a bucket. Hardly a big overhead for what *might* be a \$100,000 strike. Look at it this way: if you don't hit it big, you can always move on and try your hand at something else. Australia is full of chances for work in almost any line you care to try. Joan and I stayed nine months in the field (by which time Joan was very pregnant and we had to go back to Melbourne to have the baby). I guess you could say I was an average lucky boy at Coober Pedy. I didn't hit it big, but I paid the bills, ate fine and came out of The Bush (why they call that treeless, bushless place The Bush defeats me) with a small wad to get us going in Melbourne. I gambled and didn't hit big. But what's the fun of gambling without the excitement of not knowing when that next pick bite will uncover another breadloaf of "frozen rainbow"? Some people say opals are unlucky. My only feeling is that they are unlucky *only if you don't find any.*

Shortly after I reached Melbourne, I got a job test-driving for Ford. We had a ball at night, when the supervisors went in. We'd take the cars out into the desert trying to run down jackrabbits, and if Ford wants my word that their machines hold together even after being jazzed over

gullies and animal burrows at full power in low gear, I'll be happy to oblige. My address at the moment is Alice Springs. Alice Springs is the middle of the Outback. It's a huge place of 5,000 people, second largest town in the Northern Territory, which is 1,000 miles by 550 miles with a population of two-tenths of a person per square mile. A two-tenths person is probably a pair of eyebrows and toenails. The Northern Territory is certainly about as empty as you can get and still call yourself inhabited at all.

I will not belabor the much-belabored story of "opportunity in the cattle business," but I should say this much: if you go to one of those cattle stations in the Outback, you will discover what the word "lonely" really means. There may be times when you'd sell your soul for a cold beer in that white heat. They also tell me that the wild aborigine girls get to looking more like Sophia Loren with each passing month. However, there are honest compensations. You get tough as a hunk of old leather; you either learn to ride a horse or get thrown on your head—and if you like your privy, you've got it. The stars are as bright in the Outback as they are deep in the heart of Texas; the dawns are just as delicately pink; the prime steaks are just as juicy (though a mite tougher, perhaps, in the dry season).

In Australia, you lease land from the Government for a minimum rental and promise to improve it. In this way, if you work hard and have financial backing, you can build up a big spread as was done in our old West. If you like to be out-

doors, fighting nature, free from petty things like commuting on congested highways, sitting in a cubbyhole of an office, putting up with a bunch of office rules, you'll welcome the hot challenge of the Outback. Wild dogs, called dingos, roam the plains in packs and kill cattle. Wild camels break down the fences. Wild bulls, which are scrawny and oversexed, sneak in and breed with good stock. These pests must be controlled. And, of course, there is the problem of getting enough water for your stock in this dry land.

Just wandering the back roads of Australia can be a big kick (but only if you take along extra gear, oil, food, gas and water). Off the main road to Alice Springs is the biggest single rock on earth—Ayers Rock. It is seven miles around and 1,100 feet high and at dawn it glows like blood-red neon.

One thing the Outback is perfect for is flying. The skies are clear most of the year, the land is flat in most places and airports are easy to build. So tourists will be coming by air in the future to see Ayers Rock, to go down in an opal mine and dig for their very own opals.

And here's another tip: reversing the old adage, some things that *don't* glitter may turn out to be gold! "Fortune Magazine," which usually reports in a sober-sided, dry-bones manner, really flipped in their October, 1965, issue: "In the parched hills of Western Australia, one of the emptiest places on earth, geologists have reported one massive (iron) ore strike after another. So great is its concentration, that it's a wonder the whole continent hasn't spun on its axis and pointed north."

The area "Fortune" is talking about is 600 miles north of Perth and involves four ore discoveries: Robe River, Mount Tom Price, Mount Newman and Mount Goldsworthy. They are actively being exploited right now by Kaiser Steel, Hamersley Iron Proprietary and Conzinc Riotinto. Some \$750,000,000 is going to be spent putting in four new harbors, five new towns and 600 miles of new railroads back to the strikes. About 15,000,000,000 tons of top-grade "direct shipping" ore (you can shovel it out of the ground into a blast furnace) are lying in Australia now, waiting to be shoveled.

How about it, you rough-and-tumble guys who are whining about the lack of outdoor manly work in our overpopulated computerized U.S.A.? Those big ore strikes don't begin to cover the vast unexplored, unprospected, empty miles of the Outback. In your spare time, with a diesel-burning Land Rover, a compass and a two-way radio, in case you have to call in the flying doctors to save you from dying of thirst (Australian air rescue is tops!), you can go out prospecting yourself. Not just for iron ore. You can look for uranium, copper, bauxite, zinc, tin, coal, gold, rare earth—anything your little mine-it-yourself handbook reveals to your eager, beady eye. All of these minerals have already been found in other parts of Australia. So you aren't out on a fool's errand.

Somebody, sailing along the coast of Carpentaria, took notice of a range of red cliffs along the shore. The curious chap beached his boat, took a sample and found that those cliffs were pure bauxite—that 3,000,000 tons were lying out there exposed, ready to be shoveled up and made into aluminum. To make a long story short, they have built a conveyor-belt system that can load a 20,000-ton ore boat in forty-eight hours and are shipping the red cliffs to Kaiser's brand-new smelter in Queensland, which has a capacity of 600,000 tons of aluminum a year—the biggest of its kind in the world.

The big excitement about Australia, to me, is the fact that it's empty and free and will stay empty and free for my lifetime, even if every guy and gal in the land hops into bed every night with mad, reckless abandon! Less than 12,000,000 people live in this land which is almost as big as the United States. The nice thing about a population explosion is that it doesn't begin to explode in real earnest until there's a base of about 200,000,000. You won't have to have that sickening feeling of reading in the papers (after you have just plunked down your life savings for the "little dream house in the country") that 498 houses, to be known as Peaceful Knolls, on seventy-five by a hundred lots, selling for \$13,999, nothing down and thirty years to pay, are going to sprout in your back meadow. Neither will you have to worry about the coddling of our youthful and not-so-youthful no-goodniks we seem so hippped on in the United States. No matter how crummy, premeditated and awful the crime, you'll always find bleeding hearts and long-haired psychologists running in and pleading for leniency (the poor chap, he was sick).

You've heard of teen-age hoodlums busting into a party in a nice residential neighborhood in the States and cheerfully

wrecking the place. Don't try it in Australia, mate. The judge will turn a bleak eye on your pitiful tale of how your old man took away your rubber dolly when you were a little tot. As a matter of fact, you'll be lucky if you get to court. The folks who are running the party, and their good friends, may just decide to beat your bloody brains out on the spot!

There are some very serious drawbacks in Australia at the moment, and lack of water is most certainly one. All the rivers in Australia put together deliver only about 1/150th of the output of the Amazon. The Aussies have been doing something about this with an exciting project called the Snowy Mountains Scheme. This plan is designed to irrigate the dry plains of south central Australia. A range of mountains runs north and south near the east coast. Sea winds, full of moisture, can't get over those ridges. The wet clouds dam up; the moisture condenses as rain, and all that valuable water flows more or less uselessly back into the sea.

The Eucumbene Dam (part of the Snowy Mountains Project) will change all that. This dam has a height of 831 feet. Some 2,000 square miles are involved in the whole project; a dozen new air strips; 600 miles of roads; a complex of new towns, and nine separate dams in all. Monster tunnels have been (and are continuing to be) drilled through the mountains. Ten power stations will utilize the gradients of these tunnels to provide electricity for Sydney and Melbourne. This power will pay for the project. The vast irrigation of the plains of the Outback will be a bonus, and an enormous one. The Eucumbene project will impound, all together, more than 6,000,000 acre-feet of water—eight times the volume of Sydney Harbor. (An acre-foot is the amount it would take to cover an acre of land with a foot of water.) And don't be fearful that you will lose out on an outdoors job on this big development. It won't be finished until 1975, even though it is being built (and is partly in operation) now.

Eucumbene is just the beginning. Other

projects of the same giant scope are being planned. Ah, I hear the adventure-hungry youth mutter, *I'm no homesteader. I want excitement, the free life with a rifle in my hand, or sifting pebbles in a creek looking for gold nuggets.*

Well, you can certainly have that in Australia. You can have it either on the installment plan (give it a whirl during your three weeks of vacation and see if you like it) or you can just go for it all the way, right off the bat. I had this very thing in mind when I left my test-driving job with Ford and took Joan and the baby with me north toward Darwin in a house-trailer behind my Land Rover. Northern Australia, as you probably know, is tropical. Monsoon rains out of southeast Asia drench it for several months at a time, a dreadful period of the year known as "The Wet."

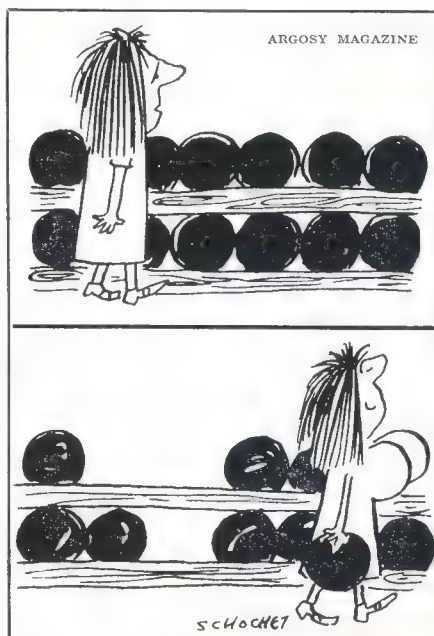
We turned off the Darwin road and headed into the bush toward the Gulf of Carpentaria, winding up in a tiny place called Boroloola, on the McArthur River, about thirty miles from the gulf. We halted the Land Rover at a combination bar and general store and went in for a beer. The proprietor, who had heard nothing but rain on his sheet-iron roof for three months straight, was slightly jungle-jolly. As we chatted, it developed that he had one fixed and burning hope: *to get out, as quickly as possible, and never come back.* He set me up a free beer.

"I say, old chap," he said, "how'd you like to take over here?" Such an offer might surprise you in the States, but not in the back country of Australia.

Since it was going into "The Dry" and Joan and I had hopes of leasing an island in the nearby gulf, I said, "Why not?"

Whereupon this chap cranked up his two-way radio and called the boss in Darwin, 1,000 miles distant. He said he had a nice clean-cut American chap and his wife and baby in the store who'd be glad to move in as proprietor, and he put it rather well, I thought. It was a deal where the boss in Darwin could take his choice between the nice clean-cut American chap and nobody, because, either way, my jungle-jolly friend was leaving. So, in about twenty minutes by the clock, I was transformed from a casual beer customer to lord and master of the joint.

Joan and I spent eleven months in Boroloola running the store and living in our house-trailer. We met some rather interesting characters. Harry Whiskers, who lived a short distance away, had made his place out of two abandoned water tanks set one on top of the other. Croc shooters from the gulf came in regularly with their skins, which I bought. Cowboys from cattle stations appeared, dry as a bone, and left so saturated with beer that they could probably last a month, like camels. Some soldiers of fortune I liked, and I could see that they might do well at their wandering jobs. Others I didn't like so much, like the chap who boasted he shot water buffaloes in the spine, which paralyzed their hind quarters so they couldn't move, but kept them alive until his buddy, the skinner, arrived a couple of days later. They didn't stink so much when you skinned them that way. I had to control a growing urge to pick up a beer bottle and bring



it down smartly on this fellow's head.

Our dream of getting hold of an island from which we can (and expect to) start a sport-fishing business came true. There is an island a few miles off the mouth of the McArthur River, twelve by five miles, with a fresh-water lake, grazing land (if I want to raise buffalo), tropical vegetation, white beaches, warm seas and plenty of big fish of all kinds. I've started negotiations to lease 640 acres there, and expect to return and get started.

The light-plane industry is growing in Australia, and for a good reason. You can get around faster and better in that clear, empty land in a plane than in any other way. There's a landing field at Boroloola. The customers for my sport-fishing operation can fly there, and I can pick them up in my boat and take them to the island. Eventually, if things go as I hope, I'll have my own air strip on the island. I'll operate there in The Dry—then go south during the rainy season and perhaps have another go at digging for opals. I'm an active guy and I don't like to sit around. In Australia, the only limit on your activities is your own drive and ambition. There's plenty to be done if you want to do it.

I really hope that some of the readers of this article decide to come to Australia. For their benefit, I'd like to offer some useful facts about the place. You don't have to worry about dying in the Outback for lack of medical aid. The Flying Doctors Service, which is free, visits the backcountry routinely and, in an emergency, will give you play-by-play directions over the radio on how to manage an accident or illness until they can fly in, which they will do immediately if you really need them. Don't call them, however. For some capricious reason, they take a very dim view of that.

A hard-working Yankee is very welcome in Australia. They like us. But don't get to babbling about the war. It brings to mind how our sex-starved GIs, on leave from the islands, came to Sydney and Melbourne and met up with lonesome Australian lassies—and you know what. Of course, if you don't mind eating your steaks with no teeth, go ahead and yack it up as much as you like.

By and large, the Aussie will take you to his heart, if he likes you. No-hopers and bludgers excluded. And don't sit there silent when it's your turn to "shout" at a beer party in a public house. You'll have to settle for twenty other chaps on your "shout." But consider that the twenty other chaps will have to settle for you—until your turn comes up again—if you can still make a sound at that time and are not peacefully snoozing under the table.

The Australian government is making every effort to get Americans to come here and settle. There is a color bar, however. Right or wrong, the Australians exclude blacks, browns and yellows. They are worried, and with good reason, about the movement of the Red Chinese southward into Asia. Without the help of the Yanks, the Chinese Communists (700,000,000 to 12,000,000) could make short work of the Aussies, and they know it. Which is another bond between them and us.

If you sign up for two years, they'll give you \$160 after your jet plane touches



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down. However, if you go back to the States before the two years is up, you are expected to pay all of it back. The quickest and probably the cheapest transportation, time and other things considered, is by jet. Qantas, the Aussie airline, has *never*, at least as of this moment of writing, had a fatal crash. And you certainly won't have to worry about not being able to land because of weather! If Sydney is socked in, there are plenty of long, safe jet fields in Australia that are clear. Australian immigration officials are not there to give you a hard time, the way such officials seem to do in some countries. They are there to help you the moment you step off the plane—to get a job, get a place to stay and get acquainted. There's follow-through in this program. The officials will help you move to the location of your choice. Mechanics—automotive, builders, electricians, machine repairmen and other top-flight, blue-collar workers—are in demand.

There are many large American firms now setting up in business in Australia—Ford, GM, Kaiser, to name a few. If you have a skill those big outfits need, why not contact them in the States and see if you can't line up a job before you even take off? Check with the Australian consulate in New York or San Francisco for details on which American firms to contact. The best and most-up-to-date publication you can obtain is called "Australia—Official Handbook." It comes out every year and is kept current. Write to the librarian, a most helpful and friendly lady, in care of the Australian Consulate, 636 Fifth Avenue,

New York, New York. You'll have to pay. It is a 316-page publication and can't be handed out free. But if you are serious about Australia and its endless promise, this will be money well spent.

Now to the frosting on the cake. Vacations in Australia can be as exciting as any on earth. Their Great Barrier Reef, which stretches for 1,000 miles along the warm northeast coast, is the most thrilling underwater frontier in the world. The shells, fish and weird creatures are beyond compare anywhere. And the Great Barrier is still largely empty—like the Outback.

Looking over this article, I see that it is pretty much of a rave review. I hasten to add that there are many unpleasant hardships in Australia, as there are everywhere. It is free—but it is lonely. It is a chance to get back to nature—but the conveniences may be missed. The Aussies aren't geared to the do-it-now tempo which many Americans are used to, and this may prove irksome to some people. You may get homesick for the good old U.S.A., population explosion and all its ills notwithstanding. Nothing in this world is a certified check—except a certified check. And Australia isn't one. One man's meat is another man's poison.

You may go for Australia all the way. Or you may get sick of it and want to go back home. Well, you can do that, too. But if you are a young guy, as I was, and are keen to have a shoestring safari in a big, exciting golden land, come on down. You'll have a ball!

answer. "It has been known to happen."

"I understand," Major Duncan said. "Can't blame you, sir." A faint twinkle appeared in his tired eyes. "I'll wager a pound—which isn't much to you Yanks, I know—that old Brenner's too foxy for him. As he's been for us, blast him!"

"You're on!" Hacker said. "Let's say thirty days. Okay?"

"Righto."

The colonel's condition was obviously reasonable, but it didn't endear Selby to Lieutenant Niven-Blake, one of the unit's four survivors.

"I don't see how he can help us much from two hundred yards away, behind a bunker," he said, giving Selby a somewhat contemptuous stare. "Mighty careful of their men, the bloody American Army!"

"Put a sock in it, Lieutenant," Major Duncan said sharply. "It wasn't his idea. Colonel Hacker insisted on it—and he's right. Bomb disposal's our pigeon, not OSS's."

Niven-Blake scowled, but kept still. He was small, emaciated and obviously near the breaking point. Selby's eyes briefly became polar ice, and his huge Adam's apple bobbed. But he wasn't there to brawl, and he guessed that anybody who'd seen a dozen friends blown up by a trick delayed-action bomb, fitted with too many booby traps, had a right to be edgy.

The other two members of the unit, Sergeant-Major Shanks and Corporal Doyle, were also tense and tired but not hostile.

"Let me brief you," the major told Selby. "Most of the bombs have fallen on London. That's where a big, delayed-action parcel is the most trouble, and the Germans know it. We can't blow them up on the spot, you see, without destroying flats. And so far, nobody's been able to de-fuse one of the tricky beggars."

"What's so special about these—compared to the others, I mean?" Selby asked.

"I don't know how much they taught you about such devices," Duncan said, "but delayed-action bombs are booby-trapped so

that nobody can disarm them without sweating blood. These pets of Brenner's. . ."

"You mean you know who makes 'em?"

"Oh, yes. There's the lettering on every one so far."

"He signs 'em?" Selby gulped.

"More than that—there's a message. Always the same. 'To Cheviot and Company from Old Boy Brenner.'"

"Who's Cheviot and Company? And why the special hate?"

"It's not really important," the major told Selby, impatience in his voice. "Just an old grudge, I suppose. We know that Brenner went to school with old Cheviot—he's a general now; strictly a mapwallah. That was years ago—eighteen ninety-seven or the like, I fancy."

"But why does Brenner have it in for him? And what about that 'and Company' bit?" the American persisted.

"I've no idea," the major said brusquely. "All I know is that Brenner spent a few years at one of our public schools, Cantwell. A good many Europeans did that. Now he's a bigwig boffin in Germany, and playing these monkey tricks on us while addressing his bombs to Cheviot. As if any general ever gets blown up. Only we bloody idiots in bomb disposal—and the civvies in London."

"I see," Selby said. "But you were about to explain how these bombs were different. I know about vibrators—various elements that quiver at the slightest jar, and complete a circuit to set off the charge. And chemical units—say, a spring-loaded pin that breaks a vial of acid, starting a different explosion. But I suppose that's kindergarten stuff in your racket."

"That's an understatement," Duncan said. "Maybe I'd better tell you the story of Brenner's bomb just as it happened."

"Two men, Crofts and Harkness, dealt with the first one. The casing foxed them; it was the type we call Mark VI. Very common. Only that blasted lettering was different, but it didn't bother them. After all, our

own chaps are always writing notes to Hitler and Goering the same way. So do yours, I'm told. So they thought it was just another piece of cake, since they'd safely disarmed dozens of the things before. This time, they no sooner removed the cover, than the bomb exploded. As they worked, they were talking over a telephone to one of our men a safe distance away, telling him about every little step. It didn't help in his case. All we know is, off came the cover, and up went the bloody bomb." His voice became more dry and bitter. "And two good chaps with it."

"So we got clever. The next man just loosened the six screws, cemented the end of a thin wire to the plate, and backed off several hundred feet. The moment he tugged at the line, the bomb exploded. We lost another acre of housing."

Well, it was obvious that Brenner had put a booby trap under the cover plate, so one of our technical advisers suggested that we X-ray the nose and find out what the real problem was. That seemed reasonable, so we got a portable unit and had a go. The second our radiologist turned his contraption on, the bomb exploded, killing him. So far, we'd bungled three of Brenner's specials and lost as many men. Not to mention the flats and the evacuation. It was a bad show.

"But that put us on the right line for a bit. The boffins decided Brenner must have a light-sensitive element under the plate. Something that reacted to ordinary daytime brightness, but also X-ray and maybe even infra-red. Which meant either removing the cover in the dark, or cutting through some other part of the casing. Well, to cut the blasted story short, we couldn't do it. When we tried cold chisels, the vibration blew up the bomb right off. With a torch, it was the same. There are devices that react to the slightest movements or jar-rings, and others that are highly heat-sensitive. Brenner hadn't missed a trick."

"Guy's a genius," Selby muttered.

"But you're a match for him," Niven-Blake said. "Or so your colonel tells us."

"Look . . ." the American began, a steely edge to his voice, but Major Duncan waved him to silence.

"You're tired, Lieutenant," he told Niven-Blake. "Go and turn in. You're excused." Niven-Blake got up, leaving wordlessly.

"He's really quite a decent chap," Duncan said apologetically when the officer had gone. "But he's almost around the bend. We all are, thanks to Dr. Brenner."

"I understand," Selby said.

"Well," the Scot said, "I'll try to move faster with the briefing. We used a faint, red light, just barely enough to work with. Waited until dark, naturally. Our man was then able finally to get through the cover plate and remove the photo cell he found there. But one more trap showed up. A kind of diaphragm—circular, about five inches across. It was covered with wire mesh, rather fine, and coarse cloth behind that. We haven't any idea what the thing hides or how it operates. It's tied in with at least one vibrator element, because the moment it's moved, the bomb goes up."

"But there's worse. The chap who



"Coffee break!"

ARGOSY MAGAZINE

removed the plate and photo cell put a regular flashlight on the diaphragm, and nothing happened. Then he took a closer look—that's all he did: just *look*—and the bomb exploded!"

"But that's impossible," Selby exclaimed. "Nothing's sensitive to a human glance."

"We know that—or thought we knew it. But the last two men died trying to disprove that sight could be a trigger. After licking vibrators, heat-sensitive traps, photo cells—and the routine devices, too. He adds those now and then, just for fun and games. After all that, we're beaten. We can't get past that diaphragm. That's why," he added, giving Selby a quizzical, faintly humorous stare, "I accepted Colonel Hacker's offer of you. Maybe your Yankee ingenuity can solve the puzzle."

For the first time, the sergeant-major spoke. "Is it true, sir," he asked the officer, "that you bet a pound with the colonel that the lieutenant can't do it? Me and the corporal 'ere thought as 'ow the lieutenant might like to lay a bet with us."

Selby reddened, but Major Duncan cut in quickly. "It was the colonel's idea. The lieutenant hasn't promised a thing. It's not fair to expect that. I say to drop it, here and now. Is that clear?"

Judging from their chopfallen looks, Selby knew it was.

"I think, sir, you forgot to mention the motor," Doyle said.

"Ah," the major said, "so I did. It seems, Selby, that after the bomb arms itself, a motor starts up somewhere behind the diaphragm. We hear it in our microphones. Battery-operated, no doubt. What it does, I can't say."

Selby looked thoughtful. Then he said diffidently, "One thing that does occur to me now is that sound may be the angle. If the man talks near that diaphragm. . . ."

"Damn!" Major Duncan said softly. "We shouldn't have missed that."

"I could be way off," the American said. "But it's easy to check. Next time, don't do any talking near the mesh. Have the man back off each time he reports."

"Worth trying," the major said, and Shanks nodded agreement.

"If the Herr Doktor is on schedule," Duncan said, "we should get a package on Thursday. Consistent swine, Brenner."

His prediction was verified. A bomb fell, and Selby was at the listening post at night with Major Duncan when Doyle tackled it. They waited tensely as he worked under a dim red light, getting down to the diaphragm.

"All right, sir," he said then, his voice thin and metallic over the phone. "I'll start on the four little screws that hold the mesh. Won't say a word until they're out."

Several moments of almost unbearable suspense followed. Then came the rocking, ear-shattering roar of the explosion which seemed to tear at their guts. Selby felt sick, and Duncan's voice was several degrees colder as he said, "It isn't talking, either. Brenner's still ahead of the game." Then, more softly, "Poor old Doyle. A good man."

At the conference next day, where a new volunteer, Ferris, was introduced, Selby found the atmosphere rather chilly. But he ignored it, and said, "Sir, I'd like permission to talk to General Cheviot."

"What on earth for?" Major Duncan

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asked. "He doesn't know anything about this business."

"But he knows about Brenner: what the man's like, and why the personal hate. It could help. It might give us a clue about that diaphragm."

"Well," the Scot said, "there's no other bomb to deal with now, so I won't object, although it's a waste of time. I warn you—the general's a prickly old bargee. But he may be on his best behavior for an American—I don't think!"

When Selby got to Cheviot the next day, he found a short, brisk man, with a huge, indomitable Wellington beak above a typical guards' mustache. His eyes were a cold gray, yet oddly enough, he had a warm smile and spoke softly.

"So you want to know about Brenner," he said. "Hah! It was a long time ago, but I remember him—and obviously he still remembers Cheviot and Company. Stalk stuff, dontchaknow. Kipling was big then, and we—my friends and I in the Fifth Form—copied him. Well, sir, Brenner was a sneak and a coward. Water funk. A bully, too, when he could find some inkly little fag to knock about." He broke off.

Selby had to prod him. "Please try to remember, sir; it may be important. What did he have against you, in particular?"

"Wish I knew," the general muttered darkly. "Those messages on his bombs are damned annoying. But I really had nothing to do with the brute. He was never my fag. Messy beast, he was. I know that. Didn't like to wash in cold water—all we had back then. Once we even had to use a wire brush on him, and a scrub-brush on his teeth; he never cleaned them.

Funked the dentist, too; breath like a polecat. So Cheviot and Company took him in hand. A bit cruel, but that's how things were in ninety-eight. Because of his dirt and messin' about with chemistry, we called him 'Stinks'—Stinks, the Prooshian!"

There was little else he could tell Selby, but the boy wore a thoughtful expression when he left. An idea had already taken form in his mind.

At the next briefing, he laid his fantastic theory on the line.

"It has to be breath," he said, with more conviction than he felt, considering the extreme ingenuity of Brenner, a quality the OSS man was particularly able to appreciate. "Warm, moist air from the mouth. Obviously, the guy working on the diaphragm has to get his face close to those little screws, especially in a lousy light. And the motor, I think, must operate a sort of blower in reverse. Suction, pulling the breath down a pipe or something to where it can activate a detonator."

"And how does it do that?" the major asked coldly.

"I don't really know," Selby admitted, "but there could be ways that the warmth and humidity could trigger a device."

"And I'm to risk another man on that?"

"No," was Selby's quick reply. "I've been thinking that we could very easily rig up our own blower—a hair dryer, perhaps—and check out the next bomb by remote control. If warm, damp air actually sets it off, then we'll know how to handle it. Some kind of a face mask, probably."

"You're daft," Shanks said. "Breath setting off a blooming bomb!"

"Remember," Selby said patiently, "that

Brenner was given a bad time over his personal hygiene—mainly bad breath. He never forgot it, and now he tries to get back in a weird, but workable way. That's why there's a message to General Cheviot and his old gang. I know it sounds crazy, but everything fits pretty well."

"All right," Major Duncan said. "We don't have much to lose with a remote-control arrangement. I just hope the next one isn't near a populated area, so we can blow it up without getting wiggled by HQ."

The wish came true. A Brenner bomb fell in a ploughed field, and Selby's scheme was put to the test. A battered electric hair dryer, supplied with moist cotton batting at the mouth, was set up to blow air against the diaphragm, once the booby trap was exposed.

But when Duncan closed the switch, nothing happened. They waited ten minutes, saturating the mesh with damp, hot air, but no explosion followed.

"Brenner wins again," Niven-Blake chorled, forgetting in his malice that a victory for Brenner meant trouble for the unit.

"I don't get it," Selby muttered. "I could have sworn . . ." Then he slapped his head. "What a dope I've been!"

"Hear! Hear!" This from Niven-Smith. "Another idea, Leftenant?" the major asked sardonically, looking at Selby.

"The same one—repaired, sir. You see, breath isn't just warm, moist air. We should have known that wouldn't do. Hell, with sun on the casing, and humidity, the bomb might go off any time. No, what was missing is the high concentration of carbon dioxide in human breath. Remember, Brenner's a chemist first. It would work," he added, half to himself, "with a photo cell and a glass case full of limewater. When breath hits that, it gets milky, and blocks some of the light. Then, blooie! All we need to lick it is a face mask, or even a pad soaked in limewater."

Duncan said, "Care to try it, Harry?"

Niven-Blake was pale. For a moment, he didn't answer. Then he snapped, "What's the odds? I think the Yank's crackers, but there's the same job to do. My turn, isn't it, so why all the palaver?"

A hasty trip to the nearest chemist's shop produced limewater, from which a mask was made. The usual phone line was set up, and Niven-Blake went to his lonely, dangerous post. The others didn't notice in the dark that Selby also slipped away. But Niven-Smith, his heart thumping as he reached out toward the tricky diaphragm, found the OSS man at his side.

"What the hell you doing here?" he blazed. "Mizzle off, you bloody young fool. It's not your pigeon. You want to get blown to rags?"

"You heard about that bet," Selby said, his blue eyes cold. "And there was another one Shanks and Doyle wanted to make. Well, this is all my doing—my idea—and I'm gonna bet, too. I bet my life I'm right this time. You touch that phone," he added in a hard voice, "and I'll flatten you and unscrew the mesh myself. And I'm pretty clumsy at times, I warn you."

Niven-Blake's teeth flashed in a tight grin, highlighted by the standing lantern.

"Have it your own way, you fool Yank," he said. "But before I touch the diaphragm, let me apologize. I was wrong about you, Selby. Anyhow, I'm betting my life again, even if it wasn't intentional!"

With a pad of cotton, well soaked in limewater, over mouth and nose, he adjusted the screwdriver and began, ever so gently, to loosen the mesh.

Selby's heart was pounding unbearably, much to his surprise. He had never before known this kind of tension, even in tight spots. The vision of a sudden explosion, a fiery catclysm that might tear him to little bits, made his legs tremble. He felt an almost irresistible urge to run.

"Knock it off!" he told himself. "You won't even know it's happened—if it does."

As the first screw came out, Niven-Blake sighed softly, a mere ghost of a sound.

The other three screws seemed anti-climactic. Then he pulled the mesh free, in slow motion and smoothly. Selby stared, unblinking, his jaw muscles so tight they ached. Would the bomb blow now? What if his idea was all wrong?

Behind the diaphragm was a metal tube, and in it a glass vial full of clear liquid. The American's heart leaped at the sight. Surely that must be limewater. And he guessed there was a photo cell beyond it.

"Light source," Niven-Blake said, pointing to a lens just opposite. "You could be right, Selby."

The OSS man pulled a bit of fluff from a pocket and held it near the mouth of the tube. It was sucked from his fingers.

"Q.E.D.," he said. "The thing sucks air—and your breath—in. Whaddya know! All miniaturized, too. Quite a job."

"Don't rejoice too soon," Niven-Blake said sourly. "Many a slip—and Brenner's a downy bird. May be another surprise."

Selby gulped. He realized you didn't ever relax at this work—not until the detonating charge, or charges, were several feet away from the bomb. Right now, after "solving" the puzzle he could still be atomized. *Be right, but dead right.*

With deft hands, Niven-Blake used a needle-nosed wire cutter to sever the copper lead. Now this ounce of limewater would start no current, milky or not. The Brenner bomb was harmless.

At OSS HQ in London, Selby reported to his superior, omitting his own disobedience of orders in standing by at the disarming.

At the end, he said, grinning, "That was a mighty ingenious gimmick for a detonator. I figure we ought to call Brenner's invention 'the last gasp of a desperate foe.'"

Hacker's iron face softened; his lips twitched, and he snapped, "Get out of here. You need a twenty-four hour pass. Last gasp! Don't we wish it!" ● ● ●

HELLO, DILLY! *Continued from page 77*

glimpse of the words "Plant City" (Indiana State Pen), but the Ohio authorities, basking in the publicity surrounding Dillinger's capture, refused to hand them over to him for closer study.

A few days later, on September twenty-sixth, amid growing rumors of a jailbreak, reporters buttonholed Governor Paul V. McNutt in the corridors of the State Capitol. He attributed the rumors to "autumn fever," adding, "When the sap begins to flow, the boys decide they want to get away." A reporter glanced at his watch to see if he could phone in the Governor's comment in time for the evening edition. It was two twenty-five p.m.

Only moments earlier, at the State Pen, Fred James, a guard in Tower Three, had sighted a work detail starting across the rain-soaked yard. He glanced at the day's detail list and found there was none scheduled for two-twenty-five p.m. He stepped out onto the steel observation platform and trained his binoculars on them. In the lead were Assistant Warden Albert Evans and the shirt factory's superintendent, G. H. Stevens. Behind them, in a double column,

marched ten cons, their arms loaded down with bundles of shirts. Inmates No. 11094 and 13733—Harry Pierpont and Jack Hamilton—were directly behind the two officials, and following them were inmates Russell Clark, Charles Mackley, James Jenkins, Ed Shouse, Walter Dietrich, Joe Fox, James Clark and Joe Burns.

Guard James decided there must have been a sudden call for extra shirts at the clerk's office. Still, it was strange the detail had come out of the cell blocks instead of Industrial One, where a metal-detector checked everyone leaving the factory units. He picked up the telephone and called the guard in Tower One near the main gate.

"See that detail headed toward you?" he asked. "Put your glasses on them and let me know what you think."

"They're okay," replied the Tower One guard after a moment. "Old Man Evans himself is heading them up."

Turnkeys Guy Burklow and Fred Wellnitz were on duty in the guard hall, a long corridor blocked by two steel-barred gates which led through the Administration Building to the outer lobby—and freedom. Im-

passively, they watched the work detail approach, expecting it to turn off into the Administration Building, as thousands of details before it had. Both were surprised, therefore, when the detail didn't turn aside, but kept right on coming.

Before either had time to react, however, the shirt bundles dropped, the assistant warden and Superintendent Stevens were shoved aside and Burklow, the inner-gate turnkey, found himself gaping into seven gun barrels.

"Open up—or we'll open you up," snapped Pierpont.

The turnkey at the outer gate ten yards down the hall made a motion, apparently toward his holster. But Jack Hamilton beat him to it, leveling his foot-five through the bars at him. "Freeze, Pop," he barked.

Burklow unlocked his gate. The convicts swarmed through it, herding Stevens, Evans and the first turnkey before them.

"Now you, Pop," announced Hamilton, jamming his automatic into the outer turnkey's belly. But Wellnitz's hand was shaking so badly that he couldn't fit his key into the lock. Pierpont whipped the barrel

of his forty-five across the turnkey's skull, tearing the key from his belt as he crumpled to the floor. The cons charged through the second gate and into the lobby.

A half-dozen civilian clerks were at work in an office directly off the hall. Pierpont flung open the door, spotted the huge, walk-in vault in which prisoners' valuables were kept and ordered the clerks into it. Then he decided to go through it for money. He ordered everyone to back out.

Confused by the conflicting orders, a seventy-two-year-old clerk named Finley C. Carson turned the wrong way, heading deeper into the vault. Pierpont's forty-five exploded twice. Carson was flung the length of the vault by the impact of the slugs. Skull fractured, he lay there in a widening pool of blood, his right leg shattered by one bullet, the other lodged deep in his abdomen.

Alarmed by the shots, the cons went pouring out the prison entrance. Dietrich, Fox, James Clark and Burns were in the lead. They headed for a car parked at the foot of the steps.

Behind the wheel sat Sheriff Charles Neel of Corydon, Indiana, who had just delivered two prisoners. Suddenly the right-hand door of his car was ripped open and he found himself staring into the barrel of a forty-five automatic. Three men piled into the rear seat and the man with the gun slid in beside him. "Step on it!" he commanded.

Joe Pawlawski, an attendant in the filling station directly across the highway, watched as the sheriff's car went skidding past. It swerved onto State 520, barely missing an oncoming truck, then disappeared in the direction of Valparaiso. As it did, the siren atop the prison's Administration Building began to wail. Pawlawski whirled around just as six men in prison denims came charging through the stone archway and across the highway toward him. The burly, scar-faced con in the lead pointed to Pawlawski's Plymouth.

"That your machine?" he shouted.

Pawlawski nodded.

"Throw me the keys!" ordered Jack Hamilton, whipping out his automatic.

The sight of the gun caused Pawlawski's fear suddenly to find physical expression. He spun to his right and began running. Hamilton's forty-five barked. The first shot creased the gas-station attendant's left temple, but didn't stop him. The second grazed his shoulder.

"The third one would have got me," he recalled later, "only I went sprawling into a drainage ditch just as he squeezed it off."

A few hundred yards up the highway, elderly Herbert Von Volkenburg of Oswego, Illinois, brought his 1932 Oldsmobile to a screeching halt. He'd heard the siren and the shots, and had sighted the running figures. He knew a jailbreak when he saw one. Before he could throw his car into reverse, however, the escaping cons had reached him. The front and rear doors on the right-hand side were ripped open.

"Out! Out!" commanded Harry Pierpont tersely, jabbing Von Volkenburg's wife and mother-in-law with his automatic.

"Not you, friend," barked Jack Hamilton as Von Volkenburg started to open the door on his side. He prodded him back behind the wheel with his still smoking forty-five while Pierpont dragged the screaming

women out. Then the six cons piled in. Fat Charlie Mackley jammed the barrel of his automatic against the back of Von Volkenburg's head and pointed meaningfully to the 100 mark on the speedometer.

Minutes later, the needle still hadn't moved past fifty and the auto was weaving under Von Volkenburg's nervous handling.

Mackley lowered his gun. "Professor, you just got yourself a reprieve," he chuckled. "Pull over to the side and get out."

Motorist Glenn Green, who picked up Von Volkenburg a few minutes later and took him to the State Police barracks at Tremont, reported seeing the Oldsmobile take the Furnessville turn-off. "They were doing at least ninety," he told reporters.

At six forty-five that night, millions of Americans heard H. V. Kaltenborn open his news broadcast with a tense, "Ladies and gentlemen, Indiana is in a virtual state of siege tonight."

In clipped, measured tones, he quickly filled in the picture.

Even as Kaltenborn spoke, additional victims were turning up. A farmer named Cecil Stainer stumbled wearily into the outskirts of Valparaiso to report that he'd been seized by the cons holding Sheriff Neel as hostage. They had descended on his farm near McCool that afternoon and demanded a team of horses to pull their car out of the mud. He had refused. The dune country south of Lake Michigan turned into a dangerous swamp when it rained and he hadn't wanted to risk his horses. At gunpoint, the cons had therefore forced Stainer to drive them along back roads in his own beat-up 1929 sedan. Eventually the right rear wheel had come off.

"We left the machine," said Stainer, "and started walking across fields in the rain. It was getting dark. When we got to a ravine, part of them jumped across a creek and while the rest were getting across I saw my chance and ran."

Sheriff Neil Fry, to whom Stainer told his story, immediately organized a posse to cordon off the prairie between Wheeler and McCool. "With the ground wet from the rain," he announced, "their footprints

ought not to be too hard to find. We'll surround them. Then, when it gets light, we'll move in with dogs and airplanes."

A farmer named Valley Warner, meanwhile, had arrived on foot in the tiny prairie town of Wanatah. By telephone, he told Captain Matt Leach, now directing the statewide search from Tremont Barracks, that the other six cons had swooped down on his farm and held him and a rural mail carrier prisoners until nightfall, then ripped the wires out of the mail carrier's car and roared south in their black Oldsmobile.

At each new development, regular radio programs across the nation were interrupted. Radio stations were flooded with calls. The sacrosanct seven to seven-fifteen slot reserved nightly for "Amos 'n' Andy" was interrupted twice by bulletins. . . .

Edgar Gustafson sat listening to the bulletins in the kitchen of his farmhouse on Rural Route three near McCool. His wife, Thelma, had just gone out to feed the chickens. Suddenly he heard her scream. He leaped to his feet, grabbed his shotgun and ran out. She was pointing her flashlight into the bushes behind the chicken shack. "I just saw two of those convicts!" she told him. Gustafson rushed to the phone.

Within the hour, hundreds of state troopers, police from the Calumet, deputized citizens armed with hunting rifles, shotguns, dogs and clubs, and an additional 200 National Guardsmen carrying machine guns, rifles and gas bombs were pouring into what was now being described over the air as "Indiana's War Zone."

At eleven forty-five p.m., a CBS announcer's voice cut through the Leon Belasco Orchestra's rendition of "Little Man You've Had a Busy Day" to bring the nation two spectacular firsts—a coast-to-coast hookup from a remote-location unit (on the Gustafson farm) and an eyewitness, on-the-spot report of a gun battle! Hundreds of thousands of listeners sat transfixed as an urgent voice, shouting to be heard above the shriek of sirens, roaring motors and fusillades of shots, reported:

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"I've never seen anything like this, ladies and gentlemen! The escaped cons are holed up in a small shack about a hundred and fifty yards from where we're standing! They are returning the fire of some fifty police officers armed with tommy guns! Dozens of searchlights are fixed on the shack, and in their glare, we can occasionally make out the shadowy form of one of the cons as he dashes to the window to fire wildly in our direction!"

It was later revealed that the broadcast had been faked, that the cons were already miles away when the CBS team arrived. But the public paid no attention. "The Gun Battle at McCool" was an accomplished fact in their minds.

Meanwhile, there were plenty of *real* battles raging in Indiana. Reports of a gun duel and kidnapping in Terre Haute and three sightings of a black 1932 Oldsmobile speeding east from that city with six men in it sent police converging on U.S. 40 between Big Eagle Creek and Ben Davis. An armored car was dispatched from Marion to battle the Olds. The steel-plated behemoth, with slits for windows, a gun turret, puncture-proof tires and a top speed of 115 mph, was manned by two Marion police and three state troopers. Just outside Ben Davis, the officer in the turret spotted the oncoming Olds. The armored car made a U-turn as the sedan roared past.

Within minutes, both vehicles were doing well over a hundred. The armored car opened fire. Bullets ripped into the Olds. The fire was immediately returned from its smashed rear window. At the same instant, its driver hit the brakes and spun the wheel hard to right. The Olds skidded into a gravel turn-off. Its rear door flew open and a figure tumbled out. The armored car swerved to miss it and went out of control, careening down an embankment into a clump of trees, and burst into flames. The officers scrambled out, shaken but unhurt. By the time they had regained the highway, both the Oldsmobile and the passenger who had fallen from it had disappeared.

The passenger was James Jenkins and, according to surviving members of the Dillinger gang, he had been pushed from the speeding sedan by Harry Pierpont in an attempt to distract pursuers.

Minutes later, motorist Victor Lyle found himself staring into the business end of a thirty-eight automatic. James Jenkins had leaped onto his running board as Lyle had slowed to negotiate a sharp curve. "Keep heading south," ordered Jenkins as he swung into the seat beside Lyle.

Outside Nashville, Indiana, deep in the hills of Brown County, Lyle's car ran out of gas. The two men sat in it until dawn, then Jenkins shoved the thirty-eight into his belt and disappeared into the woods. Lyle immediately headed on foot to the sheriff's office in Nashville. By nightfall, more than a hundred State troopers and deputized citizens, armed with dogs and shotguns, were scouring the rugged hills.

Just after dark, a man stopped at William Alltop's house a mile outside the Brown County community of Bean Blossom and asked how far it was to the general store.

"We had been talking about the escape from the state prison," Alltop later told the authorities, "and I told the folks after he

left that I bet he was one of them. I took my shotgun, got into my automobile and started to town, passing the man on the way. I met Herb McDonald, picked him up and turned back to meet the man. By that time, he had reached the edge of town. He came toward us with one hand up across his breast. I thought he was holding a gun. As we approached him, he turned into an alley and ran. We cut back in front of the store to head him off as he came through that end of the alley. When he saw he was cornered, he fired, a shot striking McDonald in the arm. Ben Kantor had joined us, and he and I returned the fire, and the man dropped to the ground."

The man's head had been blown off by the combined fire of the shotguns, but Captain Matt Leach—who arrived by plane from Indianapolis in the morning—identified him from his fingerprints as James Jenkins. "Two down, eight to go," he said.

The other con who bit the dust was James Clark. His capture had been brought about by Sheriff Charles Neel, who had been held hostage by him and three other escaped cons until that morning. "We stumbled through creeks and over branches, two of them holding me between them," the sheriff recalled later. "By day, we would hide in the underbrush because of the search planes overhead; by night, we'd be on the go again. Finally they stole a car from a dairy farm and we drove north on a gravel road and they put me and (James) Clark out. He was too tired and weak from hunger to go any further, and they didn't want to be slowed down."

Clark and Sheriff Neel dragged themselves through the darkness until, toward dawn of the twenty-ninth, they reached the settlement of Hobart. There they caught an interurban streetcar at five-thirty a.m.

"If you tell them I'm on this car, I'll kill you," Clark mumbled weakly as Neel got out at the city limits of Gary, Indiana.

The sheriff stumbled to a nearby diner and called the police. Clark was captured at the end of the line. His only comment: "I'm glad it's over."

By now, Captain Leach had uncovered Dillinger's vital role in the escape. He

warned the Ohio authorities that the escaped cons would undoubtedly return the favor by springing Dillinger from the Lima, Ohio, jail. Sheriff Jesse Sarber said let them try, that he was ready for them.

At ten-thirty p.m. on October twelfth, two men entered Sheriff Sarber's office. "We're Indiana parole officers," they announced. "We have extradition papers for Dillinger."

"Let's see your credentials," demanded Sarber.

"Here they are," grinned Harry Pierpont, drawing a forty-five automatic. The gun roared, and Sarber fell, a slug in his chest. He tried to rise.

"Tsk, tsk," said Fat Charlie Mackley and bashed in his skull. Sarber died.

Moments later, a black sedan roared away from the jail. Homer Van Meter was at the wheel, and in the back seat, between Mackley and Pierpont, sat John Dillinger.

"Thanks, boys." He grinned. "Now let's get down to work. . . ."

The rest is criminal history.

When the one-gang crime wave finally dragged to a stop ten months later, the death toll stood at sixteen; eleven banks had been robbed. Dillinger himself lay dead in an alley next to the Biograph Theater on Chicago's North Side, riddled by FBI bullets. He'd been fingered by the "Woman in Red" and shot down as he'd emerged from the movie house on the night of July 22, 1934.

Box score on the other escaped cons:

Ed Shouse: bagged by police as he tried to roar through a roadblock at Paris, Illinois, on December 20, 1933. He was returned to Michigan City and served out his sentence.

Homer Van Meter: gunned down by police in St. Paul, Minnesota, on August 23, 1934.

Harry Pierpont, Charles Mackley and Russell Clark: captured in Tucson, Arizona, on January 25, 1934. They were convicted of the murder of Sheriff Sarber. Pierpont was electrocuted on October 17, 1934. Mackley was sentenced to death but died of wounds received while attempting to escape from the Ohio State Penitentiary on September 22, 1934. Clark was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Walter Dietrich: captured after a gun battle in Bellwood, a Chicago suburb, on January 6, 1934.

James Fox: apprehended June 4, 1934.

Joseph Burns: seized in Chicago on December 17, 1934.

All of them were returned to the Indiana State Penitentiary.

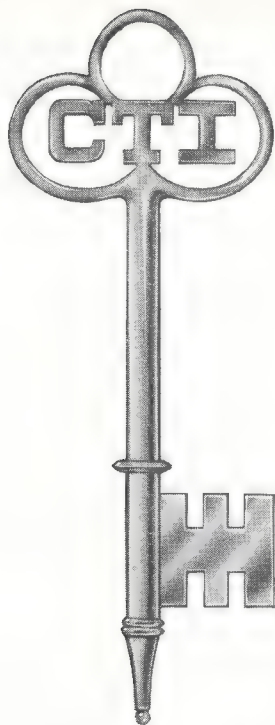
That left only one escaped con unaccounted for—Three-Finger Jack Hamilton. Eventually, on August 28, 1935, he was found, buried in quicklime outside Oswego, Illinois. He'd been killed more than a year and a half before, in a motorized gun duel with a deputy sheriff as he, Dillinger and Van Meter had sped away from the Battle of Little Bohemia.

With the discovery of Hamilton's corpse, the books were officially closed on America's most spectacular jailbreak. Out over the Indiana State Police teletype system went the message: "Cancel the following 1933 alarm. No. 3,456: Michigan City Penitentiary crashout. John Hamilton, escaped convict, found dead. . . ."



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NORWAY—UNSPOILED VACATIONLAND *Continued from page 63*

Norway was the birthplace of the Vikings, who, it now seems, discovered America.



trams into the nearby hills for an hour on the slopes before dinner. It's a great way to build up an appetite and to stay in shape. And the women of Oslo have shapes well worth preserving.

Norway is one of the most exciting and delightful vacation destinations in Europe, no matter what time of the year you make the trip. Prices are still reasonable, though they are rising. Red tape and language barriers are negligible. Nearly everyone speaks English, and the warmth of the welcome for Americans is genuine. You won't get overcharged or fleeced in Norway.

While the present-day descendants of the Vikings will make you feel secure and at home, they're also likely to make you feel overfed, paunchy and prematurely old. Although they eat and drink with gusto, the Norwegians as a rule are slim, healthy and vigorous. An athletic people with a great love of the outdoors, they are perfectly fitted to their rugged landscape and their invigorating, sometimes severe, weather. And the climate, one learns, never dampens their sense of humor. A favorite story involves Bergen, the charming city on the west coast which is known as the "gateway to the fjords." A visitor from abroad, disappointed by two straight weeks of rain, asks a youngster: "Does it always rain in Bergen?" The reply: "How should I know? I'm only six years old."

Sparsely settled, Norway is a narrow, cucumber-shaped peninsula, extending 1,100

miles south from the North Cape. Three-and-a-half million citizens populate this vast land, only four percent of which is fertile. Mountains, glaciers and lakes make up the other 96 percent, an unlimited reservoir of wild, natural beauty. And then there are the fjords, perhaps Norway's single greatest attraction. These slender inlets, which knife deeply into the country with clear, salt-water tides, form the nucleus for a unique series of short tours from Oslo or Bergen. Transportation is via motorcoach and fjord steamer, with the season running from mid-May into September. The average three-day journey, with all expenses included, comes to about \$80 per adult.

Norway is so pierced with fjords that, although the country is only 1,100 miles long, the shoreline reaches an astounding total of 12,000 miles. Most of the major cities are found at the "bottom" of a fjord. By "bottom," Norwegians mean the end or terminal point of the fjord, a logical place to build a town. Thus, Oslo is at the "bottom" of the Oslofjord.

There's something so appetizing about these fjords, you know instinctively that the fish down there will make good eating, and you won't be wrong. On my fjord tour last June, I had fresh boiled salmon with hot butter, twice a day. The light pink flesh is tender, juicy and tasty. Parsley potatoes and cucumber salad usually accompany the salmon, and there are always "seconds." The cold, cured salmon, gravlaks, is also excellent, especially at the Blom Restaurant in Oslo.

Once you've spent a few days among the silent fjords, driving along mountain roads which are besieged by snow much of the year, you realize why this dramatic land spawned the Norse legends and mythology. You also cannot avoid the scars of the harsh German occupation and the heroic Norwegian resistance. Yet there is a great deal of humor and warmth in the countryside, and the cities are among the most lively, sophisticated and progressive in Europe.

The local wit, which is everywhere in evidence, is typified by this story, told by the young guide on the Norwegian Fjord Line tour. When there's a death in a farmer's family, the men among the friends and relatives gather after the funeral and drink beer. This particular farmer's wife was on her deathbed and she called in her husband and said: "I'm going to die today. It's my last wish that you don't drink beer after I'm buried."

Her husband grumbled, pointing out that this was the custom and that the beer had been ordered. But she was adamant, and finally, in giving in, he said: "Okay, I'll do what you ask. No beer. But I want you to know you've spoiled my day."

In a charming modern city like Oslo, where the streets are clean, the air is brisk and the people look content, you realize that the emphasis is on today and tomorrow, on the pleasures in life. Go to a restaurant or a popular evening spot and you'll find that the frug and other rock-and-roll dances are in vogue. (In fact, Oslo was in a mild frenzy during my visit because "The Rolling Stones" were there.) Another popular dance here, guaranteed to loosen the frame and rattle the jaw, is an import from

Helsinki called the "Yenka," a sort of latter-day bunny hop.

When it comes to art, Oslo seems in the vanguard of several movements. An escort told me that many Americans, especially from the Midwest and West, are shocked by the explicit nude Vigeland sculptures in Frogner Park, often referred to as Oslo's "drawing room." I found them distinctive and well worth a look. If anyone from the United States is upset or embarrassed, they're usually mollified by the statue of Lincoln in the park, donated by North Dakota. The sometimes erotic, often morbid and always powerful paintings of Edvard Munch (pronounced Monk) also raise eyebrows, but I can see why he is generally considered Norway's greatest painter. There's no admission charge to Frogner, the Munch Museum or the Vigeland Museum.

Another appealing aspect of Oslo is the annual Holmenkollen Ski Day, when as many as 120,000 enthusiasts, or nearly a quarter of the city's inhabitants, brave the elements to cheer on the international roster of jumping champions. One of the highlights last March, which had the huge crowd—including King Ola—chanting its approval, was a record eighty-nine-yard jump by Lars Grini, a nineteen-year-old Norwegian.

Skiing in Norway, incidentally, is becoming more and more accessible to American buffs, what with charters and three SAS flights a week from New York to Bergen. Such ski centers as Geilo and Voss, as well as Oslo, offer very attractive rates, accommodations and facilities for pros as well as beginners. Norway's enthusiasm for cross-country ski touring may well open up new vistas for North Americans.

Oslo is also the jumping-off point for tours of Norway, including flights north to



the Midnight Sun or drives south to resorts and whaling communities like Sandefjord and Tonsberg. I started off in Oslo, after having had a delightful preview of Scandinavia and its excellent cuisine and service aboard an SAS jet. The view from the air, as well as an hour of informal sight-seeing in the afternoon, showed Oslo to be a pleasant city with nice homes on little hill-sides, well manicured shrubs, a profusion

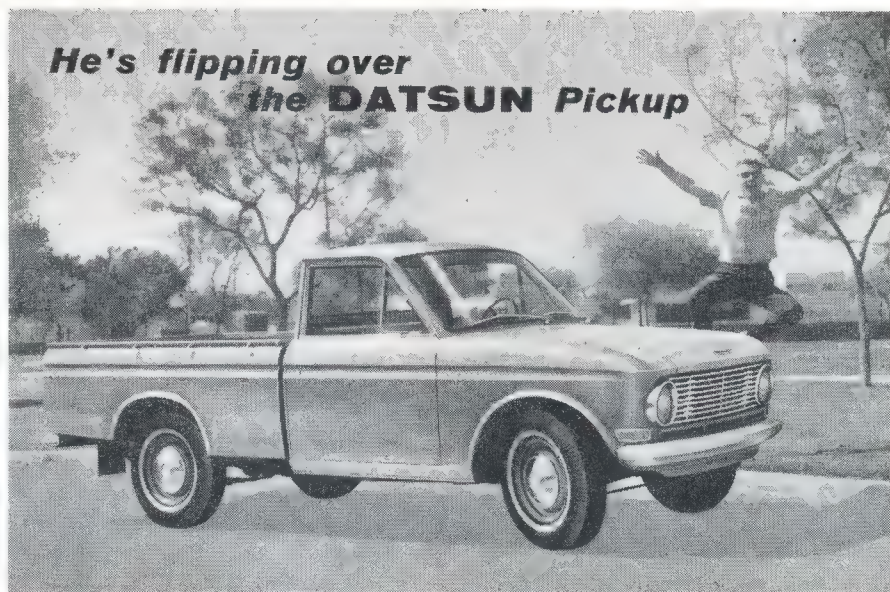
of late-June lilacs, much greenery, orange rooftops, trolley cars, small European cars, bicycles, and a harbor dotted with ships, boats of all sizes and numerous islands. Though the morning was warm, it got cloudy and cooler in the afternoon and chilly at night. (Bring a topcoat and sweater in the summer.) I checked in at the Continental Hotel, well-run, attractive, with fine food, fast service and a lobby crowded with French, German and English-speaking tourists. Like the city's other top hotels (Grand, Bristol, K.N.A.), the Continental is located on or near the City Hall Square and Carl Johan Gate (Street), Oslo's main thoroughfare. Tipping is easy: most restaurants add a twelve-and-a-half- or fifteen-percent service charge. You can add a few kroner for good service. (A kroner is worth four-tenths cents, or seven to the dollar.)

When I checked out the next morning to catch an early train across Norway to Bergen, I made a mental note that ninety-five percent of the tourists in the lobby were carrying too much luggage. (Make a "must" list, then cut it in half.) Seated in a roomy, six-passenger compartment on a Norwegian State Railways express, I watched the countryside unfold during the nine-hour trip.

I was reminded somewhat of Maine. There were fishing cabins along the lakes and on islands in the lakes, and my host said that a license costs \$3.50 for a full summer. About three hours out of Oslo, the mountains got higher and the peaks had light patches of snow. After a full-course salmon lunch (\$1.75), including seconds and tip, I learned that at the most, a fishing cabin runs \$3 a night. As you go further west, you have to crane your neck higher and higher to take in all the scenery. We had good views of such ski centers as Geilo, Finse and Voss, rocky peaks with snow, ski cabins with grass on the roof, a splendid glacier, a region described as "reindeer country," where you may hunt in October, and a quick glimpse of a fjord snaking in between two mountains. We also saw an occasional lone fisherman, rustic cottages, wooden salmon traps and always rivers and fjords. I was impressed by the pastoral dignity of the countryside, the absence of billboards and neon signs, the unspoiled atmosphere. You can take this full-day ride for as little as \$10, or fly from Oslo to Bergen in an hour for \$15 (one-way).

Bergen, Norway's capital from 1071 to 1299, is a blend of resort town and commercial center. The best hotels in town charge a top of \$15 a day, even during the peak summer season. After a superb dinner and restful night at the new Norge Hotel, I boarded a comfortable, roomy bus for the three-day fjord excursion.

There were too many visual impressions on this journey to record. But let me mention the small villages clinging to mountain ledges along the fjords; the panorama of waterfalls, cliffs, trees and craggy rocks; the low clouds followed by bursts of warm sunshine; the green mantle always on the land and the ever-present water, now rushing, now placid. The guide points to a 1,000-year-old trail, the width of a spear, used by the Vikings to travel from Bergen to Oslo. Then a stop for lunch at the Sandven Hotel in Nordheimsund for a hearty buffet. Unlike the traditional smorgasbord, you start this one with hot dishes, such as spinach



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soup and stew, and end up with cold treats, like sea trout and dessert.

The itinerary then took us along the Hardangerfjord, Norway's second longest. We crossed one of several white bridges, the Fykesund Bridge, enjoying the perfect background music on the hi-fi system in the bus—Edvard Grieg's "Piano Concerto in A Minor." We also listened to Norwegian tunes played on the Hardanger fiddle, which sounds more like a bagpipe and probably dates back to the Scottish influence on the old Viking raiders. In Voss, we stopped at a thirteenth-century church ("the only thing the German bombers had missed"), then on to the Neroy River and Valley, where the old Norse gods and trolls played. We stayed overnight at the Stalheim Hotel, site of a hostelry for centuries, with a sweeping view and thirteen hairpin curves that take you all the way down to the Gudvangen ferry.

Aboard the fjord ferry, my companion, Sverre Lindeberg of Winge Tours in Oslo, told me something about Norway's laws. If the police find five one-hundredths of one percent of alcohol in your blood while you're driving, it's at least twenty-one days behind walls. (Your state license will allow you to rent a car here.) There is no hard liquor sold on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, as well as on the day before holidays. However, beer and wines are sold on these days. (Note: evening cocktails and wine with meals were included in the tour price.)

Next, we traveled alongside the Sognefjord, which our guide told us dropped to a depth of 3,800 feet, about as deep as the

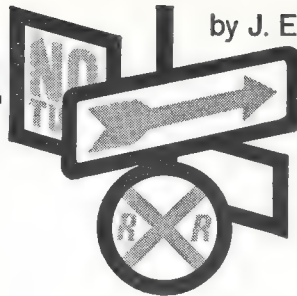
typical Norwegian mountains are high. After a change of ferries at Kaupanger, we drove on to Laerdal for a fine salmon lunch. Fishermen may rent small boats along the Laerdal River's banks in season, with a \$65 daily rate, including room and board. The river has given up salmon of up to seventy-eight pounds. We passed an old church that afternoon (1,150) which bore a startling resemblance to a Japanese pagoda, and we spent our last night at the Nystuen Hotel, a lakeside resort which serves as a fishing and hunting lodge in the summer and a ski center in the winter. The rate is \$6 a day for three meals and lodging. And then we were back in Oslo.

One of the nicest things about the capital is that a short walk or ten-minute trolley ride will bring you almost anywhere, so the next morning I strolled over to the modern City Hall, which was opened in 1950. More a handsome museum than an administrative building, the hall is a galaxy of modern Norwegian art, with dramatic wood carvings depicting Norse mythology, a panoramic painting of World War II (from defeat to victory), a huge central mural dedicated to the "good, simple life," the ever-recurring themes of the sea and swans, a huge central hall for concerts and meetings, some highly original chandeliers, an oak-paneled room for marriage ceremonies, an impressive view of the harbor and always a grand, clean sweep of marble and wood in square, powerful lines. There's no admission charge.

Later, we paid a call at a bustling outdoor flower market, the 300-year-old Oslo Cathedral with its own shopping arcade, and Akershus Castle, built in 1290 and rebuilt in the seventeenth century. After an

YOU & YOUR CAR

by J. EDWARD SCHIPPER



Brakes and Tires for 1966

Your brakes and tires must share the responsibility for a good part of your motoring joys and cares. Both have lately come under intensive study and refinement because of the sharp increase in average modern-highway driving speeds.

Tires have the responsibility of carrying the load plus enduring the friction of the road during every inch that you travel. When the brakes are applied, it is the tires that transmit the braking effort to the highway. When the driver steps down on the accelerator pedal, the tires must transmit the thrust to the road. In steering, turning stresses—which are many and complex—must be handled through the tires.

For 1966, we have tires that were not dreamed of just a few years ago. But we still have further to go. To illustrate this point, one of the leading tire manufacturers, in developing its new proving ground, is planning for eventual tests of a 200-mph tire.

Close to 1,000 tire names are listed in the Certified Tire Directory of the Rubber Manufacturers Association. This directory covers all tire brands and tire names endorsed by the manufacturers as meeting, or exceeding, the Association's minimum-safety standards. The directory comes out quarterly and is available to the general public, as well as to tire dealers.

The RMA standards first went into effect in January, 1965. The rubber industry has responded with this program of established standards. Intensive testing of all the tires listed in the directory is now under way in the laboratories of an independent testing organization in New York City. The tests are being conducted under controlled conditions which the RMA described as "more severe than those encountered on the highway."

Any tires failing to pass the RMA performance tests will be removed from the association's tire directory and immediate public notice issued, an RMA official indicated.

This is not the whole story on tire testing. Tire manufacturers have special proving grounds which rival those of the automobile manufacturers, plus laboratories and road tests, said to represent a permanent investment of close to \$100,000,000 with more than \$25,000,000 spent annually for test programs. Fur-

thermore, the tire industry, through the RMA, has announced its intention to broaden and upgrade its tire-safety requirements during 1966.

Better traction on snow and ice has been a problem since the beginning of the automobile. And each year most tire makers have come out with something new. This year, we hear a great deal more about the steel-studded type of tire. While these are illegal in some states, there is a growing tendency to permit them. They are now permitted in twenty-seven states. The tire manufacturers are increasingly interested, and last winter an estimated 250,000 studded tires had been sold in this country. Over 1,000,000 are expected to be produced this year. The studs are of hard steel, such as tungsten-carbide. The Studebaker Corporation is a major producer of the tungsten-carbide type under a Finnish patent.

Getting back to the "tire-brake" team, the capability of the top-grade tires of today to take the terrific beating of continuous high-speed travel is presenting a real challenge to the brake designer. In mentioning the projected test for the 200-mph tire, the natural question, silly as it may seem, is what about the 200-mph brake? The answer is: we haven't got one. We haven't even got a 100-mph brake! And remember, it takes four times the braking effort to stop a car from 200 mph as it does from 100 mph.

The best that we have been able to do so far on the test tracks is to release a "drogue" parachute to help stop cars at 100 mph or better. This parachute (something like a sea anchor on a boat) is effective on the track when speed-testing, but naturally would be impossible in any traffic on the track or road. So it is out for all practical purposes, and the 200-mph tire is only of practical value as a means of developing information for a higher factor of safety for expressway speeds.

But new brake developments such as the caliper-type will continue to come along. Another of the latest is the "wedge." The wedge principle is used to force the brake shoes against the drum. Bendix Corporation, which has developed this type of brake, claims certain advantages for this system, such as simplicity with high braking effectiveness and easy maintenance. • • •

excellent lunch across the harbor at Njaden (filet of sole in a cream sauce with mushrooms), we spent a few absorbing hours looking over several small, graceful Viking ships from the ninth century (hard to believe they roamed the oceans), then the renowned Polar exploration ship, *Fram* (used by Nansen and Amundsen at the turn of the century), and the *Kon-Tiki* raft which carried Thor Heyerdahl and five companions 5,000 miles across the Pacific in 1957. All admissions are ten cents or less. A fascinating afternoon.

That night, the longest in the year in Oslo, they celebrated St. Hans Eve with bonfires on the islands in the harbor and on the mountains behind the city, giving the place a festive, uninhibited air. There was singing in the streets and dancing around the bonfires without letup through the night, which never really got dark.

The next day, I was driven south along the west bank of the Oslofjord through farms and orchards to Tonsberg, the oldest city in Norway (871), where there's a modern, eighteen-hole golf course not far from the most ancient church in Scandinavia. After an outstanding lunch at the Sjøhuset (Sea House) and the news that Tonsberg may become a sister of Mystic, Connecticut, because of their common whaling heritage, we drove further south to Sandefjord. Here there are good beaches, a whaling museum and whale fleets that still function and the modern new Park Hotel, with its own bowling alleys, tennis courts and fishing boat. The next morning, I crossed the Oslofjord in 150 minutes on the *Spervik I*, a new car-ferry which shuttles to Stromstad in Sweden. I was informed that the *Spervik I* has a new "flume" stabilizer and that the whaling ships go to the South Pole to hunt the huge mammals.

After landing in Sweden, we drove north up the east bank of the Oslofjord, with one difference: the Swedes drive on the left side of the road, the same as the English. Practically the only knowledge I had that we were back in Norway was when the car shifted to the right side after crossing the Svinesund Bridge. There was no customs check.

Before arriving at Fredrikstad for lunch, I was shown the site of some 3,000-year-old rock carvings and 2,000-year-old Viking graves. In Fredrikstad, we spent several hours at Plus, a self-contained community with a medieval moat on three sides, a drawbridge and the Glomma River, Norway's longest, on the fourth flank. Once a fort, Plus today is a foundation to help develop designs and ideas for industry. The eleven privately operated workshops include silver, glass, pottery, textiles and printing. The Plus sign is a seal of approval. We lunched well at the City Hotel in Fredrikstad.

Back in Oslo for two days of relaxation prior to flying home, I was told that people have lived in this location for 6,000 years, even though the city is only 900 years old in a formal sense. Oslo means "fields of the gods" and it's very easy to see why the Vikings settled here. King Harald the Hardrade (harsh) put the place on the map nearly a thousand years ago. Since it looks more and more certain that the Vikings really *did* discover America, I think it's only fair to reciprocate. You'll be doing yourself a favor as well. • • •

THE BLUE-WATER MIDGETS *Continued from page 45*

ocean racers. Long Island Sound, Chesapeake Bay, the Great Lakes, San Francisco Bay, Biscayne Bay and the Catalina Channel of Southern California are typical of the strongholds of MORC racing. (The "C" stands for club, and the letters are usually pronounced as a word—Morcey.)

There is a formal Midget Ocean Racing Club. Its organizational head is in New York (Box 4092, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.) and it has chapters in other areas. It might be likened to a Junior Chamber of Commerce of yachting, although there are no specific age limits on its membership. Numerically, it is not a big organization, and, like a Junior Chamber of Commerce, it is somewhat self-limiting. Its members do not have to quit when they achieve the ripe old age of thirty-five, but they do grow out of the group if they get a boat bigger than thirty feet in overall length.

MORC's modest start was inspired by the British. With typical need for economy and disregard for personal discomfort, the limeys had developed, soon after World War II, a class of boats for racing in open waters known as the Junior Offshore Group. These were truly minimum boats, mostly sixteen to twenty feet. But they filled a definite need. Aside from economy, they gave their owners a sense of emulating the larger and fancier yachts that took part in established offshore races.

To dramatize the potential of JOG boats, two young Englishmen, Patrick Elam and Colin Mudie, sailed one, the nineteen-foot sloop *Sopranino*, from England to the West Indies and then to New York in 1952-3. The success of the voyage excited some young American sailors who decided to form a similar group, since boats under thirty feet were not allowed in most of the races for cruising sailboats in this country. Evidently feeling that "midgets" were more dignified than "juniors," that was the name they picked, and it has stuck ever since. A young naval architect named Bill Shaw helped in the organization and formulated a special measurement rule for use in handicapping. When a handsome little twenty-four-foot yawl called *Trina*, that he had designed according to the rule, did well in the Off Soundings Regatta on Long Island Sound (one of the few events permitting small boats), special attention was given to the type. Thereafter, the term "midget ocean racer" came into general use and the MORC club was firmly established.

The extent of what is known as MORC racing is wider now than the club's formal aegis, and there are thousands of owners of this type of boat who are not members. In many areas, racing for small auxiliary sailboats is loosely known as MORC competition, even if it has no direct connection with the governing group. There are also some dissident or splinter groups who have deliberately broken away from the formal MORC organization through differences over policy. One is in Southern California, known formally as the MORF ("F" for Fleet).

If the term is taken generally, and not just as related to the activities of the organized MORC group, midget ocean racing is perhaps the fastest-growing phase of sailing. Given impetus in the past five years by

complete acceptance of fiberglass construction for sailboats, a true boom in stock boats in this category has taken on surprising proportions for what was only a "backyard" industry before 1960.

Southern California, and particularly the barren hillside area rolling inland from Newport Harbor, has become the capital of this stock-building activity. Waterfront property on teeming Newport Harbor, which has more pleasure boats per square foot than any harbor in the country, is too expensive for commercial boatbuilding and firms formerly engaged in the trade there have all moved a few miles inland, to be joined by many new competitors.

The boats they are turning out are mostly between twenty and thirty feet, although there is also considerable production in larger boats that are truly ocean racers. While those in the twenty-to-thirty-foot range are generally called midget ocean racers, there are other terms that apply. Compact yacht is one; small auxiliary is another. An auxiliary is a sailboat that carries some form of motor for auxiliary power, and it has come to mean a cabin boat with sleeping accommodations.

These boats are one step up from the one-design open boats, such as Penguins, Snipes, Comets, Lightnings and hundreds of other classes, from about eleven to twenty feet long, used for afternoon racing on closed courses. The typical small auxiliary has two or four bunks under a permanent cabin, a galley, ice chest, marine toilet and, nowadays, an outboard motor in a well at the stern for auxiliary power. Most are sloops with just one mast, but a few are rigged as yawls—two stickers with a little mizzen mast perched near the stern.

Almost all are fiberglass. Some imported boats and a few holdovers from earlier eras are still constructed of wood, but fiberglass now has a virtual monopoly. Their masts and booms are virtually all aluminum and their sails are dacron and nylon. The effectiveness of these relatively modern materials in reducing maintenance problems has had a great deal to do with the increased popularity of the type. Owners are no longer scared away by thoughts of long hours scraping paint and caulking seams, or of yard bills for these chores if the owner doesn't do them himself.

The increased reliability of the outboard motor, along with lighter weight, quieter operation and better fuel economy, has been another big boost to the small auxiliary. The initial cost and installation fee are much lower than with inboards, and service and maintenance are much easier.

As already noted, every sailor dreams of his next boat, and the ultimate for most would be the glossy forty-to-seventy-footers that take part in the Bermuda and Honolulu Races. These are an astronomical jump up the economic scale from the one-designs, which usually fall in the \$1,200 to \$3,000 category, and the average owner has to set his next-boat sight somewhat lower than a \$50,000-up Bermuda racer. He does want to move up the scale, however, to a boat with bunks and a cabin and at least the same general look as one of the glamor boats.

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Whether the choice of terms is apt or not, the twenty-to-thirty-foot auxiliaries fill the yawning gap between the open boat and the seagoing yachts. A family can overnight and weekend aboard, enjoying the wonderful feeling of freedom that cruising under sail can give. These boats are also perfectly well set up for longer vacation cruises, if the planning is careful enough. In addition, they can be raced for longer distances and over more demanding courses than small, open one-designs. The longest MORC races are about 100 miles, consuming a long weekend, and the most popular types are weekend cruise races. In these, there is a port-to-port race of perhaps fifteen to twenty miles on one day, festivities at night at the other end and a return race the next day.

MORC boats are also popular for round-the-buoys races in many localities. One practical reason for this is that women are much more comfortable aboard, due to the presence of the "head" (marine toilet) and galley, and post-race relaxing can be done right on the boat. No more need for racing to break up families on a weekend; it can now be used to bring them together.

In this way, the boat becomes a combination summer cottage and competitive sport—all for one investment. The multi-purpose use is an important one and the added

expense over one-designs can be justified. In the MORC type, prices range from around \$4,000 for the compact ones to well over \$10,000 for the larger models. A median, with by far the greatest number of boats, is at the twenty-four- or twenty-five-foot level, with prices in the \$6,000 to \$7,000 range.

In racing, if enough boats of one type are in the same locale, there is no need to figure ratings or handicaps, and the first boat across the line is the winner. In many areas, however, there are a variety of stock models and perhaps a few older custom boats. Some handicapping system must then be devised to give boats of different sizes and designs a fair fighting chance.

The usual method is to give each individual boat a rating based on various measurements, such as over-all length, length on the waterline, sail area, beam and other factors. The rating is then used to work out a time allowance for each boat. For example, a higher-rating boat will have to give twenty-five minutes to a smaller boat in the fleet for a fifteen-mile race, and more for a longer race. If the smaller boat finishes less than twenty-five minutes behind the bigger one in the fifteen-mile race, she has "saved her time" on the bigger boat and is placed higher in the standings.

Various rating systems are used for race handicapping. Bill Shaw worked out one for MORC and its stations. It is a fairly complicated system, requiring an experienced man as the measurer, and so simpler measurement rules are used in some areas.

Owners of many midget ocean racing boats have one advantage over the larger yachts they like to emulate, and that is trailing. Not all MORC craft can be trailed, but most of them can, and this adds greatly to the scope and versatility of the type. Instead of being confined to home waters or forced into long, dull "ferry" trips for cruising or racing in other areas, these boats can usually be trailed behind the more powerful types of family car. In a few hours' time, an East Coast boat can be in the Great Lakes, a Florida boat in the Chesapeake, a Midwesterner cruising in Maine, or a Californian trying Puget Sound.

From timid beginnings, the breed has made great advances and is here to stay. Whether or not the name midget truly applies to this sailboat category is another question. There will always be those who cross the thirty-foot barrier to their next boat, but the twenty-to-thirty-foot range is offering so much to so many, it might almost be called a giant—if not in size, then in popularity and influence on the sport. ●

UP TO YOUR HIPS IN CROCS *Continued from page 51*

battered and beat from overwork, I'll guarantee there is no better cure. This big, modern cruise ship leaves Miami in the afternoon, and after steaming all night, arrives in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, early the next morning. You can spend the day walking around town or riding in a horse-drawn cab. If you want to shop, there are plenty of stores, but the prices are high—considerably higher than Jamaica. So wait, if you can.

That evening the *Ariadne* sets sail again, either directly for Kingston, which is on the south side of Jamaica, or first stopping at Ocho Rios on the north shore and then continuing around to Kingston.

Dress clothes are optional in the evening aboard ship but jacket and tie is the rule, as it is also in most of the better places in Jamaica. One thing you had better leave behind, though, is your calorie counter. Never in my whole life have I seen so much food and eaten so much food so many times a day. Every time you turn around, that meal gong is sounding again or another monster buffet is being set out. And not only is it fine food, but it is included in the price of the trip. So how can you resist?

During the brief periods when we weren't stuffing our faces, we lay out in the deck chairs letting that tropical sun turn our pasty-white city bodies to a bright lobster red, then, hopefully, to a healthy tan. Or flailed around in the pool with some of the female guests. Or did a little skeet shooting from the stern. In the evening, there was always entertainment and dancing after dinner—and of course, at midnight, another big buffet meal. By the time we docked at Ocho Rios two days later, we just about had to waddle ashore.

The dock for this north-shore town is owned by the Reynolds Aluminum Company and is a solid brick-red from the bauxite that is loaded onto the freighters.

Those of you who saw the movie, "Dr. No." may well remember this pier because that's where it was filmed. In fact, Jamaica is a favorite spot for the film makers.

Our hotel and base of operations was the Sans Souci, which is locally pronounced "San Susie." It is one of the better small hotels and has a spectacular view from the side of the steep hill on which it is perched. The rooms were big and cool, with the trade winds blowing through them. These steady breezes are the natural air-conditioning for the island. You'll find the mechanical kind in a few places, like the Gold Coast hotels at Montego Bay and around Kingston, but you adapt to the climate a lot faster without it.

Most Jamaican food is good, but the fruit is great. And if you like coffee, this is the place for you. The Blue Mountains which tower up behind Kingston and form the eastern section of the island produce some of the world's most highly prized beans.

One other beverage is really outstanding and that is Redstripe, the local beer. It is a very light Pilsner, unlike some of the heavy, imported European brews available in this country, and it goes down great at any time of day. Incidentally, it is known to the Jamaicans by the familiar term, "Police-man" beer, an allusion to the red stripe on the trousers of the constabulary.

Most of the gear we brought with us could have been rented once we got there, but of course we didn't find that out until later. And what a pile of gear it was! Two MFG runabouts, one with a Merc 1000 and the other powered by a MerCruiser I stern drive; a dozen Voit tanks and half that many regulators; a small mountain of flippers, spearguns and masks; a trunkful of camera gear, including the Rolleimarine and a handful of homemade underwater cases, and a bunch of rifles and shotguns.

This was one reason for going by boat!

Before we were done, we had used every bit of that equipment—which will give you an idea of how much there is to do on and around Jamaica.

Once our equipment was arranged, we took to the water in earnest. Trade winds blowing constantly from the east set up a strong westward set to the ocean, and thunderstorms pop up quickly, so it behooves one to be careful. With two boats and four people, we felt safe enough and at times all of us were below together, making like porpoises and playing tag around the giant coral heads.

One of the prettiest spots is just west of the Reynolds dock. A big stream comes tumbling down a sixty-foot cliff and splashes into a lagoon full of staghorn coral and coral heads. You drift along in waist-deep water for a few yards and suddenly you're looking down into a crevasse thirty feet deep, and outlined against the white of the sandy bottom are hundreds of fish. Diving down amongst them, you find yourself in a series of connecting valleys, with the arms of the coral spreading overhead. The setting is just magnificent and though we all carried spearguns, we were always too entranced or too busy taking pictures ever to use them. Evidently the fresh water from the river carries food particles down to the sea and this acts as a magnet for all the reef fish. They crowd around, all kinds, colors and sizes, and all seemingly good friends and ready to welcome us into the club. We scared them hardly at all. We used our film in no time and a number of cases more. Film and cameras are very cheap in Jamaica, praise be!

We idled on west along the coast toward the Gold Coast hotels of Montego, fishing occasionally, diving whenever possible and sightseeing constantly. The whole north shore is cut by small streams and rivers

that come tumbling down the cliffs into the ocean, frothy-white against the deep green of the tropical forest and then that incredible blue of Caribbean waters. Given any choice, we'd probably still be there, but we had a date on the south side with one of the biggest, ruggedest men I've ever met.

Big Jim Gore is a legend in Jamaica. As immovable as the wrecked trucks which crowd his junk yard, he is the number one authority on the island's crocodiles and 'gators. I don't know if he loves them or hates them, or is just plain fascinated by them. But I do know that nobody has ever tried to break into that junk yard, which lies on the edge of Kingston, or his house, which sits in the middle of it. And for good reason. There are crocs and 'gators all over the place. It gives one pause to walk past an old car and see a six-foot 'gator sleeping in the front seat. And where others might have a swimming pool, Jim has a batch of them—all filled with crocodiles! And he caught them all personally. It's no easy job, as we were about to discover.

The prime croc-hunting area is the swamp, comprising most of the southwestern part of the island; it is drained by the Black River. We put in at the river's mouth and outboarded across the sea and up the coast for a couple of miles before landing again. And then the fun began. Fiberglass is a great boat material. I love it. But sometime try manhandling a fourteen-footer up out of the water across fifty yards of sand, through a hundred yards of jungle and back into the swamp. By the end of that little exercise, we learned that fiberglass is also heavy. And it was even heavier when we reversed the trip three days later.

Once into the swamp, we alternately used the little Merc 200 or poled our way deeper into the mangrove. We had come in just at dusk, and now, in the pitch-black of night, I had no idea of direction, much less which way was out. But Big Jim conned us on in deeper without a moment's hesitation, and after about an hour we got down to business. Battery-driven miners' lamps were strapped on our heads, and while Jim and I directed the beams around the edges of the mangrove, our two East Indian boys silently poled us along from the stern.

Within a half-hour we were on our first croc. About 150 yards away, his eyes suddenly flashed in the headlamp beams, looking for all the world like a double set of highway reflectors. Quickly the beams were swung away to keep from scaring him. His position was noted and we silently moved in. Then, when we were but yards away, he was gone. Everything stopped. Nothing moved except the probing headlamps.

Suddenly Jim spotted him. The big, ugly brute, sensing trouble, had gone head first up under the mangroves in about a foot of water. Screened by the leaves, he could surface until his eyes were just above water but still be perfectly concealed. But he had made one mistake. He hadn't gone far enough into the mangrove before he stopped and turned his head to look at us, assuming that he was invisible. He'd left a good two feet of his tail sticking out under the mangroves. Jim and his boy, Ahmritt, swung into action. A trident fish spear was fitted to a long pole, and from the spearhead extended a long coil of tough, woven line.

With a sudden snap of his arm, Jim



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jabbed the spear down into the water and yanked it back, leaving the trident imbedded in the croc's tail. And then all hell broke loose! Water and mangrove and mud flew everywhere. The side lights rimming the gun'l of the boat were snapped on as Ahmritt desperately poled us clear of the furor. That croc was about as mad as he'd ever been in his life. Tail slashing and jaws snapping, he came boiling out of the mangrove ready to do murder. And he was plenty big enough for the job.

Gradually, we eased up alongside him, gently pulling ourselves along the line to his tail. Broadside to, he hung there, hissing like a big cat and just waiting for us to get within range. In a blink, he was beside us, and with jaws open, was trying to tear his way through the side of the boat. To my dying day, I'll remember the sound of those teeth grinding on the hull. Right then, I forgot about fiberglass being heavy. More important, it is strong. Very strong!

Jim finally got a noose over the croc's jaws but not before the creature had torn up, chewed and spat out three nooses of one-inch manila hemp.

With his head snubbed down to one cleat and the harpoon line to another, we had him fairly well pinned, except for that lashing tail which was beating the bow of the boat to death. Working his legs one at a time up over his back—crocs are double-jointed—we tied them together, staying clear of those hooked claws which can gut you in one stroke. Then, with everyone heaving, we got him into the cockpit. He was just what you need as company in a fourteen-foot boat, 600 pounds and ten feet of still very angry crocodile.

We had him all but dogged down when he snapped his head to one side, smashing a short length of two-by-four. That is when he got pole-axed by Jim. That massive fist came down like a sledgehammer smacking the croc between the eyes. All the fight went out of him while he unscrambled his brains—which only took a few minutes. "Very weak skulls and sensitive brains" was Jim's modest comment.

But the croc revived. As did ten others we caught alive before we came out of that swamp three days later. I was more tired than I've ever been before, but mighty proud of that catch.

If you get to Jamaica, stop in and see Big Jim, even if you haven't the time to go hunting—but watch out for that row of old trucks that he bought as scrap from an aluminum company; either in or under them, that big, ugly brute is just waiting to get even for what we did to him!

Jamaica, as you can see, is a land of contrasts. You can be as adventurous as you want, or as peaceful. Entertainment runs the range from croc hunting to an idyllic drift down the Rio Grande on a bamboo raft. You can tailor a trip exactly to suit your taste.

Two parting pieces of advice. Don't go between January and April. That's the height of the season, and the prices are astronomical. However, they drop like a rock the minute the season ends. And do write directly to John Pringle, head of the Jamaica Tourist Board, Harbor and King Streets, Kingston, Jamaica. Give him a rough idea of what you have in mind, and he'll get back to you with some fine suggestions for your next vacation. • • •

there, the waters are a dark alley of the sea, where reefs and squalls lurk like waiting hoodlums, eager for a rumble.

As I said, it's no place for a yachtsman.

Coming to Bleak Cape from the sea, you instinctively wonder if you have goofed on your navigation. The bleak headland rises so sheer and stark above the spume of the growling surf that, from the meager elevation of a yacht's wet and heeling deck, the low, sandy isthmus linking the cape with the wild, tumbled peaks of the mainland range of mountains behind it is not always visible until long after your first puzzled landfall. That's why, at first, the cape looks like an island—an island which your common sense tells you cannot possibly be there. Yet for a while you wonder, worrying about the validity of the dead-reckoning course plotted on your chart.

Since the cape was a place shunned by the masters of ocean-going and coastwise ships, and even the most foolhardy off-shore yachtsmen, it was only because of unusual circumstances that I came to the place on that troubled dawn of green, wind-scoured skies and black, foam-spittled seas.

The circumstances were unusual in that I was sailing for my life. For this, I had nobody to blame but myself.

Ten days earlier, I had bought *Tumult* as she lay at Hobart in Tasmania. Once I had stepped aboard her, I had forgotten all about my cautious plans for calling in a marine surveyor. *Tumult* was lovely. A cutter-rigged thirty-eight-footer with a graceful but seamanlike Scandinavian sheer to her hull, she had become mine for a modest price because her previous owner, a playboy doctor, had wanted a bigger craft for a more ambitious project.

Playboy or not, he knew his yachts. Under his racing pennant, *Tumult* had won her spurs many times in the big blue-water race of the Australian yachting calendar, the 600-mile ride across the Tasman Sea from Sydney down to Hobart.

I soon found that *Tumult* sailed like a witch, had no vices, behaved like a lady, was superbly fitted for off-shore work and was perfectly amenable to single-handed or short-crew sailing, as long as you knew what you were doing. Right from the start, it was love at first sight.

Emboldened by *Tumult's* virtues and graces and eager to show her off in my own home waters on Melbourne's Port Phillip Bay, I decided not to wait for the sailing friends who had agreed to fly down from Melbourne to Hobart to help me work her back across Bass Strait. Instead, when we eased out of Hobart's Constitution Dock, the only hand I had aboard was Wayne Andrews, a chunky little Harvard graduate fresh out of law school. He had been one of the crew of *Comanche*, the big American schooner which had nearly got line honors in the latest Sydney-Hobart classic.

Wayne had gone ashore from *Comanche* in Hobart, planning to fly back to the United States and a soft berth in his father's law firm. It hadn't quite worked out like this, though. On the long haul aboard *Comanche*, down across the equator from San Francisco to Sydney and then across the Tasman to Hobart, something had happened to young Wayne Andrews. He had forgotten all about Harvard, corporation law, New York City, briefs, lunches at the club and pleasant, unchallenging weekends playing clients' golf. Instead, somewhere south of the Golden Gate, he had

become a yachting bum—and a very good one, in fair winds or foul. There had been no passengers aboard *Comanche*, and her skipper drove his crew as hard as he drove his ship.

It couldn't have gone on forever like this for Wayne, of course, but he was still running wild when I signed him on in Hobart. He was hooked up with some equally wild society girl whose wealthy parents owned a parcel of valuable real estate in Tasmania but who did not have too much know-how on the raising of a daughter after she had left boarding school. Just to louse things up really good, Wayne had asked the girl to marry him while they were twisting at an all-night yacht-club party a few nights after he had hit Hobart, with the rest of the yachtsmen in the fleet that had raced down from Sydney.

Hung-over as he was, Wayne had dutifully cabled his family in New York the news of the betrothal. His father, though startled, had not panicked. He had simply congratulated Wayne and then canceled his travelers' checks, his allowance and his Pan-Am flight back to the States. The deal was that as soon as Wayne had hitchhiked his way home to New York, starting with whatever cash he had in his dungarees, he could marry the girl from Hobart. As far as Wayne was concerned, *Tumult* was the first leg of a long trip home. For myself, I was glad to have him aboard. Apart from being a nice kid and good company, he was a first-class yachtsman.

Leaving Hobart, we had a long beat down the Derwent estuary and out across Storm Bay into a fresh southerly whistling toward Tasmania from Macquarie Island and the Antarctic. Once we squared away, heading northward along the east coast of Tasmania toward Bass Strait and the Australian mainland, it looked as if we'd be sailing free all the way to Port Phillip Heads and Melbourne.

But by the time we'd cleared Flinders Island, in the Furneaux Group off the northeastern corner of Tasmania, it was clear that we were going to have a little too much of a good thing. What had been a fresh, spanking, following wind was working up into an overtaking gale as we ran before it into Bass Strait. After we had changed the big, fair-weather mainsail for a storm main and then had that blown out after a cold, exhausting struggle to reef it just before dawn, I was happy to let *Tumult* just run on toward the mainland coast of Australia under a storm jib.

Studying the chart below and spilling coffee over it as Wayne struggled to keep *Tumult* from running off up to weather and broaching, I decided not to try to wallow northwest across the gale's path toward Port Phillip Heads, but instead to keep running as we were, under the jib. If my dead-reckoning navigation was right, we would fetch up under the lee of Bleak Cape at Sealer's Snug, where the chart indicated there was a fishermen's port of refuge with a tricky approach from the sea.

So it was on a gale-whipped dawn, with the fresh, iodine smell of black and troubled waters astringent in my nose, that we came to Bleak Cape.

HUNTING AND FISHING

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"Gotta net?"

I remember young Wayne looking up from the chart at our inhospitable landfall and then at me.

"It looks like kind of dodgy," he said. "It's a mean approach in. Do you think we'll make it?"

For a while, I could only grunt, lying back against the coaming of the cockpit and hauling at the tiller. Even under the tiny, tarpaulin-like rag of the storm jib, which Wayne had got in hard around the jib-sheets winch, *Tumult* was putting her lee rail under, with weather helm dragging on the tiller as we worked up into the wind, thrashing closer to the cliffs to follow the shore leads into the dubious sanctuary of Sealer's Snug, the anchorage behind Bleak Cape.

"We just have to make it," I said in a lull between squalls, "We're committed."

"Par for the course," said Wayne cryptically.

Grinning, he ducked his head as a big, green sea boomed over *Tumult's* weather rail. The wave burst across the cockpit like an icy-needed bomb, slapping and cracking at our oilskins and stinging our faces.

"We're on a lee shore in a screamer of a blow," I said, "We couldn't work back up to weather and claw out to sea under the storm jib or the motor or even both. She's barely carrying the storm jib, as it is."

Wayne was up for'ard, clinging to the weather shrouds and conning me through the narrow channel between the reefs where the thick, green tentacles of the great sea kelp writhed and swirled and reached out for us, when he shouted, crouching, with one arm raised over his head.

Briefly, for I was preoccupied with handling *Tumult* in the confined waters behind the cape, I heard, rather than saw, the sudden, angry swoop of feathered wings and an almost heraldic head and beak, streaking low past us and over our bows. Like a strafing dive bomber, the great bird zoomed up again, riding the gale's onslaught as it climbed into the low wrack of flying cloud.

By then, Wayne was for'ard in the bow pulpit, by the fair leads, waiting to dump over the anchor as soon as I rounded up into the wind.

As I put the helm down hard and *Tumult* began to round up to weather, with the storm jib sheets eased and thrashing against the deck in their blocks and the rag of hardy sail flogging so hard I wondered whether the main shrouds of the whipping mast would hold, the big bird was back again. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the bird barreling down at us again like a winged bomb, slanting across the fury of the gale.

"It's the jib!" yelled Wayne. "He's going for the jib."

Then Wayne dropped, on all fours, to our sea-swept foredeck as *Tumult* came spinning up into the eye of the wind.

"Now!" I shouted. "Drop the pick. And make it snappy!"

Leaving the tiller swinging back and forth across the cockpit, I staggered forward to give Wayne a hand with the anchor. Not that I was needed, but I was worried about making leeway and conscious of the rocks not far astern of us. I needn't have worried, though. By the time I'd lurched along the deck to *Tumult's*

plunging bows, Wayne had the anchor over the side and was sitting back taking the strain on the bits, paying out line as *Tumult* settled back on her heels.

For the first time in many hours, I relaxed. We'd made it, but even behind the bulk of the cape and in its comparatively sheltered lee, there was still plenty of action. As if angered by the headland's obstruction of its free and wild course all the way from the southern ocean where the great bergs growled and surged, the gale was swirling and gusting about the anchorage in quick, sudden darts of fury. Black squalls of rain came hurdling over the cape and hissed across the water toward us. There was still quite a sea running, even in Sealer's Snug, and with *Tumult's* fine bows slicing up and down at anchor, it was still a case of one hand for the ship and one for yourself. Out beyond Bleak Cape, in the open Bass Strait waters from which we had fled, there was only a gray, chill wilderness of driven spray and sleet and rain.

"I'm glad as hell we're not still out there," said Wayne. He was wet and blue-cold and shivering so he could hardly talk.

"You go below," I said. "Put some coffee on and get dried out. I'll stow the jib and clean up on deck here."

He shook his head. "It'll be quicker, the two of us."

When we had finished and everything was secured on deck, Wayne paused, clinging to the shrouds and staring up at the cape.

"I thought you said it was an automatic light?"

"It is. According to the sailing instructions for this part of the coast."

"Doesn't look like it," said Wayne.

Way up on the headland, two tiny figures were standing at the base of the white-painted stone lighthouse which had guarded the cape since soon after the colonial gold-rush days when the Victorian coast of Bass Strait had been a graveyard for storm-hounded sailing ships bound for Melbourne and the gold fields beyond.

"Tourists," I said. "Or farmers."

"Around here?" said Wayne. "In weather like this? You've got to be kidding."

The two diminutive figures high on the lonely cape abruptly vanished from our sight as another squall, black and shrieking, swept over the headland and bore down on *Tumult* riding to her anchor.

"Let's go," I said. "I don't want to get any wetter or colder. We're supposed to be doing this for fun."

"That's show biz," sighed Wayne.

Down below, in the warm, deep security of *Tumult's* accommodation, I brewed coffee, black and hot, while Wayne stripped, towelled himself dry and changed into a track suit and several sweaters.

"Coffee Royal?" I said.

Wayne winked. "What else? After such a night and morning as we just had!"

I laced the dark, steaming brew with golden, over-proof rum. After the last twelve hours' sailing, with nothing to eat and little to drink, the rum and coffee was nectar and we both sipped it silently and gratefully, each wedged in his own bunk against the pitch and jerk of *Tumult* swinging in the squalls.

With his second mug of coffee, Wayne

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got up and moved to the cockpit ladder, staring up at the low, hurtling clouds that swung back and forth above us in the open square of the cockpit hatch.

"That bird," he said, thoughtfully. "Some kind of eagle. The damndest thing. The moment the jib began to flog, he kept coming down on it like a dive bomber. He must have been doing sixty knots when he went past. At first, I thought he was going to take my head off. Then I realized it must be the jib. The way it was flogging. Once we doused it, he just got the hell out of there. You have eagles down here in Australia?"

I reached for the coffeepot and the bottle of rum. The Coffee Royals were tasting better and better.

"We do have eagles in Australia," I said tartly. "Not all eagles are found perching on Yankee silver dollars. Wedge-tailed eagles, we call them. But I never knew they were as big as that character outside there."

Wayne put his head up through the hatch and then hurriedly withdrew it, backing down the companionway into the cabin.

"He's gone now, and I don't blame him. It's murder out there. It's really piping. Let's eat."

While Wayne busied himself in the galley, frying a mess of ham and eggs and bananas that smelled like heaven itself, I tuned in on our radio. What with the storm and our remote location, there was a lot of noise and not too much sense to be made out of the broadcast, but I heard enough to be glad we had run for the cape, and gladder still that we had made it. There was a big complex of low-pressure systems running wild along the mainland coast of Bass Strait.

"Looks as if we're here for at least twenty-four hours," I said.

"Suits me fine," said Wayne, lunging to save the skillet of sizzling eggs as *Tumult* bucked a big lump of a sea. "I'll stay here by this dinky little stove and just keep cooking. Breakfast coming up, Skipper."

The gale blew all that day and night, until you began to wonder that there could be so much wind in all the world. Apart from an anchor watch, we just took it easy and caught up with a lot of lost sleep.

When I awoke next morning, *Tumult* was riding easier. That wasn't what woke me, though. It was the sound of an aircraft's motor.

Shoving my head up through the hatch, I was rewarded by the sparkle of a million diamonds of sunshine on the bright and innocent waters of a reformed Sealer's Snug. Taxiing toward us, with quick bursts of throttle, was a seaplane.

"Cessna," said Wayne, peering sleepily over my shoulder.

Abeam of us, the Cessna turned inshore and ran into the shallows of a little beach below the ramparts of the cape.

"I'll go see what he wants," said Wayne. "He might be in trouble."

Together, we unlashed the dinghy from its stowage above the skylight of the accommodation and dropped it over the side.

Standing in the stern sheets of the dinghy, barefoot and still in pajamas, Wayne sculled ashore to where the pilot had run out a line and fastened the seaplane to a peg on the beach.

By the time Wayne had rowed back to *Tumult* with the Cessna pilot, I had the coffee ready.

The visitor was a lean-faced, dark-eyed young man with greasy sideburns. He was wearing oil-splotted cotton slacks, a T-shirt, moccasins and a leather flight jacket.

"Hondrakis," he said, coming nimbly over the rail as Wayne held the plunging dinghy away from our immaculate white topsides. "Hercules Hondrakis. But just call me Hooks. That's what they all call me along the Bass Strait coast."

Over breakfast, Hondrakis told us that he was the chairman of the board, managing director, operations manager, maintenance superintendent, dispatcher, traffic clerk and chief pilot for Bass Strait Airways which, as a going concern, just about amounted to the blue-and-silver Cessna gently bobbing up and down at its beach mooring inshore in the lee of the cape.

Wayne was clearly incredulous. Since his diaper days, he had been conditioned to the corporate image of his family's New York City law business and to a comfortable background of major-league industrial clients who itemized factories and subsidiary companies as casually as a hardware store listed stocks of shovels and axe handles.

"You mean, that's it?" he said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder at the moored Cessna. We had moved up into the cockpit for a smoke in the sunshine. "That's Bass Strait Airways?"

"So far," said Hondrakis, riding lazily to *Tumult's* motion in the slop of the big swells still rolling around the cape. "Just give me time."

Wayne was intrigued, and so was I.

"What do you fly?" said Wayne.

"Charters," said Hondrakis. "Sportsmen, geologists—anybody. There's always someone poking around this coast with a rifle or a rod or a Geiger counter or a survey camera."

"Would that keep you busy enough?" I asked.

In between sailing seasons, I managed to do a little light-plane flying, strictly for fun, back in Melbourne. Most of my airfield friends, however, who actually worked

at it, agreed that it was a pleasant way of life but there were no fortunes to be made in charter flying.

"Busy enough," said Hondrakis, idly tightening a jib-sheet hitch which had worked loose on a cleat by the cockpit. "I get enough cash customers. Most of the time, I'm on steady charter to the Fishermen's Association at Sandport, further east along the coast. Sandport's my home town. Dad's a fisherman there. He runs cray boats out of Sandport."

"Cray boats?" said Wayne, puzzled.

"Crayfish boats," said the Greek. "Crayfish. Like lobsters. You a migrant or something?"

"He's a Yank," I explained to Hondrakis. "He came out from San Francisco in *Comanche* for the Sydney-Hobart. He worked his way over here from Hobart with me in *Tumult*."

"*Comanche*, eh?" said Hondrakis reflectively. He stared at Wayne with a flicker of respect warming his dark eyes. "Not a bad hooker, that."

"What do you do for the fishermen at Sandport?" I asked. "What do they need to hire a Cessna for?"

"Spotting. Tuna, whiting, salmon. I spot the schools along the coast and out to sea and call the fleet in by radio. Saves a lot of time. Catches a lot of fish, too."

Lying back in one corner of the cockpit with his arms locked behind his head and the sun on his face, Wayne sat forward again, staring up at the sky.

"There's our old buddy. I swear it. Our dive-bomber friend from yesterday, I'll bet."

The Greek stared critically into the sun. "Wedgetail," he said. "A thermal from the cape. Watch him soar. Not even moving his wings. What happened yesterday?"

"He buzzed us," said Wayne. "It must have been the jib that got him going. He came down after it while it was flogging and flapping just before we dropped the pick. Then, when we doused the sail, he took off up and we didn't see him again."

"Sounds like a wedgetail, all right," said Hondrakis. "In fact, that's why I'm here. Old man O'Halloran, up behind the cape there, is paying a bounty of five pounds a head for wedgetail eagles. It's his lambing season. They lamb late down here on the cape."

"Who's O'Halloran?" I asked.

"He owns Bleak Downs," said the Greek. "It's the only property on the cape. Miles and miles of rock and scrub and country that goes up or down but never straight along. He mostly runs sheep. He's tried cattle, but there's not enough timber in the hills to shelter the cattle in winter, and they kept breaking their bloody legs, anyway. It's tough country. According to O'Halloran, the wedgetails don't make it any easier. Not during the lambing season. Boy, how he must hate eagles! He's still got the first quid he ever made, but he doesn't mind a fiver a head for eagles."

For Wayne's benefit, he added, "A fiver is five pounds, Australian. That's about ten dollars, American."

"How do you make out on the deal?" I asked.

The Greek smiled. "Not too badly. The bounties help pay for gas and hangar fees. I won't do so well this time, though. This trip, I'm on my own."



NEWSFORMEN

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"You mean you both fly and shoot?"

Hondrakis shrugged. "I take the doors off. It's kind of breezy, but I get a few wedgetails if I trim the aircraft right and sneak up on them. Just a dozen, and I've paid for the trip, with a little over for Bass Strait Airways—and our bank manager."

"Why on your own?" I asked.

"The O'Halloran boys are busy with the lambing," said Hondrakis. "One of them usually comes with me. Sometimes I bring one of the boys from Sandport, but this week they're all working on their boats or their gear while the harbor's closed. So it looks like a solo operation for me today. At least, it's better than having the aircraft just sitting in the hangar at Sandport or on the slips, depreciating as a capital asset."

"What do you shoot with, Hooks?" said Wayne.

"Shotgun," said the Greek. "And that's not unfair to wedgetailed eagles, either, if you're a sporting man. There's a lot of air up there and it's deflection shooting with a lot of evasive action."

"Sounds like fun," said Wayne thoughtfully. "I've done a fair amount of duck hunting on vacations in Canada."

"You interested?" said Hondrakis.

"Interested?" said Wayne. "That's an understatement. I'm practically broke and I'm trying to work my way home to the States. That makes me about as interested as you could get."

"If you want it, you've got yourself a deal," said the Greek.

The young American leaped forward. "Shake, Hooks. You've got yourself a partner."

"Hey, wait a minute," I protested. "You're press-ganging my crew, Hooks. What about it, Wayne? The deal was you'd stay with me until we got into Port Phillip Bay and moored up at the yacht club in Melbourne."

Wayne nodded. "Hell, that's right Skipper. How long will we be staying here?"

"About a week," I said. "There's no great rush, I admit. We've got sails to dry, and the bilge pump could use a new diaphragm. And I'd like to take a look at the country ashore before we go. I won't be back here again in a hurry, if I can help it. Not aboard a yacht, anyway."

"That'll about do it," said Hondrakis. "Next week, I'll be back fish-spotting when the fleet gets out of Sandport again. Anyway, we'd only be chasing wedgetails for a few hours a day."

"Okay," said Wayne. "I'll still have time to help the skipper with the boat."

On this basis, I had no objections.

After breakfast, I went below to start taking the pump apart. Wayne rowed the Greek ashore in the dinghy. Soon they were gone from the Snug, climbing away from a long spear of spray, with Wayne waving from the open door on the right side of the Cessna.

About the time I was becoming fed up with groping around down below, pulling the pump apart and trying not to drop tools in the bilges and starting to think about lunch, I heard the Cessna coming back. Glad for the excuse to stretch my aching back, I climbed up into the cockpit for a cigarette as the Greek gently fish-tailed the Cessna down into Sealer's Snug from a climbing turn. He was away again

and climbing out along the tumbled, desolate coast, before Wayne had rowed out from the shore and made the dinghy's painter fast at *Tumult's* stern.

"Man!" said Wayne, swinging a leg over the guard rail and dropping into the cockpit. "There goes a Greek who really knows his business. Forget Pan-Am. I'll take Bass Strait Airways any day."

"What about the eagles?"

"There weren't any," said Wayne. "Hooks says the gale must have stirred them up or kept them at home."

"Not even our friend from yesterday?"

Wayne yawned, rubbing at his reddened eyes. "Yes, the dive bomber was there, for sure. But way, way up. I think he was just playing around with us. He never came down to where we wanted him. That's another bird who knows his business. Hooks said he'll be back with the Cessna in the morning. The glass is high and steady. Tomorrow should be a good day for it. You get cleaned up and I'll make lunch. After that, I'll have a crack at finishing the pump for you."

We had just finished lunch, down below, when we heard somebody hailing us.

"We've got visitors again," said Wayne, from the top of the cockpit ladder. He was looking shoreward from the hatch.

Ocean cruising in a yacht has its disadvantages, like gales and blown sails and cold food and fetching up at some outlandish places, but, at least, there were usually not too many people around to trample shore mud all over your deck or drop cigarette butts into the cockpit.

"One's a woman," said Wayne.

"That's okay by me," I said. "But how about you?"

"Pass the binoculars," he said impatiently.

After a few minute's study of the strangers on shore, he whistled.

"That good?"

"That good."

"What are you waiting for?" I said. "Where are your manners? A Harvard man, too! Take the dinghy and bring them aboard."

The visitors, when they came aboard *Tumult*, proved to be Commander Owen Furzeby, Royal Navy (Retired), and his daughter Danae, (named, it seemed, after a British cruiser on which her father had served before World War II as a fresh-checked sub-lieutenant on a flag-showing cruise in Australian waters).

Yachting-wise, the Furzebys had evidently been around.

They came aboard bare-footed, their feet still wet from the slop in the bottom of the dinghy. The commander was carrying a pair of well salted, once blue, rope-soled sailing shoes which I knew to have been worth every penny of the not inconsiderable price charged for them by their old-established manufacturer in Scotland. Danae's ship-visiting footgear was less prestigious than her father's—a scruffy pair of chain-store sneakers. The Furzebys brought no sand or mud aboard *Tumult*, just damp footprints on the hot deck, the fruity aroma of the commander's pipe and a suspicion of Paris perfume from Danae. They seemed like our kind of people.

With the introductions over, I apologized for the fact that we had just finished lunch.



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"However," I added, "Wayne was just going to make some more coffee."

"Wayne was not," my crewman said. "However, I am now. Black or white?"

"Daddy has black," said Danae, "but I like lashings of condensed milk, if you have any. Yachts usually do."

"We're no exception," said Wayne. "We practically lived on it the last twenty-four hours before we got in here."

"Fine," said Danae. "I'm on university vac. After all that swotting I just finished, I'm trying to put on weight."

"She's as skinny as a rake," said the commander.

"You could have fooled me," said Wayne.

I pointed an admonitory finger at the cockpit hatch. "Coffee!"

"Aye, aye, sir, Captain Bligh, sir," said Wayne, grinning and touching his forelock before he vanished down the hatch.

"If my crewman seems a little mutinous, it's just that he's an American."

The commander chuckled, shielding his pipe from the wind as he put a match to the curly-cut he had been tamping into the bowl like gunpowder in a muzzle-loader. "I suppose that explains everything."

Tossing the match into the sea where it fizzed out with a tiny hiss, he watched it drift to leeward. "I served with the Yanks on the North Atlantic convoys," he said thoughtfully. "I picked quite a few of them out of the drink, in between U-boat wolf packs. And the Yanks fished me out once. We got along fine. Even if they did have to go to war on coke and coffee instead of gin, rum, whiskey or beer."

Drawing pleasurably at his pipe, he added, "God only knows how they did it!"

"Such talk about the Americans," said Danae. "I think Wayne's a sweetie. Particularly for not thinking I was skinny."

"Do you good to have some young company, anyway," said the commander, looking affectionately at his daughter. "Danae's been staying down here with me all the university vac," he explained.

"Where's here?" piped up Wayne.

He had reappeared at the cockpit hatch, balancing four mugs on a breadboard.

"The lighthouse," said the commander, "That's where I live, most of the time."

"You had me puzzled," I admitted. "The sailing directions said the Bleak Cape light was automatic now and the lighthouse unmanned. Yet the morning we got in here, we saw people up there. Two of them, in between the squalls."

"That was us," said the commander. "We'd been watching you making in for the Snug during the blow. Ever since dawn. We thought you might fetch up in difficulties. Then, when you anchored and we saw you were all right . . ."

"We were spying with binoculars," interposed Danae.

The commander corrected her. "Keeping a weather eye open is the term I would much prefer. We thought we'd let you sort yourselves out before we started paying calls. Anyway, with that sea running, even after you dropped the pick, we couldn't have got out to you and we wouldn't have wanted you to try to pick us up."

"Glad you finally made it aboard," I said.

"You and Danae both," said Wayne.

I glared at him. "The guests might like some more coffee," I said.

They did, and while Wayne was clattering cups and spoons in the galley, the commander looked up at the thin, white finger of stone high on the cape.

"Marvelous accommodation on a naval pension. I've rented it for a song."

After we had hung the coffee cups back on their hooks and secured the galley, Wayne fitted the little mast in the blunt bows of the dinghy, dropped in the tiny centerboard, secured the rudder in its pins, raised the diminutive red cat-rig mainsail and sailed off to the beach with Danae.

In a boat shed on the beach, Danae had a sailing boat stowed and had challenged Wayne to a race around Sealer's Snug.

"She's called *Gretellette* after the nineteen-sixty-two Australian challenger for the America's Cup," Danae had said. "So it'll be a kind of junior-league America's Cup."

"*Gretel*?" Wayne had said. "She went quite well considering she was crewed by a bunch of wild Australians."

"Quite well!" Danae had been indignant. "We'll see about that! Right now!"

Wayne had stared out across Sealer's Snug. "Okay. What's the course?"

"Windward and return," said Furzeby. "Return from what?"

"Not from beyond the cape," Commander Furzeby had replied bluntly. "There's still quite a sea running out there."

"Fine," Wayne had said. "That comment saves me from losing face by having to suggest the same thing. What we want, now, is a weather mark here in the Snug."

Then, with the binoculars, he had scanned the waters of the Snug until he had found what he wanted.

"There you are," he had said, handing the binoculars to Danae. "There's your weather mark. You can just see it. Looks like a rusty tin can floating in line with the headland on the far side of the Snug."

"Okay." She had nodded. "I've got it. Let's go. To windward and return. While there's still slack water. The tide will be on the ebb in an hour of so."

And they had gone, running before the breeze to make the beach in our dinghy.

"Not much between them," said the commander as they beat out into the Snug. "They're splitting tacks already."

I produced cold cans of beer and a couple of hand lines and we had both started fishing for the delicious, needle-nosed, silver-flanked garfish and yarning companionably. Like most men of the sea, navy men in particular, Furzeby was an interesting conversationalist. He had been to most places and done most things.

Ironically, his last tour of duty with the Royal Navy had been spent in a very dry and arid Australian desert, hundreds of miles from the nearest high-tide mark. As a naval gunnery specialist, he had inevitably become involved in the development and operation of guided missiles during the postwar years, which had seen the decline and fall of the conventional battleship, cruiser and destroyer. Seconded from the Royal Navy to the British Ministry of Supply, he had then been posted back to Australia with his wife and daughter. As a graying and combat-seasoned commander with specialist qualifications, his task had been to keep a watching brief, on behalf of the lords of the Admiralty, at acceptance trials of Sea Claw, a surface-to-air missile which had been developed by the Long-Range Weapons Establishment at Woomera in the desert country of South Australia, where the great salt lakes shine like hot seas of snow and the shock waves from the rocket test-stands rumble across the dry, cracked, clay pans like distant thunder. Sea Claw was a success, but with the conclusion of the trials had come both the death of the commander's wife and then his retirement from the Royal Navy.

"There seemed to be no great hurry to get home to England," he said, giving his line an exploratory tug. "Danae and I both wanted to see more of Australia, so when I was finished with Woomera and the Royal Navy, we came south to Melbourne. After Danae finished her schooling, she started at the University, so here we are. We have a town flat in Melbourne, of course, but I rent the lighthouse on a yearly basis and come down to the cape every university vac and a lot of times in between. It's isolated and it's lonely, but in any season of the year, the cape is a beautiful place."

Furzeby dropped his line back over the side and for quite a while we shared

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Tumult's cockpit in contented silence. The garfish were biting, the beer was ice-cold and the sun was warm on our faces.

"Tell me," he said idly, "what's the form on young Wayne?"

I told him. Harvard graduate. Law school. Old-established New York legal family. The kind of playboy who played hard but worked harder.

"A first-class yachtsman," I added, "and a darned nice kid."

"Law, eh?" said Furzeby. "That's interesting. Danae's in her final year of law at Melbourne University. There's a chance she'll qualify for a bursary for post-graduate studies in England. We'll both be going home then."

"I doubt she'll be seeing much more of Wayne after this," I said. "There's a girl in Hobart. They met at a party for the crews who came in on the Sydney-Hobart race. He'd crewed on *Comanche*. He hadn't been ashore more than a few hours in Hobart before he was engaged."

"Sounds more like a sailor than a lawyer to me," said the commander, almost approvingly. He was silent then, landing a gar that flashed like a dagger in the sun. "You think I'm matchmaking, I suppose?"

I reached for the can opener. "I do have that suspicion, Commander."

He smiled.

By the time Wayne and Danae had rounded the weatherly mark and were running back to the finishing line between *Tumult's* stern and the boat shed, the commander and I had landed a respectable haul of garfish.

"Would you and your daughter care to stay aboard for dinner?" I said.

Furzeby nodded, reaching for a gutting knife. "Thank you, we will. But on one condition. You and Wayne dine with us tomorrow night."

"That's a date," I agreed.

Before we had finished gutting the fish over the side, carefully avoiding fouling *Tumult's* paintwork, Wayne and Danae were bearing down on us, the two tiny masts rolling as the dinghies lurched and wallowed with the following breeze.

As they surged past our bows and I waved the towel to signal the race's finish, it was clear that Danae's sabot had crossed the line away ahead of *Tumult's* dinghy.

By the time Wayne and Danae were dried and dressed again after their brief swim around *Tumult*—even on a sunny day there was a breath-catching chill to the waters about Bleak Cape—I had opened a moderately cold bottle of champagne which I had been hoarding in the icebox to celebrate *Tumult's* arrival at my moorings in Port Phillip Bay, near Melbourne.

I held up my glass toward Danae, perched on the cockpit coaming with the setting sun sparkling like molten gold in her hair as it ruffled in the breeze.

"To the winner of the Bleak Cape America's Cup."

"Thank you," said Danae, demurely. "Now, I'd like to drink to the skipper who came second. For an American, he really sailed quite well."

"Thanks a lot," said Wayne, his grinning, sunburned face framed in the cabin hatch. "Here's to the sea and the people you sail with."

We drank Wayne's toast contentedly,

until he slowly began to retreat down the ladder, carefully balancing his glass.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I've got some fish to fry."

"Can I help?" asked Danae.

"No, thanks," said Wayne. "You just sit up there and sip your champagne. It's the winner's privilege. Anyway, there's no room for two cooks in this ship's galley."

Wayne was not only a good yachtsman. He was also a good cook. From a cruising yacht skipper's point of view, such a combination of virtues is beyond price. Anyway, by the time the sun had slipped down behind the dark shadows of Bleak Cape and the last of the champagne had sparkled into our glasses, tantalizing odors had begun to drift back from the galley sky-light and dinner was ready.

"Come and get it," called Wayne, putting his head up out of the hatch. "You'll find it crowded but cozy down below."

Fresh from the sea, the garfish we had caught that afternoon tasted better than any I'd ever had in any restaurant ashore.

Fork poised after her first bite of garfish, Danae chuckled. She was sitting opposite Wayne. "You know," she said, "if you could sail as well as you can cook you might even beat me."

"The luck of the game," sighed Wayne. "Lousy skipper, great cook. The story of my life. You can't win 'em all."

"Don't take it to heart," said Danae. "I have something to tell you. About the race, I mean."

Wayne looked back at her. "What about the race?"

"The weather mark," said Danae. "The tin can."

If she hadn't been so suntanned, I'd have sworn she was blushing.

"That's right," said Wayne, slowly. "I remember now. The tin can. Whatever happened to it? I couldn't find it after you had gone around the mark onto the run home. I wasted some time looking for it."

"Well," said Danae, "it was there, kind of, but it wasn't."

"Danae," said the commander sternly, "just where was it?"

A sudden hoot of laughter from Wayne broke the little silence that had fallen across the table.

"Don't tell me!" he said. "I think I know where it was. At the bottom of the sea. Right, Danae?"

Dumbly she nodded, uncertain whether or not to laugh, too. "It was rusty," she said. "When I sailed around it, I gave it a push with the boat hook and it sank."

"Danae!" exploded Furzeby, suddenly rattling his fork down onto his plate. But Wayne broke in.

"Pardon me, Commander, but your daughter didn't break any sailing rules for the race. There weren't any. The only directions were to sail to windward, round the mark and return." He grinned at Danae, companionably. "As a matter of fact, I'd planned on doing just what Danae did if I'd got to the mark first."

He extended a sunburned hand across the table to Danae. "Shake," he said. "I am not flying a protest flag. You won, hands down, and that's okay by me."

"Thank you," said Danae, "but I do have a sneaky feeling about it. We really owe you a bottle of champagne."

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"Correction," interrupted the commander. You owe *Tumult* a bottle of champagne. It'll come out of my cellar after dinner tomorrow night. It will also come out of your allowance. There's quite a line of distinction between sailing to win and making up your own racing rules."

"That's pretty tough, Commander," said Wayne, half-serious.

"Maybe," said Furzeby, "but I assure you it will be a very good champagne. One of the best years I ever laid down. It's one of a batch I've been saving for some suitable occasion."

Danae patted her father's hand. "Even if you *do* take it out of my allowance, it will have been worth it, darling, just to have won the Bleak Cape America's Cup. And for finding out just how beautifully an American can fry our garfish."

Later, after dinner, while Danae and Wayne washed the dishes, Furzeby and I smoked our cigars in the cockpit and watched the flash and sweep of the light on Bleak Cape and idly identified the stars of the southern hemisphere glinting into life above the mountains and the sea. Down below, in the galley, between the tinkle of china, the voices of Danae and Wayne were animatedly chattering.

"You were right," said the commander, his cigar glowing bright-red like a tiny port light. "This Wayne Andrews is a nice kid."

"Danae's got what it takes, too," I said.

"Thanks," said Furzeby. His cigar glowed again in the darkness. "She's her mother all over again. I'll miss her when she leaves me, one day, but so long as she's happy, I'll be happy."

I didn't comment but I got the message. So far as Commander Furzeby was concerned, Bleak Cape wasn't Hobart, Tasmania, and Danae wasn't up for grabs by

any visiting American yachtsman with a pier-head fiancée across the other side of Bass Strait. . . .

Wayne and I rowed the commander and his daughter ashore. With four up, there wasn't too much freeboard in the dinghy, but the breeze from the strait had dropped after sunset and I wanted to stretch my legs ashore, anyway.

On the beach, where the muttering sea was rolling pebbles back and forth and rasping together all the whispering billions of grains of coarse, storm-pounded sand, Commander Furzeby repeated his invitation to visit the lighthouse for dinner the following night.

Wayne and I, of course, were delighted to confirm the date, for it had been nearly ten days since we had last eaten ashore, before sailing from Hobart.

Eagerly, Wayne added, "We'll walk you up home."

"It's two thousand one hundred and fifty steps," said the commander. "I've counted every one."

Staring up at the black wall of the cape from the beach right below the lighthouse, I didn't doubt him. Secretly—for I was still tired from the trip across Bass Strait—I was relieved when Danae pointed out that to climb the cape with them that night would spoil the view for the following night.

"I guess you're right," said Wayne reluctantly. "See you tomorrow night."

"Six o'clock for cocktails," said Danae.

In the cape's dark shadow, cast by the rising moon, the commander chuckled. "Don't panic, gentlemen. The cocktails are my department. That's one of the more civilized skills with which I made an early acquaintance in the Royal Navy."

Back aboard *Tumult*, Wayne and I sat awhile in the cockpit, sipping our nightcaps of rum and coffee. Above us, the light on Bleak Cape flashed out over the sea, a

light we had first seen as an elusive, distant loom of welcome guidance on the night that we had been running before the storm, seeking the unknown but prayerfully welcome haven of Sealer's Snug. Wayne had put down his coffee and was watching the face of his watch.

"Every eight seconds," he said. "Right on the button."

"I knew that," I said, drily, "the night we were coming in here. It was printed on the chart—remember? I should get Danae to coach you on coastal navigation. She might get through to you."

Wayne lay back against the cockpit coaming, staring up at the night sky where broken squadrons of clouds were galloping like phantom cavalry past the moon.

"She's got through to me already," he said. "I tell you, that Danae—she's my kind of girl."

"I thought your kind of girl lived in Hobart?"

"So did I," he said. "Now, I'm not so sure."

Since we both seemed to be on the same tack and heading for the same mark, I couldn't see why I had to be diplomatic.

"So far as Commander Furzeby and his daughter are concerned, you'd better be sure, Wayne. Darned sure. They're two very nice people and, right now, they need each other. Furthermore, the commander didn't get to be a combat commander in the Royal Navy just because he knew how to mix cocktails. He's no dope."

"You don't have to tell me," said Wayne. "My old man was a U.S. Navy commander in the Pacific. And not as a lawyer, either. As a carrier pilot."

He stood up, the high sweep of the Bleak Cape light throwing shadows across his face. "I'll go check the anchor," he said. "Then I'm turning in."

After he'd gone below, I kept an anchor watch for another hour until the tide turned. Then I slipped thankfully down to the fuggy warmth of the cabin and the rough, woolly bliss of the blankets in my bunk. Wayne's light over his own bunk was out and I didn't disturb him, but the way I figured, I was still asleep long before he was. Even in denims and a black, paint-smudged sloppy T-shirt, Danae Furzeby was the kind of girl who'd keep any young yachtsman awake.

Before Wayne and I had even turned out of our bunks next morning to wash down the decks and brew our first pot of coffee for the day, the Greek was back, kissing the Cessna down into Sealer's Snug in a landing that would barely have cracked an egg.

Being the early bird he was, Hooks had already breakfasted, but he came aboard for coffee with us after he had deftly taxied alongside, throttled back, tossed over a line and then, cutting his motor, drifted back until he was secured astern of us, as neatly as any dinghy.

"Sorry to wake you up," he apologized, "but I thought I'd better call by. No eagle hunting today. There's a damned great super-tanker in trouble out in the strait. That must have been quite a blow you boys sailed through. She was in it, too, but she dropped her propeller. She's been adrift ever since. Anyway, I've got a press charter. I'm picking up some television-

camera boys further down the coast. It's just a hit-and-git job. Sandport's still closed up so I'll be back tomorrow for those wedgetails. Okay, Wayne?"

"Any time you say," said Wayne. "You're the boss. I need the dollars."

Wasting no time, the Greek climbed back aboard the Cessna, took his line back from *Tumult* and, firing up his motor, was gone in a blast of power and a feather of spray that cut a swathe right across Sealer's Snug toward the open sea.

"That Greek," said Wayne, shaking his head. "What's he doing in this neck of the woods. He's a hustler. Back home, he'd make a fortune."

I didn't agree. "From what I've seen of Hooks Hondrakis, he's having more fun doing it his own way right here."

"You could be right," said Wayne. "I'll get those sails out of the for'ard hatch. They're still not dry and it looks as though we've got a good day coming up."

It was a perfect day, brilliant with sunshine. Not that we saw much of it. While the sails dried themselves, Wayne and I got to work on the pump. For a budding lawyer, specializing in corporation tax structures, Wayne did a very seamanlike job of fitting the diaphragm in *Tumult's* pump. Most of the day, I just passed him parts and tools and made coffee. When we finished, late that afternoon, and the pump was working again like new, we were really looking forward to dinner with the Furzebys.

Shaved and showered under buckets of hot water from *Tumult's* galley, we rowed happily ashore just before sunset, a good day's work behind us and a dinner with two pleasant people ahead of us.

The view which spread out before us like a gigantic relief map as we climbed the more than two thousand steps to the lighthouse was worth every aching muscle in legs still conditioned to climbing no higher than the six varnished rungs of the cockpit ladder aboard *Tumult*. From the wind-blasted top of Bleak Cape, as the sun went down like a nuclear fire-ball behind the wild and lonely bays and capes and mountains of the coast, the spectacle was something that no color film could ever do justice to. A painter, perhaps, would have had more of the kind of skill it needed, but he would never have had time to put it all on canvas, for night was falling fast.

Wayne and I were still gaping, awed at the tremendous, Wagnerian grandeur of sea and rock and raw color and marveling at how tiny a ship was *Tumult*, far below us in the Snug, when a clipped British voice greeted us from behind.

"Welcome aboard, gentlemen. We don't get any seas coming over the rail up here, but we do get to watch an awful lot of water!"

It was our host, Commander Furzeby. He had walked down the last rise to greet us as we stood where Bleak Cape fell sheer to the sea, a vast and resolute face of granite.

Tall, lean-faced and brisk of eye, the commander was immaculate in tuff brogues, slightly old-fashioned flannel slacks with no-nonsense turn-ups, a brass-buttoned reefer jacket, immaculate white shirt and a dark, discreetly striped tie, evidently of naval significance. He looked

exactly as if he had been waiting at the top of a gangway to welcome visitors aboard any one of the ships he had commanded during his life in the Royal Navy.

"You weren't kidding, sir," said Wayne. "The view was worth waiting for."

"I like it," said Furzeby. On his pocket gleamed the gold-embroidered ship's crest of HMS *Danae*.

The commander stared out over a sea stained purple and red with the blood of the dying sun. "It's very much like a particular part of the Scottish coast where I used to spend a lot of time ashore with the family when I was on leave. *Danae* and I will be going back there again next year after she finishes her law course in Melbourne. That is, if she takes the post-graduate offer in London.

"The view's just as good from the lighthouse," he went on. "Particularly with a glass in your hand. *Danae's* been in the galley all day so she'll probably be ready for a drink, too."

Danae, no doubt, had been cooking all day but she could have fooled me, the way she looked in a black wisp of a cocktail frock at the pinewood bar against the rounded, whitewashed wall of the living room of the lighthouse. A portable radio was playing softly and the only light came from the flames of an open fire—they were burning fragrant logs of twisted teatree from the scrubby bush country on the cape outside—and the flicker of candlelight on a round cedar table where silver was laid for dinner.

"Who's for what?" said the commander briskly, moving behind the bar.

"The usual, Daddy," said *Danae*.

The usual, when it came, was a champagne cocktail.

"That looks most professional," said Wayne.

"It is, I assure you," said *Danae*. "Frankly, I think it was only because of the way my father mixed this kind of torpedo juice for all the admirals' wives that he got to be a commander so young."

"On the other hand," said Furzeby, dextrously popping the cork from a bottle of imported Moët & Chandon, "if I had been so good at it and if the admirals' wives had really appreciated me, I'd have become an admiral myself and I'd still be a serving officer of the Royal Navy instead of an amateur lighthouse keeper closer to the South Pole than to the Admiralty."

"Now see what you've started," said *Danae*, grimacing. "At any moment, we'll

be having readings from the Navy List."

The young American placed both hands firmly on the bar. "Just to avoid a nasty scene on an international basis, I'll settle for one of those myself, if I may."

"Me, too," I said, ungrammatically but earnestly. I'd had enough rum on *Tumult* to last me a lifetime.

"I was hoping you'd both say that," confessed the commander. "I don't know which I like doing best—making champagne cocktails or drinking them. Either way, it gives me a wonderfully irresponsible feeling that I'm on top of the world."

"Up here," said Wayne, "you are."

After his first sip of the commander's cocktail, Wayne raised his glass. "After tasting your brand I'll drink to your sentiments, sir. You should patent this."

"Perhaps," said *Danae* sweetly, "when you get home and become a big-time New York lawyer you could even form a corporation for us. Then we could live like this all the time instead of just when we have visitors."

After a pleasantly indeterminate number of the commander's cocktails, we sat down to dinner. It was almost like dining aboard ship. The whitewashed, circular walls of the living room were adorned by photographs of yachts and ships and stiff, arms-folded groups of British naval officers and, with the wild winds of the cape rattling at windows set squarely and austere in the thick, stone walls of the lighthouse, we might have been at sea.

Any resemblance between the dinner that *Danae* had achieved for us and the best we had ever been able to cook on *Tumult* was less than coincidental.

When, over coffee and liqueurs, I complimented *Danae* on the miracles of delight which she had put before us, the commander grunted approvingly over his brandy and cigar.

"I must admit she does very well," he said, "considering that all we have is a wood-fire stove which was probably obsolete at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria."

"Could I come back tomorrow and chop some wood for you?" said Wayne, looking absurdly young behind his cigar in the candlelight.

"Up all those steps?" said *Danae*, demurely sipping her benedictine. "That's very gallant."

"Thanks anyway," said the commander, "but I've already chopped enough wood to keep us going through next winter."

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"Then I can relax," said Wayne, settling back in his chair.

"Not for much longer, you can't," I said. "It's about time we got back down to Tumult. We don't want to outstay our welcome up here."

"That would be impossible," said the commander. "Visitors are rare birds at the lighthouse. Take your time." He checked his watch. "You'll have to excuse me for a few minutes, though. Among other things, I'm a radio ham. I've got a call to make on sked. Danae, keep an eye on the guests."

From there I sat, it was mainly a question of Wayne keeping an eye on Danae. Thoughtfully, it occurred to me that the odds against Wayne ever marrying his socialite fiancée in Hobart were lengthening with every hour.

"Daddy's got an old buddy further down the coast toward Wilson's Promontory," Danae explained, pouring us more coffee. "They served together during the war until his friend was invalidated out after being torpedoed on the Murmansk run. He went into the church then, and came out to Australia as a migrant. Now he's got this tiny little parish on the coast. The locals swear by him. He's a radio ham, too, of course. He and daddy have a lot fun. It's handy sometimes, too."

Just how handy it was became apparent when the commander came downstairs again into the living room.

"I just talked to Sam," he said. "He's got that tanker in sight. The big Panamanian hooker that lost her prop. She's in tow to a salvage tug and heading for Wilson's Promontory. Sam says he can see their lights. Maybe we can, too. Care to take a

look? There's a pair of night binoculars over there on the tripod by the west window. They're pretty good—and so they should be, since they're by courtesy of Herr Zeiss and the German Navy."

"Thanks," said Wayne. "I'd love to, sir."

He turned to me. "That means Hooks should be back tomorrow morning. They should have received their pictures today."

"Hooks Hondrakis?" said the commander. "The Greek from Sandport? The fish-spotter pilot?"

"The same," said Wayne.

With the Kriegsmarine binoculars, he was sweeping the dark seas beyond Bleak Cape. "These are terrific, Commander. I think I've got the tanker. Here she is. And the tug. Not just the lights, either. You can see the superstructure, masts, everything. She's in tow, all right."

When we had all satisfied ourselves that the wallowing Panamanian was no longer in trouble, we settled down by the fire again, for the commander had produced, as a nightcap, a dusty bottle of his favorite imported port, the redoubtable Cockburn's.

"Tell me," he said, breaking the silence of our thoughts in the warmth and security of his fireside, "how does Hooks Hondrakis get into the picture with you chaps? I've got nothing against him, personally. He's a good type, if a little ruthless. What puzzles me is what he could have in common with you two."

"Dollars," said Wayne.

"Ah," said the commander.

"I need dollars, or pounds, to make my own way home to the States," said Wayne,

"Hooks is prepared to pay me half of every five-pound bounty for shooting wedgetailed eagles around here and along the coast while he flies the Cessna. That's what we have in common."

The commander and his daughter looked at one another. They were not such an exquisitely mannered host and hostess that they could disguise the unhappiness in their eyes.

"That's a pity," said Furzeby.

"Damn and blast it!" said Danae.

"I'm not with you," said Wayne, suddenly anxious. "You mean Hooks is some kind of hoodlum I shouldn't be seen around with?"

The commander waved aside the suggestion. "Nothing like that. The Greek's a good pilot and a good Australian and he comes from a fine old Greek-Australian family that pioneered a lot of the fishing out of Sandport. Let's get that signal quite clear."

"Fair enough," said Wayne. "So what's wrong with the Greek, then? Or with me making a little deal to work with him?"

"Nothing," said the commander, "Nothing at all. The point is, though, I'm a bird watcher. I should have told you. I know it's a phrase that has some pretty comical connotations these days, but I do, in fact, watch birds. I've been watching them for years. It's a hobby."

"I'm still confused, sir," said Wayne.

But I wasn't. Already, I sensed that this could be the end of a beautiful friendship.

"You might say," said Commander Furzeby, "that I'm a kind of nut about birds. You'd be right, too. I've never even shot them for the pot. I just like to watch them, study them, feed them, read about them, photograph them, paint them."

Only then did I notice that the excellent water colors of birds which were ranged over the fireplace on the white wall of the lighthouse were signed "Furzeby." They were so good that I had assumed them to be the work of a professional painter. When I realized, furthermore, that they were not just any kind of bird but eagles, proud-winged and poised against their skies, I realized that Wayne was probably in a lot of trouble so far as the commander and his daughter were concerned. Nor was I wrong.

"Above all birds," said the commander, "I love and respect eagles. Including the wedgetail eagles on Bleak Cape."

There was another silence among us, but a silence of conflict and not, any more, of contentment and companionship. I wondered what line would be taken by Wayne as the defence advocate on this issue.

"Sir," said Wayne, twirling the stem of his glass of port between his fingers and staring right at the commander in the shifting firelight, "I can understand how you and, no doubt, Danae feel about the wedgetails and this matter of the Greek and myself shooting them. But, as I understand it, they're a pest and a threat to the larks during the lambing season. Frankly, I've never enjoyed shooting game, either, but if I need the money and what I'm shooting is a pest, then I think I'm on different ground than, say, a casual vandal."

Commander Furzeby reached forward, scouring his pipe bowl into the fire.

"Perhaps," he said, "you have a point

there. But I know what the Greek has already told you or will tell you. Exactly what that old rascal O'Halloran up at Bleak Downs has told him: that O'Halloran loses about a hundred lambs a year to wedgetails; that he needs his lambs to perpetuate the sheep population on his property; that each lamb is worth, say five pounds, or ten dollars in your money. That this amounts to an annual loss of lambs killed by eagles, of five hundred pounds or a thousand dollars. Therefore, he says, let's shoot the wedgetail eagles."

"He's got a point then, sir," said Wayne. I had to hand it to him. The kid didn't back down easily.

"Barely a point," said the commander. "Very few people, including old man O'Halloran himself, have ever actually seen a wedgetail in the very act of killing a lamb. They've seen wedgetails picking over a dead lamb, but that's not necessarily any kind of proof that the eagle killed the lamb. Lambs get lost and break their legs and die of disease and malnutrition and exposure. Nobody has yet ever come up with any real statistical and circumstantial evidence that wedgetail eagles are a major contributory factor to the premature death of lambs."

The commander sat back, pipe clenched in his teeth and arms square-folded. In the firelight, I could almost see three gold bands on his sleeves. "Apart from that, I happen to like wedgetail eagles. They're good friends to the farmer. They kill and eat a lot of other proven and declared pests that prey upon him. The wedgetail himself, though, I do not and cannot regard as a pest to be shot for a scalp-hunter's bounty."

The way Commander Furzeby had fired his broadside, you'd have thought that Wayne was threatening to blow up Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square.

"Well, sir," said Wayne uncomfortably but still without getting his tail between his legs, "since no definitive field study has ever been made, then I guess it's all still largely a matter of opinion, either way."

"True," said the commander, "But there's just one more thing. Soon after I came to the cape, I made a truly astonishing discovery. I have written a paper about it for the Royal Geographical Society and for the Audubon Society in America. I positively identified a colony of Scottish golden eagles on Bleak Cape. It hardly seemed possible, ten thousand miles from Scotland, but after some local research, I came up with an entirely logical explanation. A long time ago, in the days of the big Australian gold rush, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a sailing ship went aground and was wrecked out there in Sealer's Snug, the very waters in which your yacht is now lying to her anchor."

Listening to the wind piping about the lighthouse I hoped the commander was right about *Tumult* lying to her anchor. The breeze seemed to be rising.

"She was the *Gulf of Suez*," Furzeby said, "one of the old Gulf Line, out of Liverpool. A four-poster, iron-hulled, hard-tack lime-juicer barque. She broke up as she drove in over the reefs into Sealer's Snug and there were practically no survivors. There were a lot of bodies washed up on the beach, though. Some cargo came

ashore, too, including, of all things, a mating pair of golden eagles, a lady and a gentleman, consigned in a crate to some nostalgic, merchant Scot in Melbourne.

"They weren't so fussy about quarantine regulations in the old colonial days. The eagles were set free by a fisherman who found the wreck a few days later, (there was no lighthouse up here then) and, strangely, they settled down to breed somewhere along Bleak Cape. The climate and the country around is remarkably like that on parts of the Atlantic coast of Scotland, particularly in the winter. Anyway, they bred. And there has now come to be a family of them. Including Robbie."

"Dear old Robbie," sighed Danae.

"Who's Robbie?" I said.

"Just a golden eagle," said the commander, "but he's practically a member of the Furzeby family. That's a painting I did of him, up there on the wall."

Danae poked thoughtfully at the fire. "When Daddy whistles, Robbie will come down to us."

"He's tame?" I said, incredulous.

"We hand-feed him," said Danae.

"The point is," said the commander, "if you don't know your eagles, you couldn't tell the difference between Robbie or any other golden eagle and an Australian wedgetail. Particularly from the open door of a Cessna jinking around the sky."

Furzeby's lit his pipe with precision.

"So far as I know, Bleak Cape has the only colony of Scottish golden eagles outside Europe, and possibly outside the British Isles. They're wonderful birds, you know. Very interesting chaps. They can live for up to a hundred years, for instance, which means that old Robbie could be a son, and certainly a grandson, of the original pair of eagles from the *Gulf of Suez*."

Anyone listening to the commander, could tell that he knew his subject.

Less than a hundred years earlier, he said, the sea eagle of Scotland had been more numerous than the golden eagle. Then the noble sea eagle was shot, poisoned and trapped until it died out as a Scottish nesting species. By 1964, there was not a single pair of nesting sea eagles to be found in all Scotland.

"I know," said Furzeby. "I've spent months in Scotland tracking down reports of sea eagles. They were never there."

"Is the golden eagle a pest?" I asked.

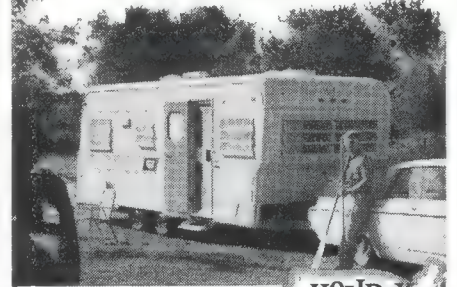
"Not here," said Furzeby, "There aren't enough of them. Just the Bleak Cape colony. Anyway, apart from myself and a few people I correspond with, nobody knows they're here at all. I'll admit they're unpopular in Scotland. Particularly at grouse drives. The grouse would rather face up to a line of beaters than risk taking off from the stubble with a golden eagle orbiting and waiting a thousand feet or more above them. In some sheep districts, the golden eagles are said to be guilty of killing lambs in the spring. But, personally, I'd bet that ninety-nine out of a hundred pairs of the golden eagles that nest in Scotland have never killed a lamb. In all the years I've been bird-watching, I've often seen golden eagles swoop down over flocks on the moors but I've only seen a lamb attacked once."

The commander stared at the fire, frowning in his intensity of feeling.

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Commander Furzeby sat forward, his strong hands laced together over his knee. "Old Robbie and his breed are magnificent birds," he said, "When a golden eagle goes hunting, he doesn't just fly straight to his target area. He leaves his nest on a cliff face or a rock ledge, and spirals his way up for altitude, leaning on the wind. He soars to thousands of feet like this and you can watch him through binoculars and see no movement of his wings. Like a high-performance sailplane soaring in a thermal. The further away his hunting area, the higher he soars. Then, when he spots his target"—the commander rolled his hand over and brought it down in a sweeping arc over the carpet—"down he goes. Like a flying bomb. In a slanting dive. He's one of the fastest birds in the world in a dive. He can do more than a hundred miles an hour in a slant for his target, without any apparent drive from his wings. In Scotland, in the winter, a wild hare in the mountains is as white as the snow about it, but the golden eagle will see him from a mile away and peel off in a dive. Scratch one hare. He's a long-distance flyer, too, when he's hunting. I've read an authenticated case of a pair of golden eagles that had their nest on a cliff face in Northern Ireland. Regularly, they'd cross the Irish Sea to bring home young hares from the moors of Kintyre in Scotland."

Commander Furzeby stretched his legs out, warming his shoes at the fire. "This is the bird you could shoot down by mistake tomorrow," he said.

"I don't think you need worry too much, sir," said Wayne, "I honestly doubt that I'd be able to hit a barn door, shooting from the Greek's Cessna."

"For Robbie's sake, I hope you're right."

The subject languished after that and, in any case, it was getting late and I was worried about how *Tumult* was riding in the rising winds that still kept worrying at the windows of the lighthouse. Golden eagles or not, the Furzebys' courtesy and hospitality remained undiminished even to a parting gift of champagne.

Wayne and I went back down the two thousand a hundred and fifty steps to the beach in thoughtful silence. Even rowing out to *Tumult* in the dinghy, there was only some monosyllabic conversation between us about the weather and the tide. With the dinghy lifted out of the water and stowed above the skylight for the night, we climbed into our bunks as soon as we got below. We had been dined and wined magnificently, and any recourse to *Tumult's* rough-and-ready victuals for supper would only have been an anticlimax.

As a nightcap, before putting my head down, I was browsing through a well thumbed copy of Josh Slocum's single-handed ocean sailing classic, when I noticed that Wayne was just lying on his

back and staring at the deckhead above him. He looked pretty unhappy.

"At a rough guess," I said, "I'd say you've got troubles."

"You're so right, old buddy," said Wayne. "You're so right."

"You still going shooting with the Greek in the morning?" I asked. "In spite of Danae and her bird-watching father?"

Wayne stirred restlessly in his bunk. "If the Greek comes, I go. I told him I would. I can't chicken out now. Anyway, as I said, I can use the money."

I slept well that night and only just scrambled out of my bunk and got to the cockpit hatch in time to see the Greek take off in the Cessna, with Wayne in the open door, brandishing a shotgun in response to my farewell wave.

After a leisurely breakfast, I spent a no less leisurely morning rubbing down and revarnishing *Tumult's* woodwork.

By noon, though, I was beginning to worry. Hooks and Wayne had taken off just after dawn from the Snug. Now they were still not back. If they had not landed somewhere along the coast to refuel, they'd already have exhausted the range of the gas they were carrying when they took off.

An hour later, at one o'clock in the afternoon, they were still not back and I was really worried. Obviously, something was wrong. There was only one thing to do.

Since *Tumult* had been anchored in the Snug, my radio had been almost useless, hindered by the strange local atmospheric of the mountainous coast, of which the dominant feature was Bleak Cape. So, with the brass-bound bulkhead clock aboard *Tumult* ticking away the silent, unrewarded minutes, there was nothing else for it. I must climb the two thousand one hundred and fifty steps up Bleak Cape to the lighthouse and get the assistance of Commander Furzeby with his ready access to the frequencies of the ham radio operators.

The commander was less than surprised by my somewhat exhausted arrival at the lighthouse.

"Wayne went off with the Greek," I said over a pewter pot of cold beer which he had deftly produced within a few minutes of my walking into the room.

"I know," he said. "Danae and I had the binoculars on them after they took off and circled the Snug."

"They're overdue," I said anxiously, "Unless they've landed somewhere to refuel, they're in trouble. They're way over their duration for the gas they were carrying. You don't have a phone?"

"No," said the commander. "Better than that, though, I have my radio."

"Can you call a few people?"

While the commander was busy upstairs, talking to his ham radio buddies, Danae and I were checking out the Bleak Cape charts on a they-went-thataway basis.

Commander Furzeby, when he came back down, had nothing to report.

"I've called them all," he said, "from Wilson's Promontory, west of here, to Sandport, east of here, and inland, behind the ranges. The Greek hasn't been sighted since he took off from his moorings at Sandport at dawn this morning. I think you're right. They're in some kind of strife. I took it on myself to alert the air-sea rescue organization."

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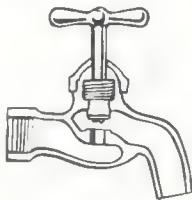


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Suddenly, for me, the situation had become serious. People like Commander Furzeby don't panic easily.

"Mind you," said Furzeby, "by the time the air-sea rescue people get cracking, and bearing in mind that the visibility around the Bleak Cape coast today is lousy for air-search purposes, I suggest that perhaps we could be quite usefully employed in *Tumult*. There's not much of a sailing breeze—but you do have a motor?"

I nodded. "And plenty of fuel."

"Good," said the commander. "The glass is starting to drop. This warm, off-shore northerly could just swing around to a roaring southerly by tonight, so I suggest we get cracking."

Down to the beach we went and cracking we got, fair-weather racing mainsail, the big Genoa jib and the motor kicking us along as well. After so long swinging at anchor, *Tumult* seemed to be as eager as we were to be off and away down the coast.

By midafternoon, it was still very humid, with curtains of mist trailing their skirts across the sea and along the coast. The commander, weather-wise in the ways of the cape, was almost edgily restive about the necessarily slow and restricted progress of our search for the Cessna. Danae was no less impatient.

"This is a terrible coast when a southerly comes in hard," she said. "Do you have a bosun's chair?"

I remembered there was one aboard. "If you'll put me up there," she said, "I'll go up the mast and keep a watch from there. If the Cessna's down in the drink, we could easily miss her from deck level in this visibility."

Imperturbably, the commander had raised no objections, so, while he took the helm, I hauled Danae up the mast on the boson's chair, secured to the spinnaker halyard. Wryly, I reflected that I knew of no girl in the world who would have been prepared to be hoisted up the rocking mast of a yacht at sea, sitting on a tiny section of varnished oregon, just to save my skin.

Danae, as it turned out, was a smart girl.

Less than an hour after we had put her up the mast, she had spotted the Cessna.

With the mist and the long, slow, oily swell, indicative of a forthcoming change in the weather, we had been unable to sight the plane from the cockpit of *Tumult* even after Danae had conned us around on a course toward it.

The interesting thing, though, was that what Danae saw first was not the Cessna but the distant, plummeting shape of Robbie, the golden eagle, diving at the mist-wraithed sea and then pulling out to climb and dive again.

It was the diving eagle which had first attracted her attention to the misted sector of the sea in which later she saw the first metallic glint of fitful sunshine as the Cessna bobbed and spun helplessly on her floats in the ocean swell.

After a long, careful scrutiny with the binoculars, the commander confirmed that it was, indeed, old Robbie diving.

"And what he's diving at," he said, "is the Greek's Cessna. They must have run out of fuel."

Within twenty minutes, we were chugging gently up to leeward of the drifting, wallowing Cessna, with Hooks Hondrakis and Wayne waving to us.

Wayne took a line from *Tumult*, expertly coiled and tossed by the commander, secured it to a towing bridle between the Cessna's floats and then, diving into the sea, swam across to *Tumult* and came aboard. Danae gave him a hand as he came over the side like a lean, crew-cut cocker spaniel.

"Thanks a lot," he said, catching the towel I threw to him, "The rate we were drifting out to sea in that off-shore breeze, we'd have been halfway to New Zealand before the southerly came in again. We'd have been in a lot of strife."

"Thank Danae," I said. "She spotted you. She was up top in the bosun's chair."

"Good for Danae," said Wayne, toweling his lean, bronzed back vigorously. "Hooks said he'd rather stay with the aircraft while you tow. Just in case the line breaks. We thought I'd be more useful aboard *Tumult*."

"Good for the Greek," said Commander Furzeby. "He deserves to be salvaged."

"What happened anyway?" I asked, once

we had Hooks towing astern of us in the Cessna. "You had us worried."

"You were worried?" said Wayne. "With night coming on and the barometer dropping, we weren't too relaxed, either. It's a damned big ocean when you're just sitting on it in a drifting seaplane."

"It was Robbie who saved the day," said Danae. "The Furzebys' golden eagle. I saw him circling and diving long before I spotted the Cessna."

"Let's face it," said Wayne. "He owed us that much. He put us down there in the drink. We had been up and down the coast for an hour and hadn't seen so much as the tail feathers of a wedgetail. Then we came to this little rock in the sea."

"The Devil's Thumb," said the commander, pushing the chart across the deck to Wayne, "About five miles off shore."

"That's it," said Wayne. "That's where we saw these two eagles orbiting."

"The Devil's Thumb," said Danae, "is where Robbie and his mate have their nest."

"Evidently," said Wayne. "And I wished I'd listened to you. We thought they were wedgetails, just as you said we would, so the Greek made a few passes and I got off a few shells with the shotgun. The way I was shooting, there couldn't have been two safer eagles in all the world. Then—wham!—one of them—I guess it was old Robbie—started coming at us. He was mad as hell. You could tell that. If the Greek hadn't pulled over and down, that crazy bird would have come clear through our windshield. As it was, I thought Hooks was going to pull the wings off the Cessna. Anyway, after that, it just got plain ridiculous. Robbie must really have got fighting mad because he still kept making passes, and in the end, we were just trying to get away from him, not he from us. Finally, while we were hanging in a stall turn, Robbie came sailing in at us again with his wings back and his claws out as if he were going to pluck us right out of the sky, and I let him have both barrels just about the time I figured it was a no-deflection shot. And that did it."

"So what happened?" I said.

So I poured both shells right into the prop," said Wayne, "I was getting so excited, I'd forgotten it was there right in front of us. I did enough damage to put the prop out of balance or something. It sounded as if it was going to shake the motor right out of its mounts. So Hooks had to put the plane down on the sea. Just as well there wasn't a blow down here."

"How come Robbie kept after you once you had force-landed?" I asked.

"The jib," said Wayne. "I remembered him diving on *Tumult's* jib when it was flogging, the morning we came in behind the cape and shot up to weather to anchor in the Snug. I figured there might be fishing boats around out here, so I took off my shirt and stood on one of the Cessna's floats and kept waving the shirt to keep Robbie diving at it. I figured if anyone saw Robbie, they might see the Cessna."

He grinned at Danae. "That's a very smart golden eagle you have there."

"We like to think so," said Commander Furzeby. "Are you going shooting eagles again with the Greek?"

"If I did, it would only be with a

camera," said Wayne. "I'd like his picture for my family album."

"Pity you haven't got a camera now," said the commander. "Robbie's still up there."

We looked skyward and saw the golden eagle sweeping in lazy circles high in the sky above us.

"Have you got a little raw meat?" said Furzeby. "I'll show you what I mean."

When Wayne had come back aft with a scrap of steak, the commander took it, and standing on *Tumult's* stern, put two fingers to his mouth and began to whistle a strange, shrill, repetitive call. Within a few minutes, after a few cautious reconnaissance sweeps past our mast, Robbie came sailing in toward our stern as we towed the Cessna. His great wings were outspread, his head and beak outstretched and his clawed legs extended as if for a landing. Then, while the commander held the scrap of steak in his teeth, facing aft, Robbie edged in closer, still hovering just above the point of stall and looking like a jet fighter making a midair refuelling rendezvous.

Closer and closer he came, magnificent in his sure mastery of the elements of sea and sky which were his domain. Then, when it seemed that he was about to perch on the commander's shoulder, both he and the steak were gone, soaring up into the sky and the mist over the distant rocky stump of the Devil's Thumb.

There was a kind of spellbound silence. Then Wayne spoke.

"I get the message," he said, "The Greek doesn't know, but he just lost an eagle shooter."

We had no trouble getting the Greek's Cessna back to Sealer's Snug, but once we had moored it on the beach and Hooks had started the motor and cautiously run it at low revs, it was obvious that he would need a new propeller. The shots intended for Robbie, the golden eagle, had done the Cessna's prop no good at all.

Since Wayne was an experienced yacht skipper and Hooks Hondrakis was as good a seaman as he was a Cessna pilot and knew the coast like the lines on his grandmother's face, I had no hesitation in letting them sail *Tumult* around to Sandport for a spare prop. With the commander's genial blessing, Danae was aboard when they sailed.

"She cooks almost as well at sea as she does ashore," he said, "and she's a good hand on a yacht."

Since, with *Tumult's* departure that evening, I obviously had no place to sleep but the beach, I readily accepted Commander Furzeby's invitation to stay with him in the lighthouse until the yacht's return to Sealer's Snug.

It was after dinner, the following night, when the commander called Sandport and, by previous arrangement, spoke with his daughter and then, as it happened, with Wayne and the Greek. I stayed by his fireside while he went upstairs to the radio room. When he came back down, I was mainly concerned with the movements of *Tumult*.

"They're sailing at dawn tomorrow from Sandport," said the commander. "They'll be off the cape here by sunset. The Greeks got his spare prop aboard and they had a good trip to Sandport. The glass is

steady and the southerly will be easing off tonight, so they'll have a pleasant trip back here to the Snug."

"Fine," I said, relaxing and peering at the fire's flicker through the mellow, amber glow of a tumbler of the commander's Scotch. "My worries are practically over."

Furzeby smiled. "I think mine are just beginning."

"How come?"

"Young Wayne just asked me if he could marry Danae. He called that girl of his in Hobart, but before he could say a word, she told him she'd only got engaged for a bet, which seems to have relieved his mind. Having cleared up that situation, he called New York, at the Greek's expense, and spoke to his father. Got him out of bed at some unearthly hour of the night and told him about Danae and said he wasn't asking for permission to get married. He was getting engaged, and that's how it was going to be."

"What did you say?" I asked.

The commander shrugged. "What could I say? I love my daughter. I like young Andrews. And Danae's mother got married in much the same kind of way when I was a youngster in the Navy. So I said yes."

I stood up and shook the commander's hand. "I think your troubles are just about over, not just beginning, Commander. Sailing broad waters in small boats brings out either the best or the worst in a man. With young Wayne, I've seen only the best."

The commander passed me the bottle of Scotch and sat in the other deep armchair by the fire.

"On a short acquaintance, that was my evaluation, too," he said. "I'm happy you're here to confirm it."

While the cape winds rattled impatiently at the lighthouse windows, we drank to the happiness of Danae and Wayne. Then I mentioned the thing that had been bothering me a little, for I had got to like Commander Furzeby, Royal Navy, Retired.

"You'll miss Danae," I said.

"We won't be too far apart," he said. "I'll go back to England with her soon, when she finishes law at Melbourne. Then Wayne's starting work in the London office of his father's English associates. They'll have plenty of time to make sure they really want to spend the rest of their lives together. They'll be married in Scotland, in the golden-eagle country near the navy port where Danae was born."

"Among the three of you," I said, "you look like running a pretty taut ship."

The commander squirted a jet of soda into his tumbler of whiskey. It made a pleasant, homely sound against the roar of the fire and the rattle of the windows.

"Pretty taut," he said, "Though there's just one member of the ship's company here I'll miss back home."

I was puzzled. "Who's that?"

"Old Robbie," said the commander nodding toward his water color of the golden eagle over the fireplace.

He raised his glass. "To old Robbie."

"To old Robbie," I echoed.

As our glasses clinked together I had, in my mind's eye, a memory of great wings soaring high over the sea and then the long, courageous, slanting dive of fury.

It was a good toast.

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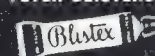


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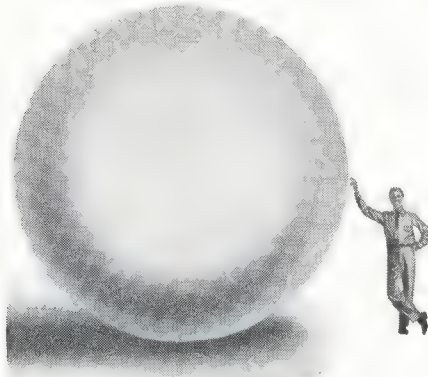
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HEROES OF THE HUMP

Continued from page 61

Somewhere else inside that snowstorm waited a jagged peak, stabbing five miles up into the tropopause from the top of the world—the awesome Himalayas. It was one of many such grim landmarks along the 500-mile Hump run from India to China.

A chunk of ice suddenly tore loose from a port propeller blade and slammed into the C-46's fuselage, like a shot from a cannon. Inside, it propelled a green-faced Air Force lieutenant out of his seat. He stamped his foot and screamed, "I'm too young to die!"

Other replacement pilots, miserably airsick in their bucket seats, stared at him icily, their faces showing complete resignation. They'd come halfway around the world to win the war in China, but if it was going to be like this, they might as well die now and pray later.

The lieutenant sat down and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers, ignoring the drums of high-octane aviation gasoline nearby. He'd heard that the Hump run, from Dinjan to Kunming, was the world's most horrible air route, guaranteed to turn your hair silver in one trip. But a moment later, he could have passed for Snow White.

The cockpit door opened and a handsome young airline jockey named Don McBride stepped out to go to the john. He slapped the officer on the back.

"You look a bit upset, Lieutenant," he said cheerily.

"Mother of God!" the other managed. "Will this thing hold together?"

"Sure. Elmer knows this route by heart!" "Elmer—the autopilot?" The lieutenant's voice was thin.

"No," McBride shot back over his shoulder, picking his way past four tons of TNT lashed to the floor. "Elmer, the bear."

The lieutenant laughed hollowly, then looked into the pilot's compartment to make sure McBride was kidding.

In the right-hand seat sat a hulking figure, earphones clamped over a cap with a 1,000-hour crush, a cigar jammed in its mouth.

"Funny," the lieutenant said, "he *does* look like a bear."

Elmer turned and bared a set of long, white teeth. He removed one paw from the wheel and took a vicious swipe at the officer, who dove headlong back into the cargo compartment.

"My God!" he sobbed. "It is a bear!"

When McBride returned and switched off the autopilot, Elmer curled up happily in the seat and went to sleep.

The story of Elmer, the black Himalayan mascot that flew the Hump more times than most veterans of the run, was a favorite at a recent reunion of old China hands at Taipei, Taiwan. They were the legendary heroes of China National Airways Corporation and of the Flying Tigers American Volunteer Group, back in the Orient to find out what had happened to China skies since they cleared out the Japs two decades ago.

Some are still flying in Southeast Asia, like Jerry Costello, a CNAC veteran who now makes his living air-dropping supplies to guerrillas from Bird and Sons transports flying out of Vientiane, and Baltimore

Moon Chin, an American-born Chinese pilot who pioneered the Hump route over the Himalayas.

Chin, who operates his own airline out of Taiwan, was one of a group of Pan American Airways pilots assigned by Colonel Caleb V. Haynes, commander of the Assam-Burma-China (ABC) Ferrying Command, to fly caches of aviation gasoline into China to refuel General Jimmy Doolittle's Tokio Raiders. And it was Chin who brought Doolittle out of China after the historic strike on Tokio.

From Moon Chin's first Hump flight—purely a barnstorming venture—to the end of the war, when the Air Transport Command was running the ABC show, 650,000 tons of emergency supplies flowed over the Hump, the last leg of the world's longest military supply line, to support General Claire Chennault's China Air Force and to keep Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's armies marching.

The Hump was thus the proving ground for mass strategic airlift, a deadly classroom where lessons were learned the hard way, lessons that made possible the Berlin Airlift of 1948-49 and the Korean War's emergency logistic airlift of 1950.

CNAC's history stretches back to the late 1920's, when the Curtiss-Wright Corporation made a deal with Chiang Kai-Shek's new government to set up an airline from Shanghai to Nanking and Hankow, thus providing a market for their cumbersome Condor biplanes to fly passengers and mail up the Yangtze River six times a week.

By 1932, CNAC was already tangling with the Japs, who resented their operating out of Shanghai during the Sino-Japanese affair. William Langhorne Bond, CNAC's operations manager, simply told the Japs where to go and kept on flying.

Extending their route down to Chungking, CNAC got into more trouble with the war lord of Szechwan, who threatened to shoot down the first plane to fly into his domain. Bond's stubborn insistence that CNAC fly anywhere it damned well pleased did more than any one thing to help Kai-Shek solidify his central government from the patchwork quilt of independent provinces, as chief of the Communist-backed Nationalist Kuomintang.

Thus, in World War II years, the Japs regarded CNAC as an archenemy for helping to build a unified China to block their dreams of empire. The CNAC pilot they most disliked was a lanky flyboy named Peter Kent, nicknamed "Foxy" for a dirty trick he pulled in Shanghai when that city was occupied by the Japs in November, 1937. Kent disguised himself as a coolie and sneaked out of town in a vegetable cart, then gunned his transport out of Shanghai Airport under the Japs noses, leaving them holding the bag of rutabagas.

Long before the Meatballs began shooting up civilians at Pearl Harbor, Jap Zeros took to machine-gunning CNAC's unarmed transports, a dire warning of what was to come. The first of seven such attacks happened on August 24, 1938, when five Zeros dove out of the sun over Hong Kong and forced pilot Hugh L. Woods to land on a

river sand bar. Methodically, they strafed his ship back and forth, slaughtering twelve passengers and two crewmen. Woods and two others swam ashore and escaped.

CNAC's undeclared war with the Japs built in tempo as Kai-Shek's government retreated to Kunming. There, an air raid turned Foxy Kent back one morning for an emergency landing at Changyi. The Japs followed him down and murdered the lot with deadly machine-gun fire as the crew ran across a field seeking cover.

On Pearl Harbor Day, attacking Jap fighters singled out the CNAC fleet at Hong Kong as their prime target, shooting up a borrowed Pan American Clipper, four Condors and three DC-2s. Bond managed to evacuate 400 VIPs, including Madame Sun Yat-Sen, in an emergency Gooney Bird airlift before the colony fell.

With the coming of World War to China, CNAC, fifty-five percent owned by Kai-Shek's government (Pan American, which bought out Curtiss-Wright in 1933, owned the other forty-five), resisted all attempts to change it from a civilian to a military operation. To it fell the task of keeping Chennault's China Air Force supplied with gas and bullets when the Japs cut the Burma Road in 1942.

When Chennault's flying school was forced to shut down, one instructor, who decided he'd rather switch to CNAC than fight with the military, was a barnstormer named Frank Higgs, a former schoolmate at Indiana University with cartoonist Milton Caniff. For several years, Caniff got regular letters from Higgs, who became the heroic character Duke Hennick in Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates." When Higgs was killed, Caniff sorrowfully let Hennick die, too.

Though most of the CNAC Hump heroes were Yankee barnstormers, there were some Chinese pilots, like California-born Donald Wang, who signed on in 1934; Joey Thom, a Chicago flyer who was killed in an electrical storm in 1941, and Moon Chin. The first Chinese-born CNAC pilot, Hugh Chen, who joined in 1938, was his country's highest-salaried civilian at 2,000 rupees a month.

Bob Prescott, an ex-AVG fighter pilot, who switched to CNAC when the Flying Tigers disbanded on July 4, 1942, recalls checking out his first local boy on a night run from Dinjan to Kunming.

"When did you learn to fly?" he asked the Oriental in the right seat, after he'd fouled up the pre-flight check.

The pilot grinned. "Me learn now!"

Captain Chin Ho, another Chinese-born pilot, became something of a hero flying a DC-2 wing from Hong Kong to Suifoo, strapped beneath the belly of his DC-3 Gooney Bird. It was a "Chinese fix" for a second DC-3 that had lost a wing in a Jap-strafting run.

With the help of fifty coolies, he got the wing bolted in place. Although it was three feet short, Captain Arnold Weir flew the bastard rig back to Hong Kong, using a sixteen-inch monkey wrench to hold the control bar level. It won fame as the world's only DC-2½.

Equally heroic was the exploit of Captain K. L. Mah, a CNAC pilot at Dinjan, who bitched about having to fly the Suicide Run over the Himalayas when Jap patrols harassed the southern route over

the Irrawaddy River Valley. Chief pilot R. W. "Potty" Pottschmidt advised him to put up or shut up. "If you don't like it, why don't you go shoot some down?"

"A pound of coffee says I get the next Zero I see!" Mah retorted. Coffee was worth its weight in gold.

The next day, Mah took off in an antiquated biplane and sat in a cloud over the Irrawaddy, waiting for the morning Jap patrol. When he spotted the Meatballs coming up, he rolled over, split-essed through them, struts screaming and guns blazing like a World War I nut. He scored three kills in that one day.

Shortage of such items as coffee stimulated black-marketeering, an activity some CNAC pilots considered justifiable in view of all they had to put up with.

At one Chinese village a hundred miles off course, a lively trade developed when the big tin birds somehow got blown that way by tricky winds. In return for guns, ammunition and whiskey, to keep the Tibetan horsemen in action against the Mongols, the transports staggered off with a load of gold, fresh vegetables, girls and bales of questionable Chinese currency.

To get the gold out of China, they simply cast it into pilot wings and openly wore them past government officials.

The infamous Suicide Run, which claimed the lives of more than 400 ATC crewmen, was a breath-taking climb from Dinjan on the Brahmaputra River Valley floor over the Himalayas, and thence eastward across a series of higher and higher ranges separated by the valleys of the Irrawaddy, Salween and Mekong Rivers. The main Hump was the Santsung Range; beyond lay Kunming, 6,200 feet above sea level.

McBride found this wild country a region of beauty. In his log, he wrote:

"Few people have ever seen it. . . . There are places in the Himalayas where we fly over dense tropical jungles and a few seconds later, over regions of eternal ice and snow. There are gorgeous waterfalls from the melting snow, beautiful green rivers winding through canyons with vertical sides two and three miles high. . . ."

Flying the Suicide Run one February day in 1944, he looked down into valleys "in which the Creator could have lost the Grand Canyon." Gazing at hundreds of crystal-blue lakes hidden in watersheds below snowline, he saw a few native huts.

"I wonder how they got there?" he asked his copilot, Van Shepard, a Texan.

"Them people is wild bastards," Shepard grinned. "They was born heahl!"

The "wild bastards," McBride later learned, belonged to a nomadic Tibetan tribe called the Lolos.

"Physically and mentally, they are aboriginal," he noted in his diary. "They have long heads, short, heavy bodies, long arms. Several times a year, they raid Sichang, taking lots of loot and usually some women for slaves."

On March 14, 1944, he wrote: "Captain Hall lost an engine over the Hump and jettisoned an entire load of Chinese currency." He had no way of knowing what effect that had on the economy of the "lost" tribe in the valley below.

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faced by two other wild men flying the Hump for CNAC in 1943, ex-AVG heroes Bill Bartling and Duke Hedman.

No amateur throttle jockeys, they had been selected to fly the gold from Kunming to Dinjan in a Gooney Bird, as the men most likely to reach the end of the line in one piece. But they hadn't counted on enemy opposition at 10,000 feet in a mountain pass on the Suicide Run.

"We were thinking more about our skins than the gold," Bartling admits. "As we were unarmed, the problem called for evasive action. So we shoved the nose straight down."

Hedman, who clobbered five Japs over Rangoon, to become America's first World War II ace, and Bartling, who lived to fly 367 round trips over the Hump, had doubts whether the C-47's wings would stay on in a terminal dive. They did.

Pulling out at tree-level altitude, they threaded their way down a narrow mountain pass, sometimes heeled over in vertical banks, until the Japs gave up in disgust.

"We shoulda belled in and gone back after the war for all that gold," Bartling sighs. "Nobody knew where it was but us."

Six days later, Bartling walked out of the jungle on a broken leg and farmed out to recuperate on the hotshot Fireball run, the start of the world's longest supply route, from Miami across central Africa to the CBI theater.

On one trip, Bartling had Dr. Lin Yu-Tang, the Chinese philosopher, as a passenger. Crossing the South Atlantic, he yelled back to the Chinese to put on the earphones and listen to an historic radio broadcast from BBC. Then, in an excited limey accent, he shocked the good doctor by faking a newscast that Stalin had just signed a peace treaty with Hitler.

"For the rest of the trip, Lin Yu-Tang kept yelling 'I *knew* this would happen!' and tried to tell us why. We had a helluva time convincing him it was a gag."

On the day CNAC pilot, Joe Rosbert, checked out a new airman named Ridge Hammill over the Suicide Run, 100-mph winds blew them far off course into a region of towering cumulus clouds through which poked giant, snow-covered peaks. Forced lower and lower by icing, they broke through a cloud and were shocked to see a pile of rock dead ahead.

Rosbert hauled back on the yoke and kicked the rudder, digging a wing into the snowbank. The ship catapulted into another snowbank just short of a second ridge; ten feet higher or lower would have been fatal, but as it was, only the radio operator was killed. Rosbert and Hammill fashioned a toboggan from the cargo door, wrapped themselves in parachute cloth and slid all the way down the Himalyas, suffering from broken ankles and severe exposure. They got back to Dinjan six weeks later.

Today, Rosbert shares a bachelors' dream pad on the Mediterranean island of Majorca with another CNAC veteran, Dick Rossi. Hammill, however, was killed a few months after his historic toboggan slide, in the same area where Enir "Mickey" Michelson was sucked into a mountain on a sudden downdraft while leading Prescott over the Hump on his first run. Prescott pulled up just in time.

The airport at Suifoo, site of a Chinese

munitions factory, was another death trap. During the pre-Christmas week in 1943, Captain Al Wright and Cookie Cook smacked a cliff close by the field and died. Moments later, a Chinese CNAC pilot, M. K. Low, followed them to glory. McBride made it in three days later, with a cargo of TNT and 100-octane gasoline, and brought their bodies out.

Rossi, who logged an amazing total of 735 Hump runs with hardly a disaster, painfully remembers how the ATC brass pushed too hard to build their tonnage up.

"One day, we lost eight pilots. That was big for our little group, though the ATC lost 430 pilots over the Hump. It was one of those real bad-weather days. The general said there was no such thing as shutting down for weather, so we just went. It was real horrible. Guys were icing up and just disappearing, like Fuzzy Ball, who hit a mountain at Yunnan, where that fourteen-thousand-footer is.

"There, you occasionally ran into clear-air turbulence, a very bad deal. Jimmy Scoff got lost one night looking for a place to land near Kunming, the static so bad he couldn't get a needle. He was running out of gas and decided to bail out, with only ten minutes gas left.

"So Jimmy put it on autopilot and went to the back door. He held it open for his radio operator and copilot to jump, then suddenly realized there was nobody to hold the door open for him. But he squeezed out anyway, and his chute hooked up on the door. There he was, frantically trying to free himself. He finally yanked the ripcord and got a hell of a bump when the chute popped open and pulled him loose. In another second, he smacked the ground.

"All this time, he had two paychecks in his pocket. He couldn't wait to get back to Calcutta, where his girl, Margo, lived, down on Sariah Road. It was late at night when he got there, so he pulled out his forty-five and shot the lock off the door. The bullet ricocheted and hit a guy in the kneecap. He spent the first night in jail."

Though there was plenty of native talent around Calcutta, CNAC pilots got some heavy competition from the Army Signal Corps types who could put their girls on the payroll as file clerks and stenos.

"Hell," Rossi grunted, "they couldn't even read!"

A favorite CNAC story was the plight of a former Navy pilot named Hockswender, who landed in a river beside Dumduma Airport by mistake one foggy night.

Rossi remembers it vividly: "He comes around on his approach in a driving rain, lines up with the field and cuts the throttle. The horn starts blowing—his gear isn't down—so he peels off and goes around again. This time, he gets the gear down, but before he can reach the field, there's this big river, shallow but wide. He gets the reflection of the runway lights in the river and lands smack in the middle of it. As he goes under, he picks up the mike and yells: 'Up periscope!' All the Chinese passengers are yelling, 'Boo How!'

"The Chinese radio operator makes out the accident report and says: 'First time around, field, no wheels. Second time around, wheels, no field.'"

By flying according to their own rules, the CNAC Hump heroes figured they had

a far better chance of staying alive until the war ended. There was no sense in becoming a dead hero, like the 168 ATC crewmen killed between June and December, 1943, flying under maximum pressure.

The pressure came from the very top. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek had talked President Roosevelt into an all-out effort when Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force ran out of gas and suspended operations in March of that year. General Hap Arnold, Air Corps chief, personally flew the Hump route to see what was wrong, wandered over Japanese-held territory and landed hours overdue at Kunming, visibly shaken.

Arnold immediately ordered the ATC to get rid of all incompetent pilots and set up a search-and-rescue program under Captain John L. "Blackie" Porter. Porter's outfit, known as "Blackie's Gang," went far to repair strained relations between the ATC and CNAC divisions of the Hump operation.

In one rescue, his paramedics leaped to the scene of a C-46 mountain crash and brought out twenty survivors, including CBS Correspondent Eric Sevareid. Blackie Porter was subsequently killed when his B-25 rescue plane was shot down.

Luckier was the crew of one ATC Gooney Bird, whose pilot held the reputation of never completing a Hump flight without getting lost at least once. On one flight, the errant C-47 wandered so far off course that the crew couldn't even find the Hump. But through a hole in the clouds, they were amazed to see a harbor full of Jap ships. Thoroughly shook, the crew jettisoned their cargo of bombs for XX Bomber Command and lit out for where they presumed Kunming to be.

Hours later, the Gooney Bird broke out smack over the field and landed on its last teacup of gas. When radio reports told of a giant air strike against Jap shipping in the Gulf of Tonkin, nobody believed they were the heroes.

The end of the war in 1945 did not mean the end of CNAC, but the men who had risked their lives flying the Hump under CNAC markings finally scattered. Prescott returned to the States and started a sprawling, barnstorming cargo operation, the Flying Tiger Line. Moon Chin reorganized a prewar German-owned China airline, Eurasia Aviation Corporation, with five surplus Hump ships, and Rossi joined Chennault's new Civil Air Transport line, organized in 1946 with lend-lease money.

On November 9, 1949, CNAC passed into Communist hands in a heart-breaking mass defection by the crews of nine transports at Hong Kong. Eventually, Mao appropriated all seventy-one CNAC transports and the airline went all the way into the Red.

The story had another sad sequel at Taipei last July, where CNAC heroes of the Hump joined with AVG veterans as guests of Generalissimo and Madame Kai-Shek. The G'mo, bitter over the big steal of his government-controlled airline, was in no position to recognize officially the CNAC heroes who had saved his empire from the Japs, only to have Mao grab it.

The boys felt a little miffed at missing the Nationalist China President's big chop-suey feast—but then, the world has changed a lot in twenty years. ● ● ●

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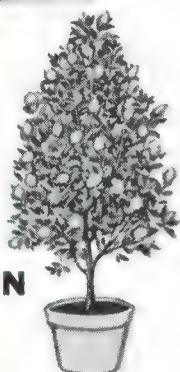


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anything other than water for drinking.

The sight of the kitchen depressed her even more than that of the living room. The larder and the little paraffin refrigerator had been ransacked. Everywhere there were ants, attracted by the spilt sugar. She salvaged what she could: some sugar, tea, salt, flour, potatoes and a bottle of lime juice.

It was better than she had bargained for. In the lean-to shed at the back, she found paraffin, set both stove and refrigerator going and put the kettle on to boil. She looked into Ingham's room and saw him lying on his back, his eyes closed. For a moment, she thought he was dead; then she saw the faint rise and fall of the gaunt rib cage and sighed her relief.

There was a smaller room next door to his that she took as her own. She felt that she had to rid herself of the heavy, waterlogged habit before she could get down to work. In a cupboard, she found a khaki shirt and a threadbare towel. Struggling free of the voluminous white robes, she looked at herself in the fly-blown mirror. Back home, her soft, fair hair had had a natural wave in it, but now it was lank and clung damply to her head. Her underwear was as serviceable and unromantic as an English schoolgirl's. She toweled herself dry without removing it and drew the khaki shirt over her head.

The tails came down to her knees and she rolled back the sleeves and tied a piece of string about her waist. Before leaving the room, she toyed with the idea of replacing the dark veil, but decided against it.

She went back into the kitchen and made the tea. Above the sink was a screened window that looked out over the papyrus toward the burnt mission, thirty miles away. It was still raining, and she looked down the narrow causeway that carried the road through the swamp. Her lips moved soundlessly. "O Lord, I beg of Thee, don't let them come."

She gulped a cup of hot, sweet, milkless tea and felt a little better. She had had nothing to eat or drink all day and soon it would be dark. Ingham opened his eyes when she came into his room.

"Drink," she said, and his teeth rattled against the rim of the enameled mug.

Her eyes strayed to the revolver lying on the table. It had the name "Smith & Wesson" engraved on the barrel.

The smell of the room sickened her. She had always shrunk from sickness in any form. Her one fear, during the last few years, had been that her mother would take to her bed with some lingering illness and that she would be compelled to nurse her. Now, here was this stranger to be nursed, this gaunt, once-powerful man dying of blackwater in a Nile swamp.

She went back into the kitchen and tidied it up as well as she could. I was never very domesticated, she was thinking. Mother, in spite of all her vagueness, did all the housework.

Ineptly, she peeled some potatoes and put them on to boil. The peel she threw outside, and only when she heard the goats bleating for it did she remember the possibility of milk.

The goats were shy, but she managed to capture one of the females and tie it to a post near the kitchen door. At the end of half an hour, she had a scant cupful of milk in the plastic bowl.

She put a hand to her brow and leaned forward, straining to look at the causeway. In a few minutes, it would be dark, yet she hesitated to light the lamps. They would shine like a beacon from the hillock, a guide to those who might be seeking her.

Finally she compromised by lighting two of the hurricane lamps instead of the paraffin vapor. One of the lamps she took into Ingham's room, turning the flame low.

All my life, she was thinking, I've side-stepped responsibility, hesitated to accept too heavy a burden. Now I've got this man's life on my hands. If he were dead, I could hide in the papyrus, keep myself alive somehow until the steamer comes. . . .

If he were dead. . . . Horrified at herself, she put the thought out of her mind. If there were a pattern to the tide of events, then she had been sent here for a purpose, and that purpose was to save this young man's life. She had always been nervous of men. She bit her lips, knowing that she would have to bathe him and change his sheets and make him comfortable.

He was now as helpless as a baby and she was mortified by his relapse; it was almost as if she had willed it. Blackwater, she knew, came from the breaking down of the blood cells in the wake of malaria. Aspirin might help to reduce his temperature, but quinine and other anti-malarial drugs were to be avoided. Fluids were what he needed most of all—fluids and some easily assimilated nourishment.

There were only the potatoes. She mashed them with salt and a little milk but couldn't get him to eat. The rest of the milk she poured into his tea. Then she gave him some aspirin, mixed a jug of lime juice and sank down into the chair beside his bed.

When at last she closed her eyes, she could still see his bearded face—that and the revolver shining in the lamplight.

Exhausted, she slept, and it was his voice that awakened her. He was raving and she tried to cool his brow with a damp towel, but he thrashed his arms, beating her off. She could only listen to him in his delirium and grow more and more horrified at the things he had to say.

He had, she gathered, been to an English public school, for there was still a refinement in his voice, despite the coarseness of his expressions. All his adult life he had been a rolling stone: deck officer, policeman in Kenya during the Emergency, prospector, crocodile hunter and now a buyer of native-grown cotton.

At one stage during the night, he was back in Port Said calling in a loud voice for beer. Then he was applauding the dancers, calling them by name, complimenting them upon their charms.

She put her hands over her ears. So this was the way men behaved!

In the morning, when she awoke, she thought he was dead. He was no longer sweating. Fearfully, she stretched out a hand and touched his brow. It was burning hot. She crushed aspirin into a glass of water and managed to get him to drink.

She milked the goats, a little more expertly this time, and kept him alive with sweet, milky tea. All day, he lay on his back, so still she often thought he was dead. From time to time, she went to the mesh window and looked out, but the road was empty.

What's keeping them? she kept asking herself. Why don't they come? And then the prayer: *Don't let them come, I beg of Thee, O Lord.*

She boiled more potatoes and made a tough, tasteless pancake out of the flour. There was no end to the chores. That night—Wednesday—he was delirious again, gabbling bits of poetry, cursing the Mau Mau, auctioning a barmaid in Hong Kong.

His ravings, which had at first shocked her, now merely saddened her and somehow drew her closer to him. She looked upon them as an involuntary confession, a cleansing of the soul. Once, she found herself kneeling by his bedside, praying that he might live.

In the morning, there were beads of sweat on his brow and his breathing was a little stronger. He tried to eat some of the potato, but couldn't.

While tidying the kitchen, she came across the fishing tackle. Excitedly, she prepared half a dozen lines, mixed dough for bait and threw the lines into the river from the pier.

Toward evening, she caught her first fish; it was almost black, with hideous-looking fleshy whiskers hanging from its mouth. She took an axe and, shutting her eyes, chopped off its head; then she cleaned it and poached it in the frying pan with some milk.

"Mr. Ingham," she announced brightly, seeing his dark eyes upon her, "I've brought you some nice fish."

"Mr. Ingham," he repeated, mocking her. "Mister Ingham. . . . For crying out loud, can't you ever talk like a real woman?"

Instead of wounding her, his irritation had the opposite effect. "You're feeling better." She smiled. "Oh, I'm so glad."

He closed his eyes.



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"Please eat," she begged. "It will build up your strength."

The irony of it! She was not to know, at that stage, how terrifying his febrile strength could be.

He managed to eat most of the fish, but the effort exhausted him. She bathed his face and put a fresh, cold cloth from the refrigerator across his forehead.

"Tomorrow, the steamer will be here," she whispered, "and you'll be all right."

She stood at the sink, washing up, her eyes on the causeway cutting through the swamp. In a few minutes it would be dark. Suddenly she paused; her slight body stiffened; fear prickled her scalp.

At the far end of the causeway, there was movement. She strained her eyes, but the brief twilight faded. All she had seen was something dark moving against the papyrus. It could have been a reed buck, wart hogs, perhaps—or men?

She closed her eyes, remembering the night the mission had been attacked, seeing the White Fathers who had been so good to her being hacked to death.

As she turned away from the window, it started to rain.

Ingham was asleep when she returned to his room. She bent over him, seeing the sheet twisted across his loins, the belly caving away from the rib cage, the strangely gentle expression on his bearded face.

Her eyes strayed to the revolver. She picked it up, testing its deadly weight.

Knowing that such precautions were useless, she went through the bungalow, bolting all the doors; then she lit one of the hurricane lamps, turned it down low and sank wearily into the chair by his bed.

She thought of the emptiness of her own life and the fullness of the last few days. She had always been too shy, too uncertain of herself, to face life; even her work in Africa had been a kind of running away. Now, in the shadow of death, she had proved her usefulness. It was a pity it had all happened so late.

Meanwhile, Ingham was growing restless, drifting once more into delirium. She sponged his brow and tried to give him some lime juice. In the light of the lamp, his eyes were bright with fever again.

"You like poetry, Sister, don't you?"

"Very much. But you must try to sleep."

He swung his legs out of bed and sat up, glaring at her. "Donne wrote this. He was a dean of St. Paul's. Is that holy enough for you?"

She put a hand on his shoulder. "You mustn't excite yourself, Mr. Ingham."

"Listen to this," he said, knocking her hand away. "It's one of my favorites:

"Thy virgin's girdle now untie. . . ."

He snatched at the knotted string about her waist and the shirt she was wearing hung loose. Terrified, she backed away from him, but he lurched to his feet and caught her by the wrist.

"And on thy nuptial bed—love's altar—lie. . . ."

"No!" she shrieked. "No!"

The sweat stood out on his brow; his dark eyes burned. His fingers were like steel about her wrist and, with a sudden jerk, he flung her onto his bed.

She cowered there while he loomed over

her. The pistol was on the table and her fingers closed over the butt of it.

"Get back!" She was desperate. Her finger trembled on the trigger.

He took a step back, swaying slightly—a tall, bearded man, gaunt, fever-stricken, yellow as a quince.

She had told him, she remembered, that she would never fire at the Bari whose children she had come out to Africa to teach. How, then, could she fire upon this man whose control had left him?

He seemed to read her thoughts.

"You'd shoot?" he whispered incredulously, and she saw a glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

Slowly, she shook her head. He swayed toward her and she caught him in her arms, supporting his spent body. For a moment, he nestled against her; then she lowered him onto the bed. A few minutes later, he was asleep.

The rain beat down in a protective curtain, for which she humbly gave thanks. Presently she, too, slept.

She awoke to the silence. It was daybreak and the rain had stopped. There was only the drip-drip-drip of water from the eaves. Ingham was sleeping. She touched his brow; the fever had gone.

Taking care not to awaken him, she crept into the kitchen. The goats lay in a semicircle at the back door—their throats cut, their bodies horribly mutilated.

A noise behind her made her spin around.

Ingham was standing there, the revolver in his hand.

"So they've come," he said quietly. "Keep away from the windows, Sister. It's my turn to handle things."

He staggered and clutched at the table for support.

"You're sick." She moved toward him.

"I'm alive, and I've got you to thank for it. Now go into the front room and keep watch. Call me if you see anything."

He dragged a chair to the window and sat with his eyes just above the level of the sill, looking out.

Water no longer dripped from the eaves.

The sun rose hotly above the green sea of papyrus.

Is this, she asked herself, how it is all going to end? She thought of Ingham. For a moment last night, after that terrifying spell of violence had left him, she had cradled his head against her breast. Something had stirred within her; she had yearned to stretch out beside him and hold him in her arms.

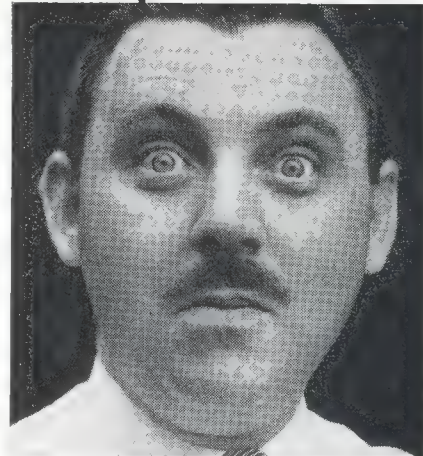
She felt a small glow of triumph. She had fed him and bathed him and brought him back to life. In doing so, she had come nearer to him than to any other human being. She felt that she knew him for what he was: someone who had knocked about the world in his wild youth, drinking in all experience; and yet . . . and yet . . .

More than his mere vices had been revealed in his delirium. Somehow, there had been nothing mean or ignoble about him. He had been sensitive to the voices of the poets, and had tried to hide a gentleness under harsh cynicism.

Suddenly, behind her, the revolver cracked twice in quick succession.

She ran through into the kitchen. Ingham was on his knees next to the window, his head bent, his body supported by his arms.

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"Are you all right?" she asked softly.

She dropped down beside him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Keep down," he whispered. He dragged himself back onto his chair, resting the barrel of the revolver on the window sill. "One of them tried to dash across to the shelter of the wall."

She could see the man spread-eagled on the grass, a spear still in his outstretched hand, a rosary about his pagan waist.

Momentarily, she closed her eyes.

"The paddle steamer's in sight," she said.

His eyes widened. "Is it Friday? Thank God for that! Now back to your post, my girl. We're going to be all right."

He fired three times more in the course of the morning—and then the great paddle steamer was turning around in the wide river, edging upstream to the landing stage.

Ingham came and stood behind her as she watched from the window.

"Time to get back into your robes, Sister," he said, with a touch of his old harshness.

Slowly she turned to face him, but he drew away from her, his eyes veiled.

"Don't forget your vows, Sister. If you forget them, how can I be expected to remember?"

She swallowed the lump in her throat.

"The robes weren't mine. The mission fathers told me to wear them if there was an attack. They said if I were dressed as a nun, no harm would befall me."

His face lit up. "You mean . . . you're just an ordinary schoolteacher?"

She nodded.

He said slowly, wonderingly, "You walked into my life when I was dying. I don't want you ever to go away from me." ● ● ●

what dish, but also what vineyard it should come from; what kind of glass to put it in; what precise temperature the wine should be, and how to sip and swallow it.

In New York City now, there are a number of classes being conducted by "wine experts" who teach people with more money and more leisure time than is good for anyone how to be wine snobs.

For a course of five to ten "lessons," costing from \$50 to \$100, hundreds of gullible men and women who have fallen for the phony baloney these "experts" have been dishing out, learn how to have a conversation with a waiter or "sommelier" (as the man with the wine card and the big key hanging from a chain on his neck is called in over-priced French restaurants), in order to impress their companions with their sophistication.

They learn how to wave a glass to make the wine swirl and release its "bouquet" (if you say "smell," or even "aroma," you are obviously a yokel who probably wears brown shoes after the sun has set). They learn how to sniff suspiciously and how to take a dainty sip and suck it loudly into the back of the throat to get "the first taste and then the aftertaste," a revolting performance akin to a gargle, which a well-brought-up Hottentot would regard as bad manners.

When you learn how to say, with great condescension, "This is a pleasant, unassuming little wine" or "This wine is quite amusingly pretentious, but, on the whole, not at all unpalatable," you have passed the course. But, if you can spit into your napkin the first mouthful which the waiter or wine steward pours for you as the host, get red in the face and shout, "This wine is corky!" and attract the attention of everyone in the restaurant and make the waiter slink back into the cellar for another bottle, then you are a Master Wino, indeed.

All this pretentiousness would be amusing if it were not for the fact that a self-confessed "wine expert" is probably the greatest bore in Christendom. But much more offensive is that wine snobs tend to frighten most people away from the enjoyment of wine, one of the great joys of life, because they have surrounded it with as many mysteries as the Quantum Theory.

And the greatest sin committed by the wine snobs is their downgrading, with great scorn, of domestic American wines. It is a belief which they have nourished for so many years, and so shrilly, that most Americans really believe that any French wine—or any wine from Europe—is so superior to any American wine that the domestic varieties are fit only for use in cookery.

The truth is that many California wines are not only equal to the best of the French products, but are often far superior.

The wines of California, notably the Cabernet Sauvignon and Zinfandel, which are claret types, and the burgundies, like the Pinot Noir and Gamay Beaujolais; the white wines of the sauterne types, like Semillon and Sauvignon Blanc; the white burgundies, like Pinot Blanc and Chardonnay, and the Rhine wine types like the Riesling, Traminer and Sylvaner, are all grown from vines brought from Europe.

"A great year!" a wine snob will say with awe on beholding a vintage European wine. But what he will never acknowledge is that a good year for European wine is controlled by the amount of sun and the quantity of rainfall the grapes received.

This is never a factor in the production of California wines, where the vineyards receive the necessary amounts of both sunlight and water every year, year in and year out, making for quality that doesn't vary.

After decades of listening to and reading the blather put out by American wine snobs who have always rapped the domestic varieties while genuflecting toward Europe, the Wine Institute of California decided to put them to the test. Over a period of two years, the Institute people held "tastings" all over the country in which writers who specialize in writing about wine, food editors of newspapers and magazines, and members of wine and food societies participated.

"Tastings" are held all the time by wine importers and by distributors of the domestic products, to which these people are invited. (If you want to have a "tasting," all you have to do is get twenty or thirty buddies to go along with you in organizing a "wine and food society," print up some stationery with a fancy name like "Les Amis de Paschudnyak," and you can con your local wine distributor into providing enough vino for the whole crowd, and impress the finest restaurant or hotel in town sufficiently to provide a splendid dinner to go with it, all cuffo—except tips.)

But this "tasting" held by the Wine Institute was different. None of the bottles had a label on it, so none of the "experts" knew whether they were drinking a "vintage" French wine or the product of a home-grown grape.

Right! The "experts" at this "blind tasting" voted, by an impressive majority, that they preferred the California wines over the European.

Their faces were red, but they managed to hide this embarrassment from the public they'd been hocus-focusing for so many years by the simple expedient of not writing about the tests or their participation in them. And the wine fakery still goes on.

In recent years, the American vintners have attempted to combat the "wine experts" by trying to dispel the nonsensical mysteries with which they have surrounded what should be a simple pleasure. But they've done it gently and feebly, for the wine snobs dominate the field and they've convinced the wine producers that they are all-powerful.

The vintners will say that you don't have to have an encyclopedic knowledge of wines and be able to tell blindfolded which year a wine was bottled and at what vineyard (which the Wine Institute proved the snobs couldn't do), but that "only good taste" should be the guide. Great!

But then they say that "good taste" means an acknowledgement that "certain combinations of wines and foods taste best," as, they point out, "bacon goes with eggs, so there are affinities between certain foods and wines."

I say this is a crock of nonsense. I like bacon and eggs just fine. But I also like

steak and eggs, and sautéed chicken livers with eggs, and a whole lot of other things with eggs. And anybody here want to tell me I'm a slob?

These so-called "affinities" between wines and foods, it is always said, "require" you to have red wine with red meat, cheese or spaghetti dishes; white wine with white meats like chicken, fish, seafood and egg dishes. Red wines "must" be served at room temperature; white wines "must" be chilled.

These are the "rules" which have been propagated for many years by the wine snobs, and the American wine producers go along with them and then wonder why the consumption of wine by Americans, though it increases slowly year by year, will never catch up with the French, Italian and other European and South American guzzling.

But suppose you have tried red wines and the rosés, which are in between the red and the white, and you are crazy about red wine and don't care much for the white wines or rosés? And suppose you like to drink red wine with fish, rare steak or an omelet? Does that make you a slob?

I say no. Taste is an individual judgment. Anybody who attempts to set down rules regarding taste is trying to build himself up and put down everyone who doesn't agree with him.

One day last summer, I attended a lunch at a fancy and over-expensive restaurant in New York. It was given by some wine people and I happened to be sitting next to the head of a great and famous French wine-producing family. Four different wines were served, and there was a glass of a different shape and size for each one. The French vintner watched in fascination as I turned down all of the glasses except the tumbler before me, refused the champagne offered with the first course, which was Nova Scotia salmon, and drank red wine, on ice, mixed with soda not only with that course, but with all the others as well—which included a lobster dish.

The Frenchman leaned toward me and whispered, "Do you always drink red wine, with ice and soda, with any kind of food?"

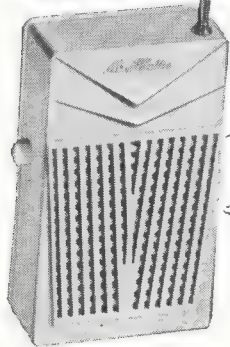
I told him I preferred a good red wine over any other, and that in the summer I liked it cold and diluted.

He leaned even closer to me. "I too, prefer a red wine, and in the summer I like it with soda and ice, also." He sighed. "But I cannot, in my position," he said sadly, "have it that way, except in the privacy of my home."

A final note: Should you become a wine buff or just a plain wine enthusiast, how about taking your vacation next summer in California on a wine tour? There are over 250 wineries in this state and most of them welcome visitors. They have regular visiting hours when the wineries are open to the public. Besides driving through the most beautiful country in the world, you can see wine being made, enjoy free tasting and sampling and an opportunity to start your own wine cellar at factory prices. Here's mud in your eye!

For more information on Wine Tours of California write: Wine Institute, 717 Market Street, San Francisco.

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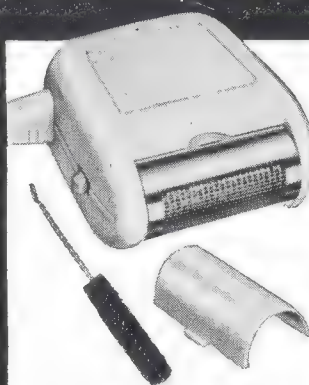
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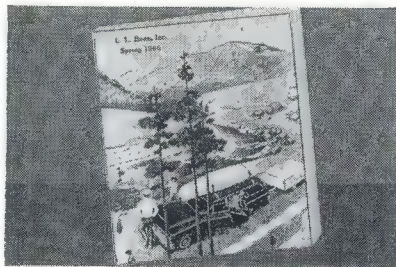
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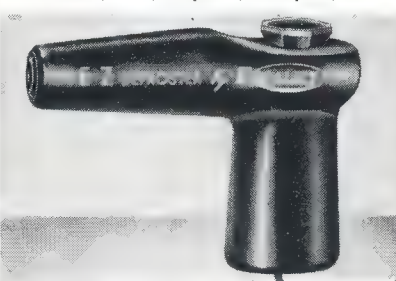
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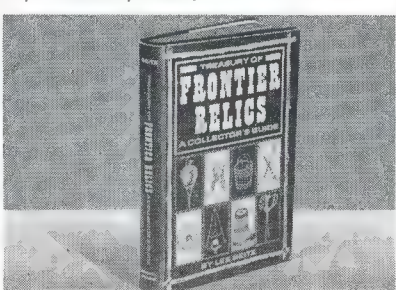
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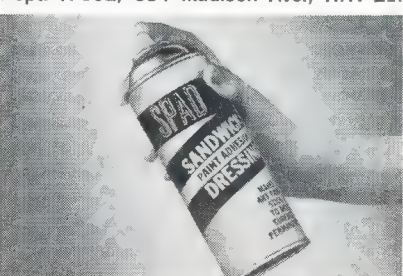
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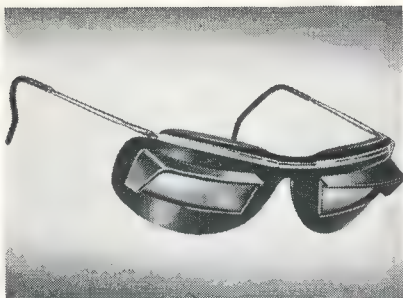
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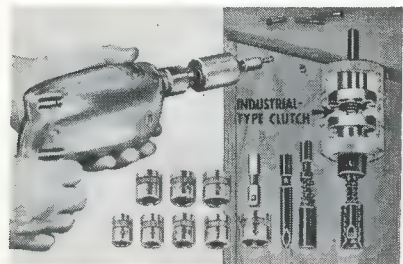
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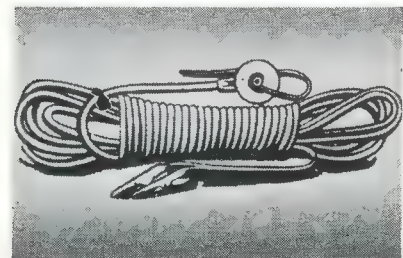
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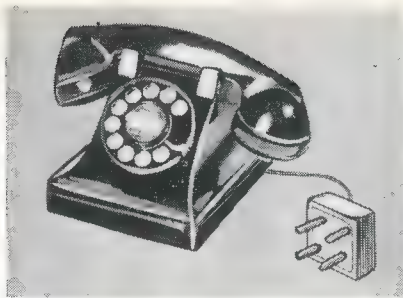
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for the finest cigar smoking at lower costs! And, every 3 months the Club gives free gift dividends, too!

How The JS Cigar Club Works

Select the cigar you want from our catalogue of over 46 quality brands in different shapes, sizes and leafs. Prices range from \$3.75 to over \$10.00 per box of 50. YOU SAVE UP TO 40% OVER COMPETITIVE BRANDS OF THE SAME HIGH QUALITY! Cigars are shipped each month on the date you select, and billing occurs after you receive your cigars. Any time you want, change your selection. This is one of the most valuable memberships any cigar smoker can have. So, let's get acquainted. Send for your box of Pershing Square Palmas today!

John Surrey Cigar Club

1152 Sixth Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10036 C175

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Address.....

City..... State..... Zip #.....

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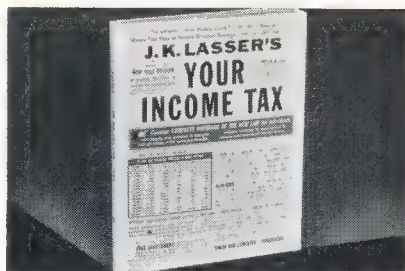


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not be made to
discharge. Small
quantity. Made
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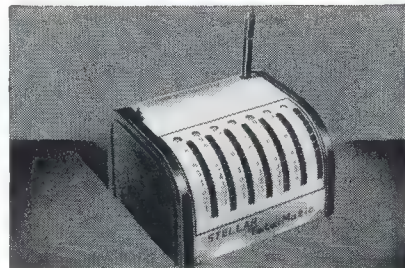
CADMUS INDUSTRIES Dept. 10, 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood 28, Calif.



TAX TIME is just around the corner, and the new 1965 edition of J. K. Lasser's "Your Income Tax" will show you how to secure greatest savings from the new tax law. It's guaranteed to save you time, trouble and taxes. And don't forget, the \$1.95 ppd. price is tax deductible! Martin Sales, Dept. AR, Box 730, Skokie, Ill.



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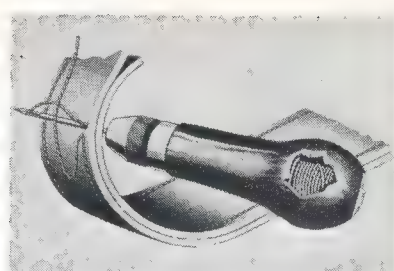
Pat. No.
2606551

Right or Left
Side \$4.95

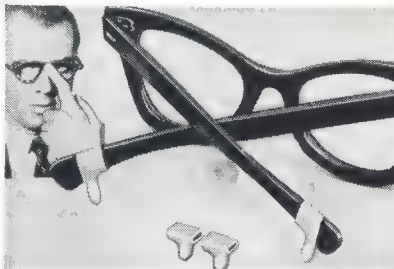
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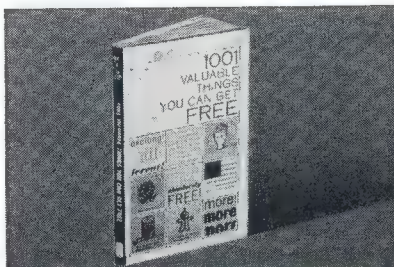
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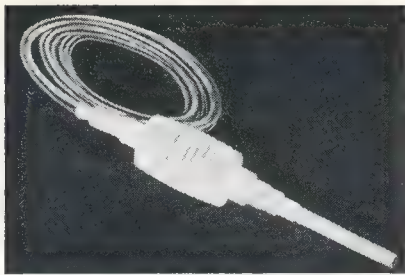
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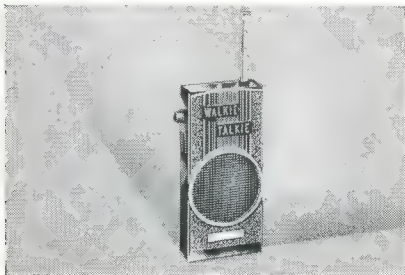
LURE FISH BY SMELL—Getzem is fortified with hormone attractant, concentrated food odors fish love. One tube catches dozens of fish. Legal in every state. Specify trout, cat, carp, other fresh water, salmon, other salt water. Tube, \$1.25 ppd.; 3 for \$2.95. Norkin Laboratories, Dept. AG-26N, 809 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.



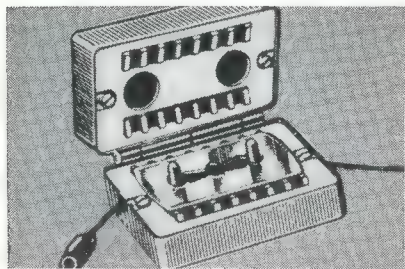
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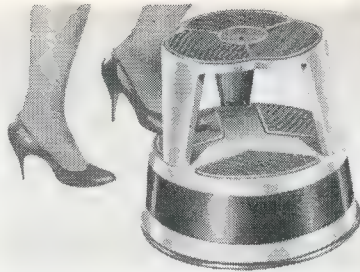
TRANSISTORIZED WALKIE-TALKIE—Antenna telescopes up to 35½" for range up to a mile. Press button to speak, release to listen. A \$15.95 value, now only \$9.95 each, including battery and carrying case; \$19.95 for a pair. Add 50¢ each for postage and handling. Vanguard Discount Sales, Dept. E-141, 605 Third Ave., N.Y. 16.



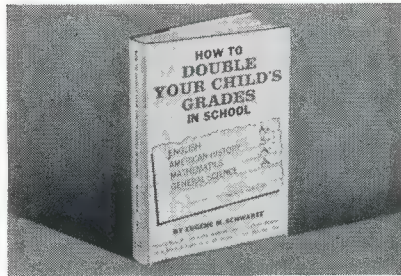
"SHARPIE" guarantees 100 shaves from every blade. Makes old blades sharper than new in seconds. Insert old blade in Sharpie, pull cord once or twice and 32 honing surfaces instantly convert blade with rotary action to surgical sharpness. 10-year guarantee. \$2.49 plus 26¢ shipping. A. J. Sales, Dept. AR-2, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.



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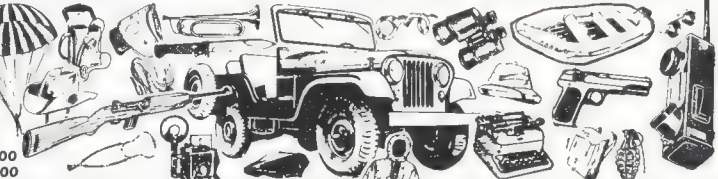
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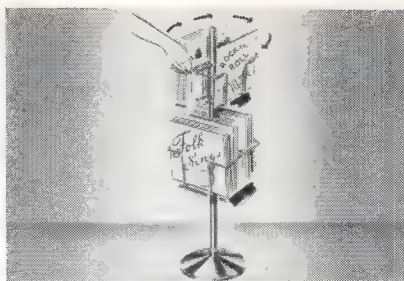
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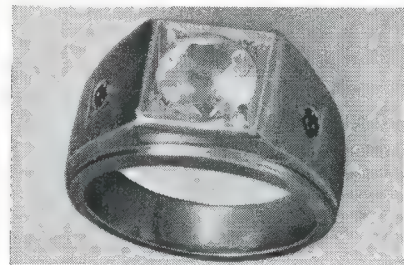
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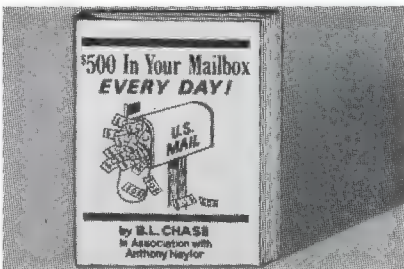


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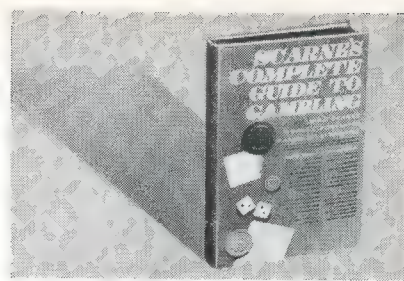
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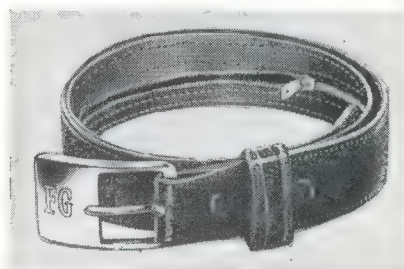
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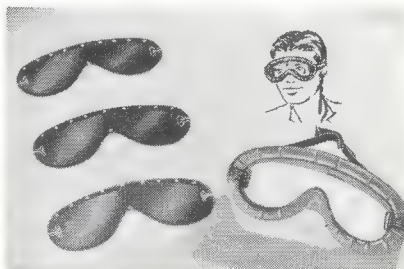
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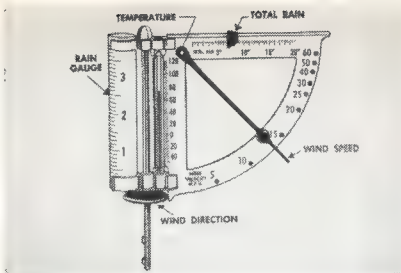
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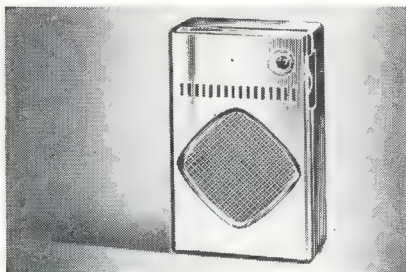
MONOGRAMMED MONEY BELT has a large, zippered secret compartment to keep your cash and other valuables safe. This handsome top-grain cowhide belt comes complete with buckle monogrammed with your initials. Specify choice of black or brown. Sizes 28-46. \$2.98. Bramar Co., Dept. AR, P.O. Box 102, Main St., Sta., Yonkers, N.Y.



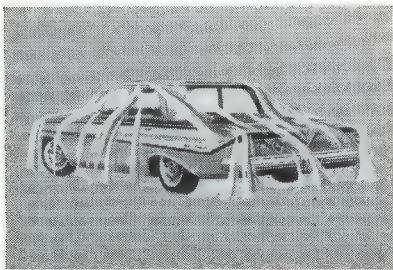
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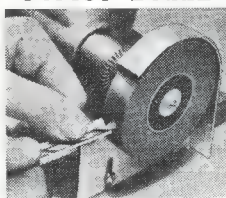
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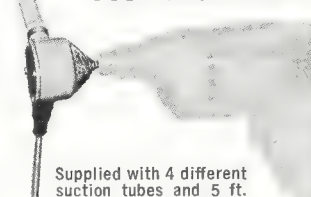
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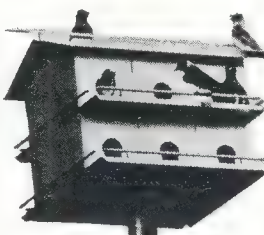
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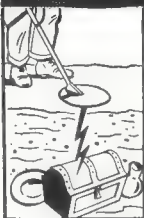
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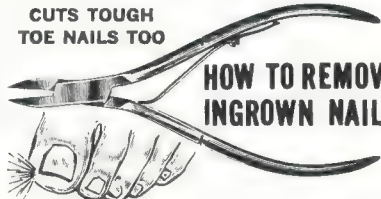
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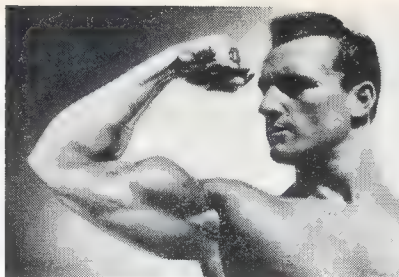
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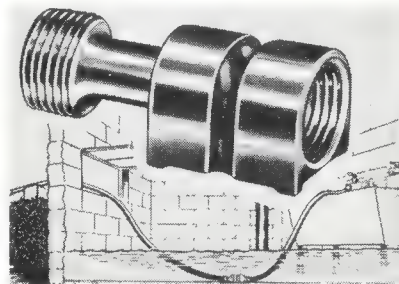
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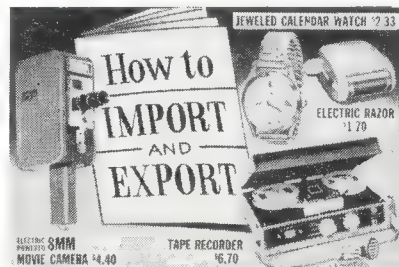
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THE PLANS HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM A THIEF-PROOF VAULT. WHERE WERE THEY? WHO HAD TAKEN THEM? COULD THEY BE RECOVERED BEFORE THE WORLD WENT UP IN SMOKE?

BY NEIL MacNEIL

Anthony Costaine turned the rented Jaguar XKE into the darkened driveway that ran out like a licking tongue between ornamental cut-stone gateposts. This opening was the only break in the seven-foot-high concrete-block wall, past which he had been driving for several minutes. Five strands of wicked barbed wire topped the fence.

The fence narrowed to a closed iron-grill gate, fifty feet in from the highway. Overhead stretched a blazing yellow neon sign: AERO PRODUCTS SPACE AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORY. Just beyond the iron gate squatted a concrete-block guardhouse.

Norbert McCall, at Costaine's side, read the sign and grunted tolerantly. "They kind of take in the world, don't they, Dad?"

Costaine chuckled. His smooth, handsome, slightly Latin face reminded people pleasantly of the devil. "Diversification, son. In these days, with the moon and stars up for grabs, folks can't afford to miss a bet."

Four men in khaki uniforms unlocked the gate and came forward. One cradled a submachine gun. The other three wore forty-fives in open holsters. "Out."

Costaine complied with a slow grace. "I am Anthony Costaine. This is Norbert McCall. We are here at the request of General Kilraine."

"Plant's closed for the night." The machine-gun man came forward, bringing the muzzle temptingly close to Costaine's flat stomach. "Turn around."

Costaine turned and felt the guard's fingers pry over him and extract his wallet and his gun.

McCall, all six feet five and three-quarter inches of him, emerged from his side of the car, uncoiling upward like a cobra from a basket, all lithe, well-oiled sinew.

He grinned, a pleased, childish smile that was surprising on his craggy Highland face and incongruous with his red-blond hugeness. Put a kilt on McCall, sling a bagpipe across his shoulder and you'd see a direct throw-back to those remote Scottish ancestors who gave the Romans, Danes and Eng-

lish trouble for two thousand years.

The guard opened Costaine's wallet. Costaine watched unconcerned. There was nothing in the wallet to indicate that he and his partner, McCall, were business detectives specializing in the investigation of industrial complexes. Instead, there was an assortment of cards from the personnel of research and development laboratories, components manufacturers, aircraft and electronic companies across the nation, plus a packet of three or four engraved cards bearing Costaine's name and the alphabet-soup legend, APSADL, followed by Winston, Kansas.

The guard hesitated. A sleek Thunderbird swung in from the highway and screeched to a stop just short of the Jag's rear bumper. A redheaded girl leaned around the wheel.

"What's up, Krouse?"

"A couple of guys trying to bust in to see your father. I think they're reporters, Miss Kilraine."

Costaine smiled. "General Kilraine's daughter? I'm Anthony Costaine. Your father's expecting us."

She looked at him steadily, her green eyes widening appreciatively. "They're not reporters, Krouse, they're from the Kansas office." She smiled at Costaine. "When Krouse opens the gate, you pull aside and let me by. I'll lead you up to the house."

"My gun," said Costaine to Krouse.

"Regulations say nobody goes armed without a written permit from Burns."

Costaine played it straight. "Burns?"

"Lloyd Burns, the security chief," the girl said. "Go get your car off the track."

Costaine put the car through the narrow gate and pulled aside, letting the T-Bird pass, then dropping in behind to follow it up a gracefully curving road.

"Feels more like a concentration camp than a lab," McCall observed.

The concrete-block compound occupied a square mile of rolling green hill land north of the Ventura Freeway, halfway between Los Angeles and Ventura. The wall was studded at regular intervals with manned towers topped

with searchlights. The main laboratory cluster and proving grounds were isolated in a puddle of bare, brightly lighted concrete. Houses for a thousand employees, a school, a shopping center, a community cultural center and a country club with an eighteen-hole golf course lay around that. Under the street lamps, the small world lay naked in a cold, green glow.

Costaine followed his guide past the two-story stone-wormwood-glass clubhouse in its tropical landscaping, around the sycamore and eucalyptus planted fairways.

He commented at last. "Pretty well-kept for a concentration camp."

"What are we in for, anyway?"

"Thirty-five thousand dollars."

McCall grunted. He loved money almost more than women and whiskey.

The T-Bird winked its brake lights and turned into a long driveway that led to a large house nestled on a hill.

General Andrew Kilraine was one of the new breed of army officers that had developed since World War II, more familiar with science than with old-style military tactics. He had retired from the research branch of the Air Force three years earlier to take the top position with Aero Products Space and Development Laboratory. APSADL was a subsidiary of Gannett Aircraft, set up to initiate space programs for the parent corporation.

He was a medium-sized man with close-cropped, prematurely gray hair, a bulldog jaw and quick, commanding speech.

Costaine sat loosely in the leather chair beside the sleek maple desk, McCall on the couch.

"Gannett says you've got a problem you want us to handle," Costaine said. "What is it?"

"We're in a hell of a mess," Kilraine admitted frankly. "We have been working on a revolutionary weapon, one that controls the cosmic ray." He paused, looking skeptically at Costaine. "You do know what cosmic rays are?"

"You'd better tell us," said Costaine.

"They are rays of extremely high penetrating power, produced beyond

the earth's atmosphere by transmutation of atoms which takes place constantly in interstellar space. These rays bombard the earth and are responsible for some of the ionization of the earth's atmosphere. If they were concentrated and directed against a specific object, they would ionize it and destroy it.

"We had succeeded in producing these rays artificially and had evolved a method of projecting them against anything we wished to pinpoint and destroy. The projector was light enough to be carried in an airplane." He paused. "The plans for the projector are gone."

Costaine nodded. "Who else have you told?"

"Only my immediate associates and Mathew Gannett. He ordered me to do nothing until you arrived."

Mathew Gannett was one of the deans of American aviation. A flyer with Arnold, Doolittle and Mitchell, he had built one of the great post-war companies of the industry. He was well into his seventies, yet he still ruled the operation, unchallenged as chairman of the board and chief executive officer.

"I trust Kilraine," he had told Costaine and McCall in Kansas, "but he doesn't realize he's no longer in the Army. When trouble comes, he wants to pick up the phone and dump it in the lap of the Air Inspector General."

"What's the trouble?" Costaine had asked.

"Plenty. I've got the cosmic ray machine. It will destroy anything it hits—steel, concrete, whatever. And as a weapon, it surpasses all bombs in that it doesn't contaminate the air."

"Doc Ivan Moss worked all that out. I had it in my hand. But he was the only one who knew all the intricacies, and two months ago he died of a heart attack."

"He must have left specifications?"

"Drawings, notes, everything we needed. And what happened? The whole works has disappeared from the laboratory. I want you to find it."

"It's probably in Russia by now."

"It's right inside that compound. I've got more security out there than ten Iron Curtains. Nothing can leave that's not supposed to leave. Every top-classified document we have is put on a special paper. Even the scientists' note pads are impregnated."

"The paper was invented by Moss. It's saturated with something and, if it is taken through the infra-red ray beamed across the gate, it rings bells in the blockhouse. I tried it out myself. I took a scrap of paper, put it in my inside pocket and drove out the gate. It sounded like a four-alarm fire."

"Couldn't a package be thrown or shot over the wall?"

"There's a watchtower every quarter of a mile. Each of them throws an infra-red screen up above the wall. Any paper that went over would make all hell break loose in the nearest tower. Somebody inside has that file, but it's well hidden. Burns has turned the place inside out with his snooper ray

and hasn't come up with a whisper."

Now in Kilraine's study, McCall asked Kilraine, "Who had access to those plans?"

"A lot of people saw portions of them, of course, but only six people, including myself, ever saw the whole file or had access to the vault."

"Can't some of your other scientists duplicate the research?"

"We're trying. But Moss was so secretive. Doctor Riker worked closely with him. In fact, Riker was his protégé, but even Riker didn't know how he put the projector together."

"Riker is pretty good on his own?"

"A real genius. If anyone makes the breakthrough, it will be Hank."

"So you and Riker have access to the vault. Who else has?"

"My secretary, Sally Frost; she's been with me twelve years. She's the one who makes this place run. Then, Able Pratt, head of Research and Development; Bernard Holmes, my administrative assistant; and Gordon Dougal, head of Computer Programming."

"You have absolute confidence in every one of them?"

"If I hadn't, they wouldn't be here."

"But the plans are gone. Who could have got them?"

CHAPTER TWO

THE APSADL Country Club rambled around over the brow of another low, poisonously green hill, surrounded by fairways. Diana Kilraine's T-Bird swooped decorously into the paved parking area and stopped as Costaine's Jag swerved in beside her. Costaine came around to open her door.

While the men had talked with her father, the girl had changed into a green A-shaped dress that set off the warmth of her red hair and heightened the green of her eyes. Costaine gave her his hand and helped her out.

The lobby of the clubhouse was paved in green-gray flagstone. From it, one could look through various doors, into an assembly room, into a lounge and bar, into a coffee shop. Beyond a glass wall, the two arms of the building embraced a canopied patio and a pool glittering in the moonlight. Across the pool stood a small golf shop, and further out, the first tee of the course.

At the reception desk, a clerk came from behind the mailboxes. "Evening, Miss Kilraine."

She said, "Hi, Carl. Mr. Costaine and Mr. McCall are here from the home office. Father told Ilse Marlin to hold rooms for them."

The clerk was young, slight, dressed in a black cashmere of extreme Italian cut. His very black hair was curled forward in a kind of cross-ruff reminiscent of the Beatles. He smiled and laid two keys on the counter. "Rooms One and Two B in the north wing, gentlemen. I'll have the luggage and car taken care of right away."

The bar of the club was large, well-filled, and heavily hung with cigarette smoke. A pianist played and sang.

They found a small table against the wide window that looked out onto the patio, and as they settled themselves,

the girl gave a quick, smothered cry of pleasure. "Oh, good!"

A man had got up from a corner seat and was moving toward the piano. He was small, not over five-two, with crisply curling brown hair. He carried a guitar by its neck like a rag doll.

"Boy friend?" asked Costaine.

The girl's eyes were shining. "That's Dr. Riker. Hank." Her tone warmed. "He's never had time to learn about girls. He's a genius. He graduated from MIT at seventeen and took his doctor's degree before he was twenty."

McCall watched Riker as he would a bug making its way across the floor. "What's he doing with the guitar?"

"He plays it. And he sings songs he writes himself. If he wasn't one of the world's authorities on solid rocket fuels, he could be a famous folk singer."

Riker climbed to a high stool beside the piano, gave the pianist a quick, engaging grin and said something in rapid, staccato speech. The man nodded and stopped playing. Riker crossed his knees, swung up the guitar, and his long fingers brought it to instant robust life.

His voice was the biggest thing about him; it went hammering across the room.

I was the one, the one, the one,
I was the son of a son of a gun,
I was the sorely chosen one,
Wot done my old grandmother in.

There was another drum and ban-shee roll as the singer caught his breath, and then the torrent of tortured words continued.

I was the one wot risked my skin,
Knowin' they'd say 'twas a work of sin.
It wasn't mine, it warn't my sin,
Wot done my old grandmother in.

She was the one was rollin' round,
Rollin', hollerin' round on the ground,
Rollin' there in the sun on the ground,
Was my old grandmother.

Rollin', howlin' there in the sun,
Tearin' her hair and yellin',
"Son,
This is hell and it's just begun"
Oh, do your old grandmother in.

Witch's spell was a-workin' strong,
Pain to wrack her all day long.
Gave her the cup—it wasn't wrong
To do my old grandmother in.

Made her a bed in mossy shade,
On her the hemlock branches laid.
Witch slew witch in the devil's glade,
But—I done my old grandmother in.

The room was held in a clammy silence. The girl was in a trance. Cos-

taine felt an unholy presence in the dark corners behind the shroud of smoke.

"The kid's good." McCall's whisper was awed. "But what a way to get your kicks. Don't these big intellectuals dig a nice quiet love song?"

The singer slipped from the stool and came toward their table.

"I'm glad to hear the old-time narrative ballads come back," Costaine said to him. "These one-line repeaters are..."

Riker's quick smile was open. "I didn't intend it to be so long. It got itself started and I didn't know how to get out of it."

"You mean that was impromptu?"

Riker nodded. "I'm Hank Riker. You new here?"

"They're efficiency experts sent out from Winston," Diana explained.

McCall attracted the waiter and the man set a round of drinks on the table. Riker reached for one automatically and drained it as if not really conscious of what the glass contained. He turned, calling, "Good luck," over his shoulder and was gone before they actually realized that he had moved.

The girl frowned. "Ever since Moss's death, he's been like a spooked bird. He idolized the doctor."

Costaine turned. A gray-eyed blonde in a gold-sequined sheath had come in from the dining room. She paused, surveying the bar.

"Who might that be?" he asked.

Diana Kilraine laughed flatly. "Join the club, Mr. Costaine."

"Club?"

"The I-love-Ilse-Marlin club. Every male here belongs—with the exception of Henry Riker."

The woman moved among the tables, bestowing smiles, scraps of conversation, a light kiss on the tip of an ear, long fingers drawn across the cheek of a man sitting alone.

"Even your father?" Costaine wanted to know.

"Worst of the lot." Diana Kilraine's smile was forced.

"That's a scientist?" McCall breathed aloud.

Diana's lips twisted briefly. "She manages this club, organizes the dances, picks the films for the theater, produces our do-it-yourself plays, supervises the golf tournaments, oversees the stores and shops. She's the social arbiter of the whole place." Diana laughed self-consciously. "She's just too good at everything. How can you compete with that?"

"You'll do," Costaine whispered against her ear as he stood up to receive the approaching beauty.

Diana Kilraine gave him a startled look, then presented her guests. Ilse Marlin's face broke into life with a vivid friendliness, and changed to astonishment as McCall clattered to his feet.

"Hello, there." She settled gracefully into the chair he held for her. "So you're the two new VIPs sent out to spy on us."

Costaine smiled. "And I understand you're the hub that makes the wheels go around."

"I've been called several things in my life, but never a hub. Actually, I'm in charge of employee relations."

McCall leaned forward. "I'm an employee. I'm looking forward to those relations."

She glanced at him sidewise, a feline grace and suspicion in the movement of her head and the brief narrowing of her eyes, then she was at ease again. "We'll try to find something to entertain you both."

Diana Kilraine stood up. "I've got to go. Ilse, if you need help with the tea tomorrow, yell."

The woman nodded, smiling. "Thanks, Diana. I will."

Costaine was on his feet at once. "I'll see you home."

A porch lamp and a glow from the inside hall were the only lights showing in the Kilraine home as Diana turned the T-Bird into the driveway and pulled around to the parking ramp before the doors of the double garage. The doors lifted automatically, controlled by the electric eye. She eased the small car in beside a Chrysler Imperial. The doors slid down silently.

"It was silly of you to come," she said. "I'm not accustomed to such gallantry around here. Now you'll have a long walk back."

"It's a nice night for walking, and I like riding with pretty girls."

She beamed at him. "At least I can give you a drink."

"Won't we disturb your father?"

She laughed nervously. "He isn't here. That meeting at his office probably won't break up much before daylight. My father can function on two or three hours' sleep, and half the time he gets it on the couch in his office. The general, Mr. Costaine, is a dedicated man. He lives only for the laboratory."

"You don't sound happy about it," he said, following her into the house.

"Why should I be happy? Do you think it's fun living in a prison, where every move you make is watched by one of Lloyd Burns' bulldogs? I'd have more freedom at Tehachapi."

"Why do you stay here?"

She considered. "To be frank, because I'm lazy. I have no talent. I'm not a scientist. I have no training for anything, even a secretary's job. I think I was cut out to be a playgirl. But who's there to play with in this institution? Most of the men are already married. The ones that aren't spend the whole evening telling you how to program some fool experiment for a computer. Give me the old-fashioned jerk who likes football, prize fights and sex." She went in the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. "The liquor's in the cabinet in the dining room."

He found a bottle of scotch for her, bourbon for himself, and entered the kitchen. She had already produced glasses and filled them with ice. He poured the drinks and followed her to a sunken living room to the right of the general's study.

The whole south wall was glass, looking out over the green-lit grounds,

across the hills to where the river bed of the freeway wound, carrying even at this hour the jeweled flood of Southern California's outbound traffic.

She motioned him to a low couch and curled herself into a corner of it like a sleek cat. "Sit here so I can look at you."

He sat down. He could see her distinctly, except that the outline of her features was softened and a greenish pallor made her look bloodless and ill.

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

"What do you want to know?"

"How long have you worked for Mathew Gannett?"

Costaine said carefully, "Off and on for several years." That much was true. He and McCall had been employed by the airplane builder on previous jobs.

She was dissatisfied. "What are you doing here?"

"We're sent to study the operations and bring in recommendations."

"You're a liar." She said it calmly, dispassionately, but very convincingly. "I have seen enough efficiency experts in my time to know that you don't fit the pattern. They are dry men, more interested in figures on paper than figures on girls."

He laughed. "Does a good time-study man have to be sexless?"

"It's the only kind I've ever seen." She was silent; then she spoke abruptly, breathlessly, "What is my father afraid of?"

He started. "He's afraid?"

Anger boiled up in her. "Don't treat me like a child. He's scared to death. I know him too well to be fooled. It has to be something connected with the company, and you are here to do something about it. Are you going to fire him?"

"Do you know any reason why he should be fired? It would be a way for you to get out of your prison, at least."

Her voice strengthened with anger. "I know something very, very serious is going on, and not even Sally Frost will tell me what."

"What makes you think I do?"

"Ever since we got the call from Gannett, telling us you were coming, Daddy's been like a condemned man waiting for the executioner."

"If there's something upsetting him and he hasn't told you, I suspect it's because he doesn't want you to worry. But I'll tell you a secret: I'm here to help him if I can."

She sighed in relief. "Honestly?"

"Cross my heart." Costaine stood up.

"If you want to help, too, you won't mention any of this to anybody, and you won't do anything except act as if everything is perfectly normal."

He was walking down the curving drive toward the street, when the night suddenly exploded around him.

Costaine dropped flat. He had been shot at too many times to mistake the sound. In the eerie green radiance, he rolled across the rough blacktop of the drive toward the shelter of the shrubbery. He had left his gun with the gate guard. He felt naked and defenseless.

The spreading bushes stood man-high, so closely planted that Costaine could barely wriggle in among them. Then he thrust through, propelled by a second shot. He scrambled behind a second bush and froze there, panting.

There was no other hiding place. The yard and street lay cruelly exposed under the eye of the arc lamp. He waited tensely for sound that would tell him his assailant was closing in to finish his work.

The weapon was a high-powered rifle, but the echoes confused the direction from which it was fired. He listened carefully. The porch light of the general's house whipped on, the door opened and Diana shouted his name.

He did not answer. He did not want to let the gunman know he was still alive. Somewhere in the compound, a siren raised its screech. Other doors opened and excited voices began to chatter along the street. Costaine did not move until the blinking red light sped toward him and slowed as the police jeep cruised up the grade.

CHAPTER THREE

McCALL had to admit that the assignment was looking up. Between the two bedrooms of the suite was a generous living room; he sat on the couch, admiring the bottle of scotch which decorated the small end table.

He also admired Ilse Marlin, who sat beside him. McCall admired all women, but he had seldom run across one of the caliber of the club hostess.

Her legs were curled under her, her elbow rested on the couch back, her lovely long fingers supported her chin, her eyes danced eagerly and she was smiling. She appeared enthralled with the story McCall was spinning out.

"So there we were," he told her, "deep in the Okefenokee swamp, with one of those sleds the game wardens use to skate around the place, and the outboard quit. I stepped out of the boat to push us, when all of a sudden—"

Sharp, ricocheting reports outside brought him to his feet and to the upper-floor window before the second burst came. Ilse Marlin followed him.

"What was that?" she cried.

McCall thought it was a rifle. He put a big arm around her and found that her lithe body was trembling. A siren started up.

From the high window, they had a clear view of the roadway as it left the guardhouse, curved past the club and wound up the hill toward the general's house.

McCall watched a jeep pass. It held four men.

"It's heading for Kilraine's," Ilse Marlin said.

McCall ran for the door. By the time he arrived on the scene, a small crowd surrounded the police.

Costaine stood where he had crawled from the bushes. From the opposite direction, a Cadillac coupe, a red light glowing on its top, sped to a stop in the center of the road. A heavy-set man vaulted out. He planted his feet wide, as if he expected Costaine to tackle him.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked.

Costaine said savagely, "Somebody shot at me."

One of the guards said, "He's the one I told you about, Chief, the one we stopped at the gate."

The security chief grunted. "Bring him down to headquarters."

Costaine was watching the Kilraine house. He had expected Diana Kilraine to rush down the drive, but the porch light was off now and there was no sign of the girl.

They bundled him into Burns' car and shoved McCall in beside him. The car headed down the grade, easing around the crowd, passed the country club, turned right and drew up before a single-story building with a brass plate set in the wall beside the entrance. The sign read simply: SECURITY.

They were prodded in through a large, tile-paved hall that smelled of antiseptic. Burns' office was off the hall, a big room, modern and efficient. It held a slab maple desk, a series of filing cabinets and a long, low couch.

Costaine sat down on the couch. McCall joined him.

The security chief walked around the desk. "Who fired those shots? What were you doing in General Kilraine's front yard?"

Costaine kept his voice even. "Call General Kilraine."

Lloyd Burns reached for the phone. "Get me the Plans Room. General? I think you'd better come down to Security. There's been some shooting in the compound."

Kilraine arrived in less than five minutes. "What the devil happened? Who shot at you?"

Both Costaine and Burns started to talk at once. Costaine won.

"General," he said, "how much does this man know?"

Kilraine said quickly, "I trust him above everyone else."

"Then he *does* know about the missing file?"

"Of course."

Costaine stood up, dominating the room. "Then let's get to work. Sit down, Burns. Who besides Kilraine and you knew we were anything other than efficiency experts?"

"I didn't know it!" Burns exploded, with an accusing glare at Kilraine.

"Somebody knew it. That shooting was no accident."

Burns' tone indicated he didn't believe what his eyes and ears knew to be fact. "I can't understand. No one here has a gun except my guards."

"Someone here *does* have a gun, and he tried his best to kill me with it. And someone stole those plans. The general insists that they could not have been removed from the grounds, but if they're here, where are they? Could there possibly be a hole in your security net, Mr. Burns?"

Burns opened his mouth to deny the possibility, and then closed it.

"It's after three a.m.," Costaine said, "and we're not going to find any answers here tonight. In the morning, I

want an office, and I want to talk to everybody who came even within seeing distance of those plans. And now"—he looked at Burns—"McCall and I want our guns back."

The security chief's mouth tightened, but he swung to a file cabinet, brought out the guns and handed them over.

Costaine was already having breakfast at a small table beside the pool when McCall joined him.

"I think I'll go in for space research, Dad. This is pretty soft work, with golf, pool and a pad like this. And all these glorious women."

"Speaking of women, what did you find out about the Marlin angel while I was up at Kilraine's last night?"

"She used to manage a hotel in Washington."

"What before that?"

McCall was hurt. "I was just barely getting started when you interrupted. A fine time you picked to get shot at!"

Presently, Ilse Marlin arrived with a short, heavy-set man. The man had a bald spot on the top of his head. The hair around it was long and gray and stood up in a loose ruff, making him look two inches taller than he was.

The girl smiled at Costaine and placed a hand familiarly on McCall's bulky shoulder.

"Mr. McCall and Mr. Costaine, Marcel. They are very VIP from the home office. This, gentlemen, is Marcel Dubois, our *maitre d'*—and one of the best in the business."

"Don't believe it," Dubois grinned. He had no trace of accent and his grin was infectious. "I only got the job because kitten put in a word for me."

Ilse ruffled his birds' nest of hair. "Only because I knew he could do it."

Dubois seemed embarrassed by the praise. "Anything you gentlemen want, just yell." He backed off a step, made a quick bow and went away.

Ilse pulled out a chair and sat down. "Poor Marcel. He was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, back in Washington. He was making fifty to a hundred thousand a year, but the pressure was too much. That's why I brought him out here." She looked at Costaine. "Do they have any idea who shot at you?"

"No."

"Does Miss Kilraine have a boy friend?" McCall asked. "Someone who might have misunderstood Costaine's attentions?"

Ilse Marlin's smile was wry. "No one in particular."

"What about Riker?" Costaine asked.

Ilse's laugh was unaffected. "I don't think so. The only lady he's showed the least fondness for is Nora."

"Who's Nora?"

"You'll meet her. Most of the men here think she's the prettiest thing on the place. They call her their living doll." She rose. "I've got things to do."

Costaine watched her go. "I wonder who Nora is?"

The executive offices of the laboratory where housed in a two-story building facing the main street, a block from the clubhouse mall. Costaine went into

the wide, airy hall. The building was as modern as tomorrow and as sanitary as a clinic.

Sally Frost, General Kilraine's secretary, stood up without smiling. She was a small girl with level eyes, almost black, with a nose that had a tendency to tip up at the end, and warm, dark hair with glints of gold in it. Her face had a fullness that suggested adolescence and a childlike candor. Her mouth was wide, generous, relaxed. She offered a ringless, well-kept hand.

"I'm Sally Frost, General Kilraine's secretary."

Costaine nodded. "The general said you would fix me up with an office and show me the ropes."

"The first is easy enough. Right here, please."

There were two doors opening from her office. She crossed and pushed one open. Costaine followed her into a no-nonsense cell. The walls were tinted yellow, so light that they passed for off-white. The desk was a slab of maple with a tier of drawers supporting one end, and two wrought-iron legs the other. There was a swivel chair behind it, two armchairs with leather seats facing it. Nothing else.

"A little stark, isn't it?"

She met his quick, warming smile head-on and the curving of her own lips changed her face as if someone had turned on a light inside.

He tried to guess her age and failed. For all the soft line of her face, she was anywhere from her late twenties to early forties. She was turned out neatly in a feminine business suit, cut severely enough to hug her hips and the rising swell of her breasts.

He knew the type: the efficient machine-woman of the office of American industry who ran her department with a firm, steady hand. From nine to five every day, she watched over her executive, babied him, thought for him, took care of the blizzard of detail that blew across his desk. At five, she disappeared, stepping into a second life, a life which might include a husband, children, a home to keep, hurrying out to do the weekly washing, marketing, hurrying back to rinse out her nylons, to curl her hair and make ready for the next day's routine.

Judging by her appearance, Sally Frost had done her homework well. The absence of rings did not indicate whether or not she was married, but she had the sleek, groomed look associated with models for "Vogue."

"We keep it stark," she said. "This office is maintained for the use of visitors from the home office. A place a man uses every day takes on a lot of the personality of the owner. When it is merely a temporary base, it should have no personal touches."

"You can shut the door."

As she did, Costaine bent down to examine the underside of the window sill.

"This place isn't bugged," she said.

He looked around at her, one eyebrow raised. "Where'd you pick up that word, honey?"

Color came up under her careful

makeup. "Why, I don't know. The movies, I guess, or maybe a book."

He sat down in the swivel chair, tilting it back to look up at her. "Do you know why I'm here?"

She nodded, very grave indeed.

"Good. That saves time. Now, let me tell you something else that'll save time. I have authority to take any steps I see fit, up to and including removing the general from his post."

She caught her lower lip between her teeth.

"These missing papers are a direct threat to the company. Above all, the very fact that they are missing indicates that this compound has been infiltrated by agents of an unfriendly power. Until we catch them, we have to proceed on the assumption that listening devices have been installed in any possible location."

"But everyone connected with this program has a top-security clearance!"

"Other people have had top clearances and defected—from both camps."

He watched her until her eyes wavered to the window. Then he said in a new, brisk tone, "First, I want the personnel file on every person who had access to the specifications."

CHAPTER FOUR

SALLY FROST had worked for General Kilraine for twelve years, first in the Air Force, then at the laboratory. She was thirty-five years old. She had been married to a flyer who had been lost at sea, and her whole life was bound up in APSADL.

She sank down on one of the leather chairs after phoning a request for the files Costaine wanted.

"Who first discovered that Dr. Moss' Ray data was missing?" Costaine asked.

"I did. We had a staff meeting four nights ago. I phoned Dr. Riker, Able Pratt, Bernard Holmes and Gordon Dougal to come to the Plans Room."

"Where is that?"

"In the basement of this building. I waited until Bernard arrived. We went to the vault together."

"Say that again."

"We have a rule. No one, not even the general, can go into the vault alone. Six of us have clearance, but at least two of us have to go together."

"And the vault is where?"

"Behind the Plans Room."

"Locked, I presume?"

"Yes, and so are the drawers. It takes two keys to open them. We each carry one. And there's a guard—one of Lloyd Burns' men—always on duty."

"He was there when you went in?"

She nodded. "A man named Krouse."

Costaine remembered him as the man with the submachine gun at the gate.

"Krouse let us into the vault. Bernard and I went in and opened the drawer. The folder was right on top. We took the folder out, locked the drawer and watched Krouse lock the door after we left. We took the folder to the Plans Room."

"The others were just arriving. General Kilraine sat down at the head of the table and Bernard handed him the

file. He opened it. The correspondence, contracts and other papers were there, but the specifications were not."

"What happened then?"

"We searched the floor, the hall to the vault and the vault drawers. We thought the file must have been put in a wrong drawer by mistake. The general called Burns and they sealed the building and we searched everywhere with the snooper."

"What's the snooper?"

"Something like a mine detector. All the classified material is on a special paper which activates the snooper. We used it in the rest of the building and all over the compound, the grounds, stores, private homes, everywhere."

Costaine said in disbelief, "They searched the private homes?"

"They only had to take the snooper into a room."

"So everyone knew the file was missing?"

"Not exactly. They knew something important was lost, but only the six of us knew what it was."

"And Krouse?"

She thought about this carefully. "He could have known; he probably knew. Everyone was excited." She gave him a smile. "All except Dr. Riker. Poor Hank was already hard hit by Moss' death. He simply sat with his head in his hands and cried like a child."

They were interrupted by a knock on the door, and the busy receptionist came in juggling an armload of folders. She put them on the desk and left.

"Who admits seeing the plans last?"

Sally Frost's chin lifted. "I do. Dr. Riker and I. We had them out the day before they were missed. He was trying to decipher Moss' notes. They weren't the easiest things to read."

"Tell me all about it."

Her eyes were icy, her voice chill. "He called me at about three o'clock, asking me to meet him at the vault. We got the folder and took it to the Plans Room. He worked there for twenty minutes, then we returned the folder to the vault."

"Are you sure the material was in the folder when you put it back?"

"Certainly. At least I thought so."

"You stayed with him all the time he had it out?"

A deep flush made her prettier, but less confident. "He had forgotten to bring his pipe and he asked me to get it. But I was gone only three minutes and he could not have left the room without my seeing him. His office is right off the hall. Surely you can't think that Hank Riker would do a thing like that!"

"You admit the possibility that he could have removed Moss' notes while you were gone?"

"Physically, it would be possible. But what would he do with them?"

"There's no exit from the Plans Room other than the one you could watch?"

"Only into the computer room, and there's no way out of that except into the Plans Room."

"Show me."

She led the way down the main hall 139

and turned into a cross hall that ended at a heavy metal fire door. She pushed this open and went down a flight of broad concrete steps, into a conference room, twenty by thirty.

At the far end of the room, a fire door led to the vault. Another door led to a room containing banks of the huge computer complex. A slim young man at one of the tables raised his head and grinned.

Sally introduced him as Hugh Fuller, one of the programmers.

Fuller smiled. "One of the lesser ones. Gordon Dougal has his doubts I'll ever make it."

Costaine looked about him at the whirring, blinking, clicking, humming machines, at the cases of stored tapes, at the mass of precision equipment. He walked around the room, asking questions, and at last paused before an iron trap door set in the corner wall.

"What's that?"

"The incinerator," Sally said. "After any classified material is programmed, it has to be burned."

"Let's go back to the office. I want to take a very hard look at Dr. Riker. Would he be in the building now?"

"He should be," She sounded very subdued. "I'll phone him."

When they were again seated in the small, sterile room, Costaine sorted through the stack of personnel reports, found one marked RIKER, HENRY, and read through it.

Sally Frost waited until Riker arrived, and then went out.

As the scientist entered the office, Costaine was again struck by the childlike impression he gave. Riker bobbed his small head quickly. His smile held a hint of hurt.

He came forward and perched on the edge of a chair. "I'm pretty busy."

"Indeed you are," Costaine said pleasantly. "This won't take long. Have you guessed that McCall and I are not efficiency experts, but business detectives investigating the Moss file?"

Riker looked stunned.

"What did you do with those notes? Burn them?" Costaine asked.

Riker moved in a birdlike start, his body shoving forward as if he would spread wings and fly. Then he settled back, composing himself.

"You're kidding." He pulled a blackened pipe from his pocket and clamped it between his small white teeth.

"You were the last person known to have taken that folder from the vault. You were alone while Sally went to get your pipe. You could not have gone out past her, but you could have slipped into the computer room. There's no place to hide anything there, but you could have shoved the papers into the incinerator."

The scientist stood up, his anger sudden and genuine. "Mr. Costaine, you look intelligent. Do you believe that if I had burned those plans, I would tell you? I'd hang myself. And then I would be of no further use to the world."

He pivoted and marched out the door. Bernard Holmes was sent in first by

Sally Frost. He was big, in his mid-forties, with a fine-grained skin that belied his age. Holmes' personal history was short and clear. He had worked for the Air Force for twenty years as a civilian employe, winding up as Kilraine's administrative assistant, and when Kilraine came to the laboratory, he brought the man along in the same capacity.

"Did you know that Riker was the last man to see that file?"

Holmes nodded.

"Do you think he took the notes?"

The surprise seemed genuine. "Hank Riker? Why?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

Holmes fluttered his hands. "An absurd idea. Riker is one of the foremost scientists in the country."

Costaine was getting bored with the refrain. "But the material is gone."

Holmes looked out of the window unhappily. "Yes, it's gone."

When Holmes had left, Costaine read through Able Pratt's dossier. Raised in a small Ohio town, he had graduated from West Point. His only weakness, apparently, was women.

He came in with a smile and a quick, hearty handshake, saying as he shut the door, "The general tells me we are at your orders, sir. Just what would you like me to do?"

"I want your ideas," Costaine said. "You know all the people involved."

"That's the trouble, boy," Pratt said. "That's the crux of the whole problem. There's not a one of them—not one—you can't bet on. They're all part of the team. I'd stake my life on every one of them."

"Then you'd lose it. The plans are gone. That's the one fact we have. I want your opinion of Dr. Riker. Do you think he stole that file?"

Pratt was too horrified by the idea to find any words at all.

CHAPTER FIVE

"I DIDN'T say Riker's a spy," Costaine said to McCall later. "If I'm right, he had an acute attack of social conscience about slaughtering the human race. Say you were in his spot. With Moss dead, you're the only one who can build that gun. Now think of the responsibility. If you do build it, the possibility of its being used rests squarely on your shoulders."

"Even mine aren't big enough," McCall conceded. "But if he did do it, all by himself, and for that reason, how do you explain somebody taking a shot at you last night?"

"Maybe he had help, and his helper is afraid of us. I say the stuff was stolen to be sold."

"If they haven't been destroyed, where are they?"

"Maybe in another drawer in the vault." Costaine was on his feet before he had finished his own sentence.

They found Sally Frost at her desk, a half-eaten cucumber sandwich in her hand and a bottle of dietetic cola beside her typewriter. She looked up, startled as they marched in, then she said quickly, "You must be McCall."

McCall's eyes widened innocently.

"How'd you guess?" he said, smiling.

"All the girls are twittering about you. They haven't been so excited since the astronauts paid us a visit last year."

"Sally, we want to look in the vault," Costaine said. "In fact, we want to open all the drawers."

"What for?"

"Burns' snoopers can't distinguish between one piece of classified material and another in the vault. Maybe the file is hidden in another drawer."

"That's the first possibility General Kilraine thought of."

"Obvious enough. But are you positive that each drawer was searched thoroughly?"

She started a sharp answer, then caught it up. "We were all pretty upset. It's barely possible, but I don't think..."

"Let's make sure."

"I'll have to find someone with a key." She reached for the phone. "Maybe Dougal's back from lunch." She dialed a number. "Gordon, can you meet me in the Plans Room?"

They went down to the basement room. Sally led the way around the long director's table to where Gordon Dougal leaned against the wall near the vault door.

He was a very thin man of about forty, with a long horse face and a big nose. His hair was heavy and fell in strands over his domed forehead.

Sally introduced him, saying, "Gordon has charge of programming the computer. Without him, we'd never in the world get our work done." She turned to the thin man. "Gordon, we want to go through the drawers again, to see if Moss' papers were put in the wrong one."

"That's absurd. We already looked."

Costaine smiled. "But maybe you missed one."

Dougal shrugged his shoulders. There was an old-fashioned chain anchored to a belt loop on his trousers. He tugged at it and brought a key ring from his pocket, turned toward the fire door and pushed it open, letting them into a short concrete passage.

The passage ended at a grilled door. Through the bars, they looked into a room resembling a bank's safety deposit department. To the right of the grille was a niche built into the wall of the passage. Here, a guard in uniform sat behind a small desk. At his right was a small telephone switchboard, at his left, a submachine gun against the wall. He nodded to Dougal and Sally and looked over McCall and Costaine with neutral eyes.

Sally Frost said, "We want to get into the vault, Charles. Mr. Costaine, you will both have to show your clearances."

Costaine and McCall showed their clearances. The guard swung the register around. The girl signed a detachable slip. Dougal co-signed it. Costaine signed it. McCall signed it. There was a time clock on the guard's desk. The mechanism whirled, the clock punched the date, the time. The guard withdrew the slip and thrust it through

a slot in his desk top. Then he punched a button on the side. The desk drawer slid open, exposing a remote control. He lifted it out, aimed it at the grille and pushed the switch.

The door of the vault slid open. They entered. The grilled door slid closed behind them.

About twenty feet square, the vault had floor and ceiling of steel, and walls of steel drawers. The drawers were two feet high, one foot wide, and each held two keyholes, as in the construction of safety deposit boxes.

The girl began in the near corner, thrusting her key into the left-hand slot. Dougal used his on the right. The thick steel doors swung open easily, uncovering a black inner box of lighter-gauge steel. She pulled it out and handed it to Costaine without comment.

"Would it be too much trouble," he asked, "to tell me how I can identify what we are looking for?"

"A paper folder containing a sheaf of loose notes and drawings which would mean nothing to you. The outside of the folder is lettered in Moss' hand. If you can read it, it spells out TINKERBELL. That was the cute name he gave to the project."

Costaine removed the papers from the box and ran through them. There was no folder bearing anything faintly resembling the word TINKERBELL.

The ritual was repeated over and over. At four o'clock, Costaine went through the contents of the last drawer. He straightened and wiped his sweating hands on his handkerchief. "That's that. Let's go."

Back in the girl's office, Costaine said, "What are you doing for dinner, Sally?"

"Me?" She sounded startled.

"Why not you? Wouldn't you like to get off the prison grounds for a while?"

"I'd love it."

The sea was a restless, dark curtain, cut in two by a yellow path from a distant moon. There was unusually little traffic on the coast highway as it dipped down to the sandy stretch of beach and then climbed upward over the rising headland.

Costaine had stopped in Ventura. From a phone booth, he had called his New York secretary and given her the names of the six people who had access to the vault.

Part of his stock in trade was a photographic memory, and he read off to her the files he had looked at that morning, and then added to the list: Lloyd Burns, Diana Kilraine, Ilse Marlin and, as an afterthought, Marcel Dubois.

"I want everything you can get," he said, "and I don't care what it costs. Have Jamison fly it out here personally. Tell him to phone me before he leaves and we'll meet him at International."

He returned to the car where he had left Sally Frost to wait.

"Where would you like to eat?"

"There's a good seafood place in Santa Barbara."

He turned the Jag up the curving shore road. The restaurant sat on the sweeping bay and they had a table overlooking the water. The room was dim and not too crowded, and the girl settled back with a small sigh as the waiter brought the chilled martinis.

"I love it up here."

"You're less formidable out of the shop. Tell me, which is the real Sally Frost?"

She was pleased and did not hide it. "Do you like detective work?"

"My kind? Yes. I find big business exciting. It's like a jungle, the way men struggle and jockey for the best places."

"Men," she said thoughtfully. "Yes, primitive men."

"You don't like us?"

"I don't think the average woman really likes men. Most of us were brought up to distrust them. For instance, my mother impressed on me when I was very young that men were dirty animals. My father left her when I was six. I don't remember him well, except that he smoked cigars."

He smiled to himself. He would have staked his reputation that Sally Frost was in love with the general and did not realize it herself.

They dined slowly and when they were finished, walked leisurely out across the parking lot.

"Do you have to get back right away?" she asked.

Costaine smiled down on her. "Got a better idea?"

She grinned and her eyes brightened like a child's. "I get out so seldom, and I love to ride through the mountains, especially on a night like this. Could we take the Casitas Pass road? It's further than the coast highway, but it brings you back into Ventura. It will take maybe an hour extra."

"Show me."

The Casitas road wound up across the ridge. The air was spiced with the perfumes of wild lilac and manzanita, the dusty odors of the California hills. Beside him, the girl had kicked off her shoes, pulled her legs up and locked her fingers around her knees.

A horn sounded behind them. Costaine looked in the rear-view mirror. A car had come up. The winding road was too narrow to pass comfortably. He had been driving very slowly, enjoying the night. He increased his speed but the light of the pursuing car stayed on his rear bumper and the horn sounded incessantly. He muttered darkly to himself. He was now doing thirty-five miles an hour, as fast as it seemed advisable on the sharp curves. Ahead, he saw a gravel turnout where the road widened into a view point. Beyond a canyon spread the sweeping vista of the Pacific.

He swung the Jag into the turnout to allow the car behind to pass. It did not. It followed. As Costaine slowed to a stop, with his front wheels only a couple of feet from the white guard rail, the other car increased its speed.

The Jag had hardly stopped rolling. Costaine had had no time to set the

brake when the front bumper of the pursuer crashed violently into his rear.

Heavy as the Jag was, the impact sent it plunging forward, striking the guard rail, splintering the wooden beam like a matchstick. Costaine tried vainly to twist the wheel. The jar of the collision snapped him back against the seat; the impact with the guard rail pushed him forward into the steering wheel.

Only instinct made him shoot out his right hand to catch the girl before she crashed against the windshield. Then they were over the edge, dropping sickeningly toward the canyon bottom, a good three hundred feet below.

He heard the girl's scream of terror. He heard the crashing of the brush as the car bounded down the seventy-percent grade. The girl was clinging to his outstretched arm. He was shoving hard against the wheel with his other hand, bracing his knees against the edge of the deck to keep from being hurled out.

The Jag's nose came up on a hog-back ridge. The car wheels wrenched around, turning the Jag so that it now headed not straight down, but across a hump of rock. They continued, jouncing, sliding, heaving over the rough decline.

A rear tire blew, then a front one. The Jag slithered and slid like a thing in torture. They struck the canyon bottom, tilted, swerved, but miraculously the low-slung car stayed on its wheels and rolled down the lessening grade of a dry stream bed.

A rock dyke rose suddenly out of the gloom and they slammed against it to a shattering stop.

He sat, still gripping the wheel, still holding the girl, stunned by the sudden cessation of motion. For a long moment, there was utter stillness, deafening in contrast to the metallic shriek and crash of their precipitous descent. And then Costaine heard a sound that frightened him more than all that had gone before—the crackle of fire.

He straightened and found the girl leaning forward limply over his arm. He shoved her back and she dropped against the seat. He tried to move his legs. They struck the broken rim of the steering wheel where it had been driven into his lap.

He twisted his hips sidewise. The door on his side had burst open and he worked his way out, cutting his hand on a piece of shattered glass.

The girl's head lolled on her shoulder and he was sure that her neck was broken. He worked fast and hard and at last drew her limp body from the wreck. He ran with her up the uneven bed of water course. He found a rock and laid her behind it, and only then turned to look back.

The fire was blazing brightly up through the car. He squatted down at the girl's side, partly for protection when the gas tank blew, partly so that he would not be outlined against the blaze, a target for those above who had deliberately driven them over the bank.

The gas tank went and the car disintegrated, its flaming parts flying in all

directions. He stood up as the pyrotechnics subsided. Most of the bits had landed in the sandy bed of the dry creek, but one flaming section had struck in the greasewood brush not far from his sheltering rock.

He scrambled forward, stomping out the licking flames before they could grow beyond control. A brush fire would trap them in the canyon. He scooped handfuls of sand on the glowing metal, and not until he was certain that it was safely buried did he return to the girl.

Her eyes were open.

Costaine knelt down beside her slowly. "It's all right. There's nothing to worry about. Can you move?"

She struggled to sit up. Her back was apparently all right. He pressed her down again.

"Just lie still," he said, for in the distance, he heard the sound of a siren.

CHAPTER SIX

McCALL watched Costaine and Sally Frost drive away from the club, then turned forlornly into the building.

He almost bumped into Diane Kilrairie. "Where are they going?" she asked.

"They had to check on some company business."

"I'll bet." Her voice was acid. "Come on, you can buy me a drink."

McCall brightened, only too happy to oblige. Perched on a bar stool, his big shoulders hunched, he looked like a brooding spider biding his time to pounce on a careless fly. The redhead was a mighty tasty one.

"I want to buy you a dinner," McCall said.

"I'll take a rain check," she told him. "Dr. Riker wants to talk to me right away. He's terribly upset about something."

McCall was interested, but he did not show it.

She finished her drink and slid off her stool. "Thanks, McCall. Sorry, I've got to run."

He was sitting alone when a hand fell on his shoulder. He raised his eyes to the mirror and saw the bulldog features of Lloyd Burns looking unpleasantly smug. The security chief climbed to the stool Diana Kilrairie had vacated.

"We found the bullet that was fired at Costaine," Burns said. "It came from a Newton two-fifty-six."

"Never heard of it."

"They only made a hundred of them. It had about the best bolt action of any rifle. Then Winchester bought them out and quit making them. It's got a high muzzle velocity—tear a tree apart at a mile. It was made originally as a moose gun. A long-range gun like that could have been fired from anywhere, say, from one of the hills back of the compound."

"Are you kidding? You mean you think that was a stray bullet from some rabbit hunter?"

Burns recoiled a little and his manner turned defensive. "Well, it could have been somebody shooting targets."

"That rifle sounded like a howitzer. It wasn't fired from any mile away. It was right out there." McCall pointed

toward the street entrance.

Burns was dogged. "There's no way to hide a rifle in this compound, just no place that I haven't looked."

McCall swung on his stool, glaring balefully out of the window. Across the end of the bar, he had a view of a corner of the golf course.

"You went through the golf lockers?"

Burns raised his right hand, palm open, and struck himself a full blow on his forehead. "Oh, no!" He was off the stool, stumping toward the door.

McCall followed. "A golf bag used to make a handy gun case in the old days around Chicago," he said.

Burns plowed into the golf shop.

The room was small. A rack along one wall displayed matched sets of irons, woods, bags and carts. Opposite were tables of caps, shoes, and racks of jackets and skirts. The pro's office was boxed off beside the entrance. The pro reclined in a chair.

He nodded to Burns. "Going around, Chief?"

Burns shook his head. "Give me the master key to the lockers, Saunders."

Without hesitation, the pro leaned forward and lifted a ring of keys from the top drawer. He twisted one off and extended it to Burns.

"What's up?"

Burns grunted, shoved open the door of a short corridor and tramped down it. The first door he came to was marked LOCKER ROOM. He gave it a sharp pound with his first, waited for a count of one, and shouldered through, McCall on his heels.

Inside were three tiers of lockers with long wooden benches between them. At the far end was an open washroom with a few shower stalls.

McCall stood back as Burns attacked the first locker, yanking open the narrow metal panel, pulling down the canvas bag hung on a hook and rummaging through it hurriedly but thoroughly. There was no gun. Burns went on to the next cubicle.

They worked down the line. Some of the spaces were empty, some held clothing, about half held bags of clubs. They were halfway up the second row, when Burns hauled out a plaid carrier with a full set of irons and two woods. He pulled the clubs out, peered inside and let out a short bark.

Burns reached in and brought up a rifle. It was not much heavier than a standard twenty-two, but it was beautifully balanced. McCall reached for it, but Burns waved him back.

"Watch out for prints."

He took a handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped it around the polished stock and laid the gun carefully on the near bench. Then he upended the bag and shook it. Nothing fell out. He zipped open the ball compartment and emptied it. There were four balls. There were also five shells.

Burns gathered these in the palm of his hand and closed his fist around them in solid satisfaction.

"Now we've got him. You can't buy ammunition for this gun any more. You have to have the shells reloaded

and there are only a few shops in the country that can handle them. I'll have the man's name before morning."

Burns stuffed the bag back into the locker, picked up the rifle, holding it with the handkerchief, and went back to the shop. McCall hung back. There was an outside door short of the shower room. He opened it and looked out at the putting green. Beyond that lay the first tee. Anyone could enter or leave the locker room without going through the shop.

When he got back to Saunders' office, the pro was bent over the desk, running down the page of an open ledger with a sun-browned finger. Burns stood impatiently beside him.

"Number Twenty-five. Dr. Riker."

The security chief swore in disgust. "That little squirt! I don't believe it."

Burns led McCall out and around the clubhouse, heading for the Security Building, carrying the rifle. They crossed the parking lot, drawing curious glances from several guests arriving for dinner, and cut down the curving roadway toward Burns' office.

The security chief laid the gun on his desk, picked up the phone and ordered the sergeant to have two officers meet him with a jeep in four minutes.

Then he shook his head unhappily. "Boy, will this make a stink if Riker is a spy. Besides the general, the Pentagon thinks he's a little tin god."

McCall and Burns rode up the winding grade in the jeep, past the entrance of the general's drive, around a curve and on to Riker's house, which was set far back from the road.

The green lights were turned on, but there were fewer here, leaving more shadowy places, and the whole length of the driveway was bordered with oleanders. Diana Kilrairie's Thunderbird was drawn up before the steps of Riker's house.

The redheaded girl appeared at the edge of the porch. She called uneasily. "What's happened?"

"Is Riker here?" Burns asked.

"I don't know where he is. He told me to pick him up half an hour ago. We're going out to dinner."

"We'd better have a look."

Diana Kilrairie's voice sharpened. "He's not here. I've been waiting in the front room for twenty minutes."

Burns' face was without expression. "You look all around the place?"

"No, but I called out, and he didn't answer."

Without a word, Burns and McCall went into the house. There was a long room across the front, its window overlooking the compound toward the country club. Burns went through an arch into a hall which bisected the rear portion of the house, leading to a kitchen and a breakfast nook. There was a big book-lined room at one side, with a desk and a drawing table in one corner. Drawings hung thumbtacked to a bulletin board of pressed fiber.

Across from the study was a single bedroom with a king-sized bed. McCall stepped around the bed into the dressing room, turned around slowly

and stuck his head in the bath. On one side, a sliding glass door enclosed a tub-and-shower combination.

McCall slid back the etched glass panel and looked down into the tub. There lay Dr. Henry Riker—or what was left of him.

"Burns."

The bathroom was so small that McCall had to stand back against the end window to let Burns enter. Silently, he pointed to the tub.

Burns slid the panel open as far as it would go. Riker was fully dressed, even to his shoes. He lay on his back, his head against the sloping end of the porcelain tub. A gun had fallen on his chest and lay in a pool of blood that had settled in the fold of his shirt. The blood had come out of his mouth.

Burns said, "He put the gun in his mouth. I suppose he figured we would find the rifle; this was the only way out."

McCall was looking at the white side of the tub. There was the print of a corrugated fiber sole on it, as if someone had stood on the edge with dusty shoes. He glanced at the soles of Riker's small sandals. They were leather, worn smooth.

"Maybe he didn't do it himself." McCall pointed to the mark.

Burns looked at it. "Murdered."

Behind him, in the bedroom doorway, Diana Kilraine said shakily, "What is it?"

"Get out of here," McCall said. "Go back to the front room." He followed her out and put an arm around her.

She shivered. "It's Hank, isn't it? He's dead?"

McCall nodded.

Burns joined them. "Try hard, Diana. Tell me everything you know."

"Hank phoned me an hour or so ago at the club. He seemed quite upset. He asked me to meet him here at about six-thirty and said he had something he wanted to discuss."

"Did anyone know you were going to meet him?"

She looked at McCall. "Mr. McCall did. I met him at the club and we had a couple of drinks."

"How did Riker know you were at the club?"

"Our maid told him."

"The call came through the club switchboard?"

"I was just coming through the lobby from the golf shop. Ilse was filling in at the desk. She told me that Hank had been trying to reach me for some time."

"Was there anyone around when you got here?"

"I didn't see anyone, or hear anything. But the front door was standing open."

"And you just walked in?"

"I rang the bell and called and when nobody answered, I opened the screen and came in and called again. Then I looked in the study and the bedroom. I assumed that Hank couldn't get away from the office as soon as he'd expected, so I turned on the radio to pick up the news and sat down. When you drove up, I thought it was Hank

and went out on the porch." Her lips were trembling. "That's all I know."

CHAPTER SEVEN

IN THE Ventura County sheriff's office, Costaine and Sally Frost were sitting on a bench outside the sheriff's private office. McCall followed Lloyd Burns through the wide doors. He saw Costaine. Costaine got up. He thought McCall was there to pick him up.

"I'm glad to see you," Costaine said.

McCall looked him up and down, noting the torn and dirty suit, the dust that clung to his trousers in large swatches, the bloody streak on his face where Costaine had wiped it with his cut hand. He looked from his partner to the girl. Her face was gray and smudged with sand. Her hair stood out from her head like a serpents' nest. Her hose were in shreds, her dress was ripped and dirty and there was an angry red mark across her throat.

"What the hell gives?"

Costaine raised his finely-drawn eyebrows. "Somebody doesn't like us. They rammed us off a cliff. Fortunately, somebody has a house nearby. They saw the car burning and turned in an alarm. Otherwise, we'd still be sitting at the bottom of the canyon. Now, what are you doing here?"

McCall's voice turned lazy. "Somebody didn't like Hank Riker, too." He led Costaine out of earshot. "It looks like suicide, but it doesn't add. The doc found a big abrasion on Riker's forehead. Looks to me like someone conked him, stuck him in his tub, put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. One of his handkerchiefs was wrapped around the gun butt and the gun wiped free of prints. He could have done that before the trigger was pulled, but not after. The bullet tore away half his skull."

"Conceivably, he could have hit his head when he fell, but there's a shoe print on the tub that doesn't match his. That's not all my news. Burns and I found the rifle that shot at you. It was in Riker's golf locker. It could have been his, or it could have been planted."

Costaine's eyes glowed with a deep, dark fire. "Who else could have had access to that locker?"

"Everybody. It's a simple lock, and the pro keeps his master key in his desk. Anyone could have taken an impression and made a duplicate."

Costaine looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "That shoe print could be an old one. Is there any other reason why it can't be suicide for the time being?"

McCall lifted his shoulders. "None that I know of. Dad, Ilse Marlin was on the switchboard when Riker made the date to talk to Diana."

They were still looking at each other when the door behind Costaine opened, bumping him forward.

The sheriff put his head out. "All right, Lloyd, come on in."

Lloyd Burns escorted Sally Frost inside. Costaine and McCall followed.

The sheriff was a big man in a light gray business suit. He had a strong but over-fleshed face and looked more like

a comfortable banker than a tough officer of the law.

Burns said, "Evening, Pete. You know Miss Frost." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "That's Anthony Costaine and Norbert McCall. They're from the Winston home office. This is Pete Snyder," he finished, as the sheriff stretched out his hand.

As he shook hands with Costaine, Snyder said, "Sorry you had to wait. What's the story about your going over the embankment?"

Costaine watched Snyder's face harden as he described the assault.

"Did you notice anything about the car that rammed you?"

"I didn't even realize it was behind me until he blew his horn."

"He? It was a man driving?"

"Just a figure of speech. I don't actually know."

"Do you know if he was alone?"

Costaine shook his head.

"But it wasn't an accident?"

Costaine said evenly, "Your men measured the tire tracks. They came clear across the gravel of the turnout."

Snyder let a little time go by and then sat back slowly. "Just what is going on at your private insane asylum, Lloyd? You can't say I haven't played ball with you. First, someone tries to kill this man and Miss Frost, and now Dr. Riker is dead. Murdered, I'd say."

Burns looked in appeal at Costaine. Costaine said quietly, "There's something a lot more serious than murder going on. That's why McCall and I are here. If you want our credentials, phone Larry Stephens, the deputy police chief in Los Angeles. He's known us for years."

The sheriff studied him. "What's your beef? Don't you trust this department?"

Costaine made sure that the door was closed, and then he told about the disappearance of the file. He had to. If he didn't, the sheriff could insist on an investigation within the compound.

Snyder's face grew bleak. "And you're convinced that the material is still inside that wall?"

"Or destroyed," Costaine said. "And now, with Riker gone, it becomes doubly imperative to find it. Riker worked with Moss. Maybe he could have figured out the requirements of the ray gun."

Snyder said, "What can I do to help?"

"A couple of things. You can look around the gunsmiths in your territory and see if any of them reloaded Newton, shells recently. You might call Larry and have him do the same down in L.A. And you can let it be publicly understood that your office is buying the Riker suicide theory. I don't want our pigeons frightened."

"Will do."

Costaine's smile was grim. "In the meantime, McCall and I will keep on looking."

"We'll work out something," Snyder told Burns.

Costaine looked at Sally Frost. "I 143

think you'd better be taken home. You've had a bad evening."

Snyder waved his agreement and Costaine and McCall moved the girl out between them.

When McCall had started up the compound road, Costaine said, "Drop us at the Executive Building, Bert. Sally, can you take another half-hour of work?"

"I can if you can."

McCall halted the car before the entrance, saying with brisk efficiency, "You need me, Dad? I've got to take this crate home."

Costaine laughed. "Don't stay all night."

As they entered the office, Costaine told Sally, "I want the personnel files on Ilse Marlin and Marcel Dubois."

"You don't think . . ."

"I've stopped guessing," he said. "And by the way, was Riker particularly close to any of his associates?"

She thought about it. "Well, he and Gordon Dougal both went in heavily for folk music. Both played the guitar and Dougal has an excellent voice."

"See if you can get hold of him and ask him to come over here."

He went through to his office, leaving her in her own.

When she joined him again, she said, "Dougal isn't in the compound. He went into Los Angeles for the night." She laid two folders on his desk, and in the neon light he noticed how white her face was.

"You all right?"

Her nod was too quick, and he knew she was holding herself in tight control. But that couldn't be helped now. He opened one folder and read:

Ilse Marlin: thirty-two. Born Columbus, Ohio. Father, Carl Marlin, machinist; Mother, Irene. Educated public schools and Ohio State. Employment record: Two years teaching Columbus High, home economics. Two years travel in Europe as governess for Thompson Tyler family. In London, married Ian Pembroke, member British Legation. Pembroke appointed to Washington Embassy. Divorced two years later. Marlin secured job as hostess, Lincoln Davenport Hotel, advanced to assistant manager. Later transferred to APSADL.

He shut the file. "It doesn't tell who recommended her."

"The general did. He knew her in Washington."

"Did you know her in Washington?"

"No. I met her when she came here."

Costaine reached for the Dubois file. There was little of interest there. He was born in Paris, trained in European hotels, came to this country in 1950, served as maitre d' at the Lincoln Davenport and was naturalized in 1958.

He stood up at last. "Enough for tonight. Come on, I'll walk you home."

CHAPTER EIGHT

IN THE office of Dutch Vanders, Assistant Director of CIA, Costaine was just finishing a full recital of the recent events at APSADL, California.

Dutch Vanders was a powerfully built man with a wrestler's shoulders

and a St. Bernard's shagginess. He was slow-moving and gave the impression of brooding, ponderous thinking, which Costaine knew to be a cover for a brain that functioned like a computer.

They were old friends, though they had seen each other seldom since their days together in the old OSS of the Pacific Theater. Costaine was puzzled at the reception he was being given.

Vanders lay back lazily in his custom-built posture chair, his hands locked behind his gray-thatched head. He looked amused. He said, "Tony, I do believe you're slipping."

Costaine was startled, then incensed. "What the hell does that mean, Dutch?"

Vanders' voice was querulous with disinterest. "So Riker stole the plans and then killed himself rather than admit it. So he burned them up. Why bring it to me?"

"I didn't say he killed himself. Nobody who knew Riker believes he would suicide. He was too sharp, with too much future ahead of him."

"Hardly conclusive."

Costaine's temper slipped its leash. "You don't seem to care that a cosmic ray gun has been stolen from us. What's wrong with you?"

Vanders chuckled. "Certainly we would care about that gun—if there was a gun."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

Vanders flicked an impatient hand. "We've been interested in Moss' work ever since his first breakthrough on the ray. But no one in the Pentagon ever saw any conclusive results. Moss was a science-fiction nut, and he had a dream, but it's my personal opinion that even he couldn't bring it off."

"Gannett is a born promoter, and his aero-space hullabaloo has never really got off the ground. When Moss suggested his cosmic-ray idea, Gannett bit like a starved trout. Worse, he did some crowing in high places—and he's not a boy who likes to eat his own words."

Costaine waited.

"I don't think Matt is really too unhappy that the plans are gone. What Moss thought he had, died with him. Riker couldn't come up with the answers Moss said he had. It was turning into a mighty expensive wild-goose chase. Sure, Matt has to make like he's something big to save his face, but I think he's glad to be out of it."

"If you think Riker destroyed those plans on Gannett's orders, you're nuts."

"I didn't say that. It's more likely that Riker stole them to cover his own failure to deliver a successful gun, a fortuitous solution for Matt."

Costaine left the office frustrated. He had tried to do business with government agencies before, and each time he had sworn that time would be the last. But he had expected better of Dutch Vanders. Sourly, he decided that the bureaucratic syndrome had infected the man. One thing was certain: he would get no help in the capital.

At the Lincoln Davenport Hotel, he found the manager more than willing to talk about Ilse Marlin, for whom he

had nothing but praise.

"The place hasn't been the same since she left." He glowed. "She had had no experience in hotel management when she came to us, but she had a natural aptitude for handling people. She charmed everybody."

Costaine was already aware that she charmed men.

"She knew everyone in town. No matter who our guests wanted to see, Ilse could usually arrange it by phone."

"I'm surprised you let her go."

The manager mourned. "We did everything we could to keep her, but I understand General Kilraine made her a proposition she couldn't turn down. The general was quite interested personally, quite interested."

Costaine did not comment.

"And then there was Dubois. I never understood their relationship, but they were old friends, knew each other in London and Paris. Marcel was a good maitre d'. With him handling the dining rooms, we had no problems. But he was a worrier, fussy as an old woman, and it got him. When he had the nervous breakdown, Ilse sent him to a private sanitarium and watched over him like a mother. Of course, he'd got her her first job with us. Then, when she decided to go to Aero Space, Marcel was better and she stipulated that she'd go only if he went."

Costaine thanked him, got another cab and rode to the British Legation. Ian Pembroke turned out to be a slim, sandy-haired Englishman with a receding chin and blue Saxon eyes. He smiled indulgently when Costaine explained his errand.

"Is Ilse in trouble?"

Costaine blandly repeated his lie about the new, important job in customer relations. "It's company policy to re-evaluate employees when they're being upgraded."

Pembroke sounded amused. "Only you Americans would think to interrogate a divorced husband. What is it you want me to tell you?"

"Your impressions of her, how she gets along with people, how you met and, if it isn't too painful, what caused the divorce."

Pembroke chuckled. "We met at a private party in London. We were married three weeks later." Pembroke sat silent, thinking back. "Maybe it would have worked if we had stayed in England. How do you tell about those things? But as soon as we came here, Ilse became too busy for marriage."

"Her relatives, her family—did you see much of them?"

Pembroke looked vague. "Her mother and father are dead. She has a distant cousin living in Columbus, I believe, and some of her mother's family are in East Germany. I never met any of them."

Two hours later, Costaine was in his own office in New York, high above Rockefeller Center.

His secretary looked up without surprise as he walked in. "You didn't like rustivating in the wilds of California?"

"Missed you." He grinned at her.

"And the only wild things left in that part of the country are freeway drivers."

"The reports are on your desk. There seem to be a couple of items that may be news, if I guessed right about what you're hunting."

He scanned them quickly. There was little new and nothing of help in most of them, including the crop on Ilse Marlin. Gordon Dougal turned out to like gambling. He had recently lost a large sum at Las Vegas, but remembering the salaries paid at the lab, Costaine guessed he could afford it.

Henry Riker had had few interests other than science, save for his folk singing, and that assumed the proportions of an avocation, judging by the long list of engagements at which Riker had entertained during the past year. The surprise was that he had been accompanied at most of them by Gordon Dougal. A gambler Costaine could believe, but Dougal had not impressed him as an habitu  of teen-age hangouts; yet most of their appearances had been in coffee houses and small bars around Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara. One frequently recurring name fascinated him.

"What's this Love Thy Neighbor outfit?" he asked his secretary.

"Cute, isn't it?" Louise Wilson's quick smile was wry. "It caught me, too. I had the L.A. boys check it out. It's a national Peace-or-Extinction organization—holds rallies against the bombs. They picketed the White House last month. Headquarters in Los Angeles. Irene Hecker—Mother Hecker to you—is secretary. Now, take a peek at the photo."

Costaine looked at a picture of a page from a guest book, such as all groups use to swell their mailing lists. Among the first signatures were those of Riker, Dougal and Ilse Marlin.

Costaine raised his eyes to his secretary slowly, the arch of his brows lifting upward, outward until he looked like a very pleased Mephisto.

"From Love Thy Neighbor?"

Louise Wilson nodded. "From a rally a couple of weeks ago. They were processing it when our man visited their office. They didn't know he snapped it."

"Thank you very much," Costaine said softly. "Now, phone the airport and get me a plane for Columbus."

Mrs. Isabelle Marlin Hume was fifty-two years old. She lived in a neat, single-story tract house in a north Columbus development. There was a sparrowlike quality about her that reminded Costaine of Billie Burke.

She said, "It's funny you should come asking about cousin Ilse today. I just found some old things of her mother's last week, and I've been wondering what to do with them."

"What sort of things?"

"Old letters, pictures. When her folks died—they were killed in an accident—Ilse was in Europe. She wrote me to close the house and clean it out. She said she couldn't bear to come back and do it herself."

"May I see them?"

She led him to the attached double

garage. One side was piled with dusty boxes and suitcases. She unearthed a battered leather suitcase that looked at least fifty years old. It was filled with bundles of envelopes and packets of photographs, many of them faded, some of them tintypes.

Isabelle pawed these aside, dug to the bottom, brought up a high-school annual marked COLUMBUS SOUTH and opened it. Slipped in among the pages were a handful of snapshots and portraits, and she held one up to Costaine.

"There's Ilse at three."

Costaine saw a serious-eyed baby with fair hair and eyes too large for the triangle of face.

"This is her in high school."

She wore a middy blouse, her hair was bobbed and her figure chubby.

"And here she is in Paris with the Tyler children. Mr. Tyler himself took it. It's the only picture she ever sent me. We weren't very close."

Costaine looked closely at the last photograph. He saw a nice-looking woman, but it was not the woman he knew as Ilse Marlin. He reached for the picture. "May I borrow this for a little while?"

"Land sakes," said Isabelle, "I wish you'd take them all! When you see Ilse, tell her if she doesn't send for this stuff, I'll burn it up."

Thompson Tyler's private door was at the rear corner in the Municipal Savings and Loan Company's office on High Street.

"I won't take much of your time," Costaine said. "I'm investigating a former employ  of yours, Ilse Marlin."

For a moment, the banker's face remained blank, then it tightened. "The governess. Yes. What about her?"

Costaine lied again. "She's in line for a promotion with Gannett Aircraft. We like to consult references at such times. What can you tell me about her?"

"Not much that's favorable, I'm afraid. I haven't heard of her in several years. In fact, I'm surprised that she's returned to this country. I'd advise you to think twice about hiring her."

Costaine raised his eyebrows. He pulled the photograph from his pocket and slid it across the desk. "Do you recognize this?"

Tyler looked at it briefly and his thin lips turned down. "I do. I took it myself. Those are my youngsters with that woman, and that's the Eiffel Tower in the background."

Costaine retrieved the picture and returned it to his pocket. "Will you tell me how you came to employ Miss Marlin in the first place?"

"She was the children's schoolteacher. My wife and I liked her when we met her at the PTA, so when we decided to go to Europe, we thought we'd have more freedom if we took her along to keep an eye on Betty and Bob. We neglected to investigate her. We were only halfway through the trip, when she said she wanted to visit some relatives in East Germany. I didn't want to go to Berlin and I certainly didn't want my children there. We gave the Marlin woman two weeks off.

She was to rejoin us in Rome. Instead, she wrote us a letter, resigning. Said she'd decided to stay with her family. Last thing I'd have guessed. She was a Communist."

Costaine thanked him and left the building. So Ilse Marlin was not Ilse—at least, not the Ilse Marlin who had grown up in Columbus, Ohio.

He caught a plane for Winston, Kansas. Mathew Gannett was surprised to see him and not a little perturbed as he listened to Costaine's report. Costaine told him everything he knew and a lot that he suspected. When he described the reaction of the CIA, Gannett snarled.

"Those jerks. They're so damn smart."

"What do we do?"

"You're sure she's a phoney?"

"I'm sure Ilse Marlin isn't who she claims to be, and that her security clearance is therefore phony."

"Did you tell the CIA that?"

"No. You tell them if you want to."

"Dammed if I will. Let's us catch our own snakes."

CHAPTER NINE

McCALL met Costaine at International Airport in Los Angeles. Costaine came into the circular waiting room, to find his partner and Diana Kilraine at the rear of the crowd. McCall beckoned, then turned automatically toward the bar against the corridor's mouth.

Costaine fell into step, then glanced ahead and stopped. "Well, well, look who's here!"

McCall chuckled and said in an unconcerned voice, "You mean Krouse? He's been bird-dogging me for the last three days."

Costaine cocked an eyebrow. "What's the idea?"

Diana smiled. McCall moved his big shoulders. "Maybe Burns thinks I need protection. Maybe Krouse just loves me. Maybe he's a spy."

"I'll buy the last."

McCall looked startled. "You sound like you're serious."

"I am serious. Take a rain check on the drink and let's get out of this mob where we can talk."

They crossed the wide street and found the T-Bird in the parking lot.

Costaine said, "I've got news." And he repeated what he had learned concerning Ilse Marlin.

Diana Kilraine listened, wide-eyed. "I can't believe it! I never liked her, but to hear she's a Russian agent . . ."

Costaine said, "We haven't tied her up with Russia—yet. All we're sure of is that she's traveling under a passport that isn't hers."

"How in the world could she do it?"

"Easy enough, I think. Say the real Ilse Marlin, going to Berlin, had her passport lifted by the authorities. They could substitute a different picture and give it to one of their agents. As long as the phony Ilse Marlin kept away from anyone the American girl knew, she would be safe enough, just another tourist traveling in Europe. It's a good cover, and to make it better, she married a member of the British Foreign Office. When they moved to Washing-

ton, she had entrance to the Capitol circles. With that, she divorced him and was off and running."

McCall whistled softly, off-key. "So she makes a conquest of the general and moves in here. A soft spot. The laboratory was bound to turn up with something, sooner or later, that would interest the far side of the Curtain. Do you think she got around Hank and had him steal those plans for her?"

"I don't know," said Costaine. "But I did learn one thing about Riker: he was active with Gordon Dougal and Ilse Marlin in a group that calls itself Love Thy Neighbor. It's one of the peace fronts. Some of the crowd picked the White House last month."

"Where are they located?"

"Headquarters in Los Angeles, down on Figueroa. Let's go down there first. Then we'll call Larry Stephens."

The building which housed the Love Thy Neighbor society was stucco, two-storied, with curling shingles crying for a new roof. Costaine viewed it with a jaundiced eye as he pulled the T-Bird up in front.

"Looks like love isn't in the same class with money. You two stay here and let me check it out."

McCall nodded.

Costaine went up worn, splintered wooden steps, across a porch and up a stairway to a dirty hall. A door at the end bore the sign: LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. He pushed on the panel and went into a small, foul-smelling reception room. Beyond this, he looked through an arch into what had once been a dance hall. Now, the floor was cluttered with disordered rows of chairs, more or less facing a speaker's platform at the far end.

At the reception desk, two men in business suits, but wearing caps that looked like a cross between army headgear and postmen's caps, were talking to a lithe young redhead.

Costaine decided that the redhead was not Mother Hecker. Good-looking sixteen-year-olds did not have time to run nationwide networks of ban-the-bomb societies.

"Hello there, neighbor," she said in a slow drawl.

Costaine rewarded her with a smile that had struck down far more sophisticated women. "That sounds like you're singing, and I'll bet you like folk music."

Her gray-green eyes and her frosted orchid mouth made a triangle. "How'd you know that?"

He looked at her long, straight hair. "I'll also bet you knew a friend of mine, Hank Riker. He used to sing here."

"He was dreamy. Now he's dead."

"A great loss, young as he was," Costaine said solemnly.

The girl shrugged. "We've all got to go sometime."

"And do you know Ilse Marlin, who used to come with him?" he continued. Blankness answered him.

"How about Hank's friend, Gordon Dougal?"

"Buckwheat. A limbo. A jerk."

"Oh. But he *does* sing?"

"Sure, sure. He carries the sign. He's

for peace and things, but he doesn't project."

"Thanks," he said. "Now, is Mother Hecker here?"

"She's busy."

"Would you please tell her that I'm here? The name is Anthony Costaine. I'm from the 'New Statesman,' and we are conducting a survey of nationwide scope."

She turned and spoke into the phone. "She says to come ahead. Cross the meeting hall and there's a door right by the platform."

He thanked her and went through the arch, zigzagged between the chairs and found a plain, scarred door.

He came into a small office with a row of card tables lined against one wall. One woman sat at each of these, stuffing envelopes.

"Mrs. Hecker, please?"

A tall girl at the first table rose languidly and crossed to yet another door, putting her head through the crack as she held the door ajar.

While he waited, Costaine picked up a folded sheet of paper and read:

YOU, TOO, CAN CRUSADE FOR PEACE

Below was the notice of a rally to be held at the headquarters the following Saturday.

FOLK SINGING
REFRESHMENTS
\$2.00

*If you cannot attend, send in
your contribution.*

EVERY PENNY NEEDED—NOW

He put down the dodger as the tall girl came back and told him to go in.

Mother Hecker's inner sanctum was a boar's den. The floor was partly covered by a broken, threadbare carpet. Three chipped wooden file cases took up some space against one wall.

The woman standing behind the desk was as time-battered as the room. Her steel-gray hair hung shoulder length. It was dull and it framed a bitterly hard face. Her dress was drab black and she wore large, heavily jeweled glasses. Above the slit mouth and beak nose, they gave her the look of a mad owl.

She was not alone. Two men blocked the view from the window. Costaine's impression was that they were twins, over-large, thoroughly lumpy in the way that balloon-muscle wrestlers or beach boys are lumpy. They were solid, gorilla-like in appearance and manner. The effect was heightened by the long, red masses of hair tangled on their bucket heads.

Costaine smiled and started forward.

"Shut the door," the woman commanded. "What kind of survey is it?"

"One that we hope will clarify a growing national trend," he said. "We are, trying to determine the pulse of our population, to discover what age groups, what financial and educational classes are making up the bulk of the mushrooming cry for international disarmament. From your membership lists, from your catalogue of sponsors . . ."

The woman reached down, pulled

open a desk drawer, took from it a sheet of cheap sulphide bond paper and scaled it across the desk top.

"You could have got the sponsors off our letterhead there. The membership is confidential."

Costaine reached for the stationery. Below the centered legend—Love Thy Neighbor—and the address, along the left margin ran a column of some two dozen recognizable names. Those he knew fell into the lunatic fringe. There was a sculptor who had spent most of his sixty years campaigning for free love; a writer with the distinction that four of his five works were barred in thirty-nine countries for pornography; a cigar-maker who had run for President four times on what he called the People's Party, and a Texas oil man who published a spewing of pamphlets damning everything from the bomb to Gypsy Rose Lee.

Near the bottom of the column, Costaine found the names of Gordon Dougal and Dr. Henry Riker.

"I see Dr. Riker was among you."

"So?"

Costaine sounded bereaved. "I knew him well. Loved to listen to him sing."

"Very sad that he killed himself." The woman did not sound sad.

"A great loss. When did you see him last?"

Without her head turning, her eyes rolled toward the men at the window. "He sang at a rally about a month ago."

"And Gordon Dougal—has he been around since Hank died?"

"You ask too many questions." One of the twins shoved away from the window and loomed above Costaine. "You some kind of cop from that lab?"

Costaine indignantly denied this.

"Let's look anyhow."

The man was fast. Costaine was seized by one shoulder and spun like a top. He broke the grip, only to find an armlock about his throat. The man's free hand pawed through his pockets. Then it found the gun in its clip.

The twin grunted as he brought it forth, an animal sound of mingled triumph and displeasure. He flipped it to his fellow, then extracted Costaine's wallet and sent it flying to the woman.

Mother Hecker dumped the contents on the desk. "He's from Gannett Air, all right."

The grip around Costaine's neck tightened. He tried to protest but the croak that left his lips reached only as far as his own ears.

"What you doing here with a gun, mister?"

Costaine's face was growing dark red. Hot moisture burned at the back of his eyes and black spots burst in them, spreading into widening circles. He stretched his mouth wide, strained the muscles of his neck, trying to expand the grasping hands and create breathing room, but he could not.

"Let's work him over, Harry," the man by the window said.

Without warning, he was released and shoved toward the other man.

"Here we go, Pete."

Costaine stumbled and toppled. Pete

caught him beneath his arms and hurled him back at Harry. Harry already had a roundhouse swing started for Costaine's head.

The blow caught him below and forward of his ear. He went down, hands and knees jarring against the floor.

He was jerked upright. He felt like a rag doll as they fought over him like two kids battling for a lollipop. He was spun and tripped and tossed back and forth between them in a room that reeled, jumped and pitched. He was not given time to catch his balance.

Harry caught his arms and locked them behind his back. Pete's fists slashed his mouth, split his lip, canted his nose in a blow that drove sharp, stinging pain up and out through the back of his head. The next hammer throw closed his right eye.

"That's enough." Mother Hecker's voice was unexcited. "If you kill him, he can't talk."

Pete stopped slamming knuckles at him. Harry picked him up, jammed him on his feet and shoved him at a chair. Costaine grabbed it and hung on its back, using it as a brace.

Mother Hecker said, "Why did they send you down here? You're no reporter."

Costaine said nothing. He lifted the chair just off the floor, moved it a few inches and set it down until he was facing the three of them bunched near the desk.

The men watched him. They grinned. Their hands came up, the fingers loosely hooked, ready to catch the chair when he swung it at them, to wrench it away.

Costaine's feet were braced under him now. He kept his eyes on them, intent. He put his full strength into straightening suddenly, into bringing up the chair in a sweeping arc.

He hurled it at the closed window.

One leg caught in the shattered frame and it hung, twisted, then dropped after the shower of glass that tinkled to the sidewalk in front of the parked T-Bird.

The two gorillas gaped. Then they sprang upon Costaine again. He was clubbed down, past any resistance, when a yell came from the reception room.

Harry and Pete leaped backward and stood frozen by the noise. McCall galloped through the door, almost without opening it. His red-blond hair stood on end. He looked ten feet tall.

He paused briefly to survey the situation, to measure the two men. Then he went forward, stalking warily like a Japanese wrestler searching for a hand hold.

Costaine, on hands and knees, backed out of the way and stayed there.

McCall stepped aside as the concerted charge came, and his looping right knocked Harry back, stumbling against the desk, sliding across it, splintering the chair beyond. He heard the man's bellow as the head struck the wall, but his attention was turned to Pete, who slammed a heavy fist against the side of McCall's head.

McCall clobbered him with a left un-

der the heart, a right to the jaw. Pete staggered off. Harry dragged himself out of the wreckage of the chair, vaulted the desk and rushed across the room to dive upon McCall's back.

McCall stood, legs rooted, wide apart. Harry tried for the same hammerlock he had employed on Costaine. McCall reached back, got a handful of the long thatch of hair and hauled Harry over his shoulder to land on his back at Costaine's side.

The twins came up together and charged McCall from both sides. McCall leaped back, spread his arms to lace his fingers in each thick scalp, and clapped the heads together.

They hung in McCall's hands, inert. He dropped them to the carpet.

Mother Hecker yelled. McCall bared his fangs at her and simulated a jump in her direction. She cringed in her corner. Thoughtfully, McCall kicked each of his victims in the jaw.

Then he turned and solicitously examined Costaine. He was just lifting his partner to his feet when the cops crashed in.

CHAPTER TEN

LARRY STEPHENS had been Deputy Chief of the Los Angeles police for more than six years and, as he told the boys graphically in his office at the new police building, the City of Angels was a nice, quiet country town between their periodic visitations.

"Can't you two clowns ever come out here without drawing lightning bolts down from the sky?" He fixed Costaine with a harassed eye. "What in the name of God possessed you to walk into a joint like that by yourself? It's a wonder you didn't get killed."

The doctor had pasted a strip of tape across Costaine's split lip and three adhesive sutures to hold the edges of his forehead gash together. Cold cloths had taken some of the swelling from his blooming nose, but he still looked like the loser in a battle with a steam roller.

McCall growled, "Lay off, Larry. The boy isn't well."

"He shouldn't be. Those people down there are bad business. We've been watching them."

"Who are they?"

"The two beauties you tangled with are the Hecker brothers. Harry used to be a pretty fair fighter. Pete has taken two falls for assault. The gray-haired gal is their aunt, and a shrewd operator if I ever saw one. She has a string of bunco arrests on her record, but she was never convicted. In the old days, when she looked the part, she and her husband were teamed up in the con game. I don't know how many suckers they took on the old house-paint racket. Then he died and she got into this hate-the-bomb business. She didn't originate it. It started out as a legitimate enough protest by a bunch of crackpots who thought that American disarmament would lead everybody else to God. But once Mother Hecker got her toe in, she began to take over. Her title is Secretary, but she runs the show now."

Costaine touched his burning lip tenderly. "How do they work it?"

"Simple enough. They have a crew of house-to-house solicitors wearing a gimmick uniform. They ring your doorbell and show you a petition directed at your local Senator, asking that the nuclear bombs be outlawed. Once you've signed, you're on their list—and a lot of well-meaning people do sign. Then you're dunned to contribute to support the crusade. You'd be shocked to know how much some of the patsies shell out. One guy gave them five hundred dollars right off."

McCall whimpered.

Costaine said, "Why haven't you stopped them?"

"How can we? What law are they breaking? Any citizen has the right to sign any petition he wants to, and they've got some of the best doorbell boys in the business, who get twenty percent of the take."

"But the house to house stuff is only a small part of it. Once you're on the list, you get a steady stream of literature. They put on rallies, they put on community sings, they play it for every dollar they can wring out of it, all in the name of Sweet Peace."

"Do you think this outfit is subversive?" Costaine asked.

Stephens laughed. "You're kidding. This is a plain little old racket. Any Russian that gets within grabbing distance of the Heckers will lose his vest, pants and his membership card."

Costaine was not convinced. "Someone got to Riker, and maybe I know who. Someone sold him on being the savior of humanity, and we know he belonged to that group."

Stephens shrugged. "I don't believe it. By the way, the Ventura sheriff asked us to check on any Newton shells reloaded down here recently. We found a shop that did some a few months ago."

"Where?" Costaine's interest came alive again.

"Gun shop on Colorado, in Pasadena." He sorted through his desk drawer. "The guy who runs the shop is a nut on Newtons. He got to talking to a man who brought in some shells recently. A heavy-set man, five-ten or eleven, fortyish, with a little triangle scar under his right eye."

"Krouse." Costaine turned to McCall. "There's a photograph of Krouse in his personnel file at the lab. Phone Sally. Ask her to get it and bring it down and meet me at the Biltmore. Take Diana home. I'll see you later."

Sally Frost said, "You look as if you'd been mauled by a power mower. Whatever hit you this time?"

"A peace society," said Costaine.

They were in her Impala, heading out the twisting curves of the Pasadena Freeway. She gave him a slanting glance.

"Don't you ever tell the truth?"

"People never believe it anyway," he said. "How are things at the compound?"

"Terrible and getting worse. The general's sitting in the electric chair waiting for them to turn on the juice,

Burns is more obnoxious than ever, Able Pratt and Bernard Holmes had a first fight in the bar last night—no one knows why—and Gordon Dougal has gone to bed. The doctor says it's overwork and nervous tension. He has applied for a leave of absence."

Costaine said a quiet, "Oh."

The girl came off the freeway and turned east on Colorado. "Know where this place is?"

Costaine consulted the address. "I don't know Pasadena very well."

The girl did. "I used to have an aunt here."

She found the gun shop easily. It was large, with racks of guns behind a counter and a work room at the rear.

A sandy-haired man with a drooping mustache and a bright Hawaiian shirt came out. Costaine laid the picture of Krouse on the glass counter top.

"Ever see that man?"

The sandy-haired gunsmith picked it up and studied it intently. "Why?"

Costaine said, "Larry Stephens of the Los Angeles police sent me out. His men ran down some Newton shells that you reloaded awhile back. Is this the man who brought the shells in?"

The gunsmith nodded. "I've been trying to buy a Newton for a customer. He'll pay two hundred and fifty for one in good condition. I thought maybe this guy would sell. He looked like he could use some money."

"What did he say?"

"That he didn't want to sell, but he was going to bring it in and let me see it. Said it needed bluing. He never showed."

Sally was burning with curiosity, but she waited until they were back in the Impala to ask, "What's all this about?"

"Probably that it was Krouse who took that shot at me."

"Why?"

"Who knows? Maybe he didn't like the way I talked to him at the gate that first night. Maybe he's secretly in love with Diana Kilraine and was jealous because I took her home."

Their welcome at the laboratory was warmer than the first time. Three gate guards came forward, but did not challenge them. Krouse was not in evidence. Costaine asked for him and was told that it was his day off. Costaine let Sally drop him at the club.

McCall arrived shortly after. "How'd you make out, Dad?"

"It was Krouse, all right. It's his day off. I called Burns. He's coming over."

Burns came in quietly and showed no resentment when Costaine began to question him about Krouse.

"Did you have Krouse tail McCall?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you know that Krouse owns a Newton rifle?"

The Security man froze. "What are you trying to say? That Krouse shot you? That Krouse killed Riker?"

"I don't know that, but he had a batch of Newton shells reloaded not long ago. He could have brought the rifle into the compound."

"But why? His record is clean."

"Other GIs with clean records have

been recruited by our enemies. He served in Berlin when he was in the Army. Because you put a man in uniform doesn't mean he can't be bought."

"Let's go over to the office and look at the duty sheets. If he was, say, on the vault the night you were shot, he couldn't have been both places at once."

The three of them rode Burns' jeep to the Security Building. Burns went directly to a file cabinet and drew out a sheaf of dispersement charts that listed the names of the guards and their duty assignments.

His finger stubbed against the column of names, followed it down to Krouse, turned at a right angle and traced across a row of small boxes, three with numbers typed in them. He stabbed at the third number, the digit three, then flicked his finger up the page again.

There was doubt now in his voice. "Third shift—that's the evening shift. Krouse was on Tower Five on the wall behind Kilraine's house."

His words trailed away, then in haste he turned to the next sheet. On the afternoon that Riker had died, Krouse had been assigned to a jeep for a cruising patrol of the compound. Like the others, it was an eight-hour shift, and in the evening Krouse was not on duty.

Burns dropped heavily into his chair, staring at the page as though it had bitten him. "Damn him. I'll pick him up as soon as he puts his foot back in here. I'll wring the truth out of him with my own hands."

"No," Costaine said slowly. His finger was toying with a manila envelope on the desk. A name was scrawled across the top: HENRY RIKER. "I'm not ready to pick him off yet. I don't want to scare the others until I find Moss' file. I don't want any more killings."

"Others?"

Costaine lifted the envelope. "What's this?" he asked.

"The stuff that was on Riker's body. The Ventura people sent it over to be returned to his family."

Costaine spilled the contents of the envelope on the desk: Riker's pipe, a slim pouch of tobacco, a wallet with a little money and some credit cards, membership cards in scientific societies and in Love Thy Neighbor. There was a folded sheet of foolscap paper; Costaine opened it. It was the draft of a folk song written in a cramped, hurried hand, a line here and there heavily blanked out and rewritten.

Like the ballad about the witches Costaine had heard on the first night, this one was mystic, weird, even more cryptic and incomprehensible than the other, yet Costaine could hear the desperate young voice crying it out, tearing some hidden pain from his soul, and he knew that it would raise the hairs on any listener's neck. The boy had been great.

Again Costaine had the wish that circumstances had been different, that he could have known Riker, could have studied the strange fire that burned in

him. More than ever, he was convinced that Riker had been a pawn, a tool used by a vicious force.

The song had a title, "Psalm CLI." Costaine smiled a thin, regretful smile. The kid had known his Bible, too.

On impulse, he said, "Do you care if I take this?"

Burns shrugged impatiently. "Take it. Who needs it?"

Costaine said, "I understand that Gordon Dougal has requested leave of absence. Let's go over and talk to him."

Gordon Dougal's house stood at the far end of the compound, its rear door opening on a patio fenced by the high outer wall.

A male nurse answered their ring, a tall man with a thin, sallow face.

"Good evening, Chief. Is something wrong?"

"We want to talk to Dougal."

The nurse shook his head. "I'm sorry, but the doctor left strict orders that he's not to be disturbed for anything short of a fire."

Costaine said, "We'll set a fire. Call the doctor."

The nurse looked very unhappy. "I can't. He went to Los Angeles. If Mr. Dougal isn't improved by morning, they're going to move him to a sanitarium."

Costaine walked toward the nurse. "We are going to talk to Dougal—now. If you doubt it, call the general."

Costaine did not wait for him to make the call, but passed him quickly, going down the center hall that bisected the house. The nurse started angrily after Costaine. McCall was in his way, large and immobile as Gibraltar. The man reached for the phone.

McCall followed his partner into the bedroom. Costaine was already leaning over the unmoving form on the bed.

"Look here, at his eyes. He's been doped. Get coffee."

McCall went through to the kitchen, noting absently that the rear door stood open. He put water on to boil and found a bottle of instant powder.

Burns had moved to the bedroom doorway. Costaine told him across his shoulder, "Come here. Help me get him on his feet. Walk him."

Together they supported the limp form, walking him down the hall and then back and forth across the wide living room. The head lolled drunkenly until McCall arrived with the coffee, got a handful of hair and tipped the face up. The nurse had hung up the phone and stood where he was, making no attempt to help or interfere.

Finally, Gordon Dougal came around.

Costaine said, "I want answers. Who doped you?"

"The doctor."

"Why?"

"Don't know."

"Sure you know." Costaine's voice was rough. "They wanted to get you out of here, and the easy way to do it was in an ambulance."

"You are perfectly right," a new voice said.

Marcel Dubois was standing in the open front doorway, his ruff of gray

hair rising in an upright tangle. He had a gun in his soft, plump white hand, pointing at Costaine's midriff. He stepped into the room and Krouse came in behind him. Krouse also held a gun. So did Ilse Marlin as she followed on the guard's heels.

McCall, Burns and the nurse stayed perfectly quiet. Dougal's teeth began to chatter, then a convulsive giggle bubbled from his mouth.

Krouse wagged his gun at them. "Get over by the wall. All of you."

Costaine moved away from Dougal.

Lloyd Burns stared at the new arrivals, unable to believe his eyes. "Ilse. Krouse. What the hell?"

Ilse did not even look toward him. Krouse gave him a thin-lipped smile. "Move, Chief. I got short patience."

Burns obeyed. Two more guards came in behind Ilse. For a second, Burns' eyes lighted; but the others were not there to help their employer. The light changed to a glare.

Expertly, they ran their hands over Costaine, McCall and Burns, relieving them of their guns.

The compound doctor came in. He looked around nervously and then said, "The ambulance is coming. It should be here in ten or fifteen minutes."

Dubois made a satisfied noise. "Very good. Now, give injections to these people against the wall. And you'd better give Dougal another."

Burns could not restrain his hoarse cry. "You'll never get out of here!"

Krouse laughed savagely. "My men are on duty tonight. They'll pass anyone I say. And when that ambulance arrives—"

He did not finish the sentence. Ilse Marlin's small gun made a faint sound; a hole appeared between Krouse's eyes.

For a moment, no one in the room knew what had happened; then Dubois uttered a strangled yelp as if someone had squeezed his windpipe. He spun on the girl, cursing her in a dozen mixed languages. Before he completed his turn, she had put two precise bullets into his protruding belly.

He jackknifed, then rolled to the floor. The doctor was intent on bringing out a syringe. He swiveled terrified eyes toward the girl. The two guards, still near the wall, jumped toward her, grabbing for their guns.

They had to pass McCall. They did not make it. He wrapped one hand in each collar, jerked them backward, off balance, then slammed them to the floor with such force that they lay there stunned. Deliberately, with clinical detachment, he kicked each solidly in the head, then stooped, lifted their guns and flipped one to Costaine.

The nurse had fainted. The doctor dropped his syringe and raised both hands above his shoulders. Ilse Marlin watched McCall's surprised approval.

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it." McCall made her a small bow. "I'll take your pop-gun now."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IN THE suite at the clubhouse, Dougal sat in the chair farthest from the doors. He was gaunt, white, and

spasms of the shakes racked him, but he was awake, aware. Costaine lay on the couch, propped restfully against a throne of pillows. McCall stood holding two drinks, watching Ilse Marlin as she talked into the telephone. He and Costaine listened, dazed, as she told the assistant head of the CIA:

"Dubois is dead. So is Krouse. We turned the two guards over to the FBI. No, we haven't found Moss' plans yet, but we have Dougal in good condition. I think now that he has seen what can happen to traitors, he'll be more amenable." She listened, a smile tipping her lips. "Yes, sir, I'll tell him."

She hung up, accepting the drink McCall offered her, and spoke to Costaine. "He says to tell you to keep your long, pointed nose out of his business; you nearly blew this one skyhigh."

Costaine sat up abruptly, thoroughly angry. "You tell Vanders it's his own damn fault. He let me run my backside off tracking you down, and didn't tell me you're just a lousy CIA agent."

"Not so lousy. I'm a mighty good one, if I may brag, and you ought to be glad of it. If I weren't, you would at this time be drugged, bouncing along in that ambulance toward a private hospital where your quiet and permanent disappearance would put an end to your jolly career."

"I wouldn't have done it on my own. In rescuing you two, I loused up my nice, well established cell. But orders came from the top to protect you and McCall."

"Orders from Dutch Vanders?"

"Higher than that. An authority I couldn't argue with. Look, Dubois was the top man here, and well up in the chain of command. But as long as we knew who he was, as long as I was his right hand, we had control over what he could do." She was silent, considering the damage. "Now we'll have to start all over. And the next agent they send in here is likely to be one we don't know. He may cause considerable trouble before we spot him."

McCall said, "You sound pretty certain they can get someone else in."

"Of course. Practically every installation on both sides is infiltrated. You can't keep them out. The best you can do is to locate your opposite number, attack yourself to him, work with him and watch him."

"You are not Ilse Marlin. What did you do with her—run her through another of your private hospitals?"

"I was in East Germany when she came to visit. Her cousins introduced her to a young man and presto, she was in love. The secret police made her give up her passport before they'd let her marry. She surrendered it, smiling. She joined the Party."

"A nice, clean-living American teacher. Fine. Did you meet her?"

"I spent a lot of time with her. I had to learn about her friends, her relatives and her background if I was to take her place. I even recruited her. She is now one of CIA's quiet little helpers. Isn't that the biggest joke of the year?"

Costaine jolted upright. "How did you wind up here?"

"Moscow sent me to London, and I had the chance to marry Ian Pembroke. Then we came to Washington."

Costaine at last found something to smile at. "That must have pleased the Russians, you with a husband in the Foreign Office. But why the divorce?"

She put out her delicate lower lip in a pout. "It got a little too chummy when I found out he was a Grade-A Russian agent. He didn't know I was CIA, but it was too close for comfort."

Costaine was thoroughly startled. "Isn't there anyone left anywhere who isn't an agent for somebody?"

She moved her shoulders. "Russia wanted me to work with Dubois in Washington, and CIA wanted him watched. It worked very nicely. We had him boxed in a safe corner where he couldn't do anything disastrous. It was more necessary to know what he was doing here at the lab, than to have an agent we weren't aware of spirit Moss' plans away. So we were sent to infiltrate the place on the assumption that, sooner or later, something important would be developed here. The cosmic-ray gun was a dividend. I had my hands full keeping Dubois away from Moss. It wasn't until Moss died that trouble really started."

"You mean Dubois got to Riker?"

"In a roundabout way, yes. He went to Washington to consult with the Russians. They decided to approach Riker through Dougal, who was vulnerable because of his gambling."

Costaine glanced at the programming chief. The man was sunk in his chair, his face marble-white.

"Dubois and I got together with Dougal and made a deal. Dougal was to work on Riker's social conscience, to load the responsibility for the new weapon on Hank's shoulders. It worked. Hank finally agreed to get the plans from the vault on Dougal's promise to destroy them. But by this time, Dubois had Gordon Dougal in a tight corner, because he had lost over a hundred thousand dollars in Las Vegas and was being threatened for not paying up. In return for paying that debt, Dougal was working for Dubois."

The girl looked at Dougal with distaste. "So Riker stole the file and passed it to Dougal in the computer room, to drop into the incinerator. But Dougal didn't burn it. At least, he says he didn't. God knows how or where he hid it, but he told Dubois he had it and the price had gone up. He wanted ten million dollars."

"And then you two showed up and Dubois panicked. So did Krouse. Krouse tried to keep you out. Then he reported to Dubois, and later, on his own, he took that shot at you."

"So you didn't know he was going to?"

She shook her head. "No, but I almost wish he hadn't been such a lousy shot. I was furious that you were here. I could see you blowing my whole delicate arrangement to pieces. I got hold of Washington and they tried to get Gannett to pull you off."

Costaine had not known this. Gannett had said nothing about it. The old boy was stubborn as a mule. Even CIA could not budge him.

She was still accusing. "You pushed Dubois into making a mistake. He went to see Riker. He told him Dougal had the plans hidden. He tried to blackmail Riker, said he'd expose him to the general. It was stupid. Riker was an unknown quantity, none knew how he would react, how solid his principles were. But in this business, you take it for granted that everyone can be bought or threatened. Neither worked with Riker. He called Dougal and said unless he gave back the plans, he would confess everything to you."

"So Dougal killed him."

"And while he was doing it, Krouse was trying to shove you off that cliff."

"And tonight, why did you dope Dougal?"

"We were going to take Dougal to the private hospital and give him sodium pentathol, truth serum."

"What would have happened then? The plans would have gone to Russia."

"Not quite. Dubois would have turned them over to our messenger, who would have passed them to the Russian agent in New York. But the messenger is also a CIA agent. The material would have been altered before final delivery. Our friends behind the Curtain would have wasted months, perhaps years, before they realized they had been duped."

"Well, that's academic now," Costaine said. "You didn't get the plans. What do you propose to do now? I want them, too, you know."

Dougal laughed suddenly—harsh, rasping. "You're going to deal with me. Come on, fight over me. I've got the file, and as long as I do and no one knows where it is, I'm in the driver's seat. I can still sell it to Russia. Costaine, you'd better talk to Gannett. Tell him the price is still ten million."

Costaine was watching Ilse Marlin from the corner of his eye. "He won't give you a penny. I know where the plans are."

Ilse Marlin had her glass against her beautiful lips. Her hand froze, her eyes above the glass rim grew rounder and rounder, their light steel color deepening toward purple.

"Nora ate it," Costaine said, smug as a panda bear.

McCall glared at his partner, unable for the moment to associate the name. "Nora?"

"The computer. Moss' material is safely programmed on a memory tape. Just press the right buttons and she'll rattle it all off to you."

"How long have you known this?" Ilse Marlin asked.

Costaine's shrug was casual. He had seen Dougal's dismay when he mentioned the computer's nickname. Until he saw the man's reaction, he was not entirely certain. The smile he gave the girl was sublime.

"I've suspected it for some time, because I couldn't think of any other explanation. If the notes were still on the

impregnated paper, the snooper ray would have found them long ago. Riker passed the original notes to Dougal, who programmed them and then dropped them into the incinerator."

Ilse Marlin bowed her head. "Look for a mouse and stumble over an elephant. Congratulations, Mr. Costaine."

In the computer room, Dougal crossed to the tape storage cabinets and ran down through the numbered containers. His finger stopped at a number. Costaine, McCall and Ilse watched. Dougal pulled out the container and turned.

Then he moved suddenly, sidewise, catching them all flat-footed. The iron door of the chute that led down to the burning incinerator was at the end of the storage cabinet. Costaine guessed what he intended to do, and jumped.

His flying leap might have brought Dougal down had not Ilse Marlin moved at the same instant, blocking Costaine's path as he charged in.

The impact knocked them both to their knees. Dougal wrenched the iron door open and hurled the thing he held into the incinerator.

He turned then, his white face strained. "You could have paid me and I'd have given you the plans. Now, nobody will have them."

He leaped across the room, pulling at the door of the Plans Room. Ilse Marlin shot him, hit him low in the back and again in the head, before Costaine could snatch the gun from her.

"Maybe it's better for the world this way," she said in a flat voice. Then she walked to the door, stepped over the still form and went into the Plans Room where she picked up the phone.

Costaine and McCall climbed the slanting grade to the clubhouse.

"What are we going to tell Matt?" McCall asked, as they began packing in their room.

"Exactly what happened."

"Great. He'll love it. There we stand with egg on our faces while that jerk burns up his precious cosmic-ray gun."

Costaine placed a stack of shirts in his case, closed it and began hanging his three suits in the bag, running his hand by habit through the pockets. In the second, he came up with a sheet of foolscap paper. "Psalm CLI."

He kept all expression from his voice. "Did you notice the number of that tape Dougal threw in the fire?"

"A hundred and fifty. Why?" McCall looked at his partner's face.

"What's that you've got?"

"The song Riker had in his pocket the day he died. Listen." He began to read it aloud:

Love of my life,
Who never sees the Sun,
The Sky,
I bring you in my two cupped hands
A precious gift.
Here, look, the world I give you.
And the Universe,
Into your belly plant the eyes
Of all the billion billion
Who shall ever watch the stars.

My pregnant love,
Keep safe the apple's core
That Adam nibbled dangerously near.

Within it the quick seeds of
Life and Death sprout side by side
And only One exists
With wisdom round enough to
know
The Two apart.

Keep silent, love,
And let out painful song,
Keep on,
Until Time-Space will grow us free
of Fear.

The next day, a company plane set Costaine down on the private landing strip of the Gannett Aircraft Wichita plant. A field scooter buzzed him across to the front of the Administration Building and he ran for the air-conditioned interior.

He was sweating as he followed the secretary down the hall to the door of Mathew Gannett's office, and the Kansas summer air was only slightly responsible. In his brief case, he carried a small package.

Gannett swung to face him like a bulldog on a leash. "What kind of nerve have you got, showing up here? You don't think I'm going to shell out thirty-five G's the way you loused me up? I just heard from Washington. You let them burn up the Tinkerbell plans right before your eyes. What kind of a job is that?"

Costaine laid the brief case on the desk and opened it. "Pretty good, I thought, for a routine matter. Here's your specs." He tossed the package into Gannett's lap.

Gannett fumbled the bundle as if it were hot, then dropped it on the desk before him and sat glaring at it. "What specs?"

"For Tinkerbell." Costaine sounded ineffectually bored. "Dougal burned the wrong tape. Dr. Riker outsmarted him. When Hank discovered that Dougal was working with the Russians, he was sharp enough to figure where the plans were, and that the container the tape was in would carry a spurious number so it wouldn't be played by accident."

"He went to the computer room and found it. Dougal had put it in container number one-fifty. Riker had changed his mind about destroying it when he found out how badly Russia wanted it. I guess he was convinced that we had to have it for survival."

"He moved the tape to number one-fifty-one, wrote a song about it—a sort of hopeful prayer that the secret would keep and the cosmic-ray gun never be used. Then he titled the song in Roman numerals, 'Psalm CLI,' One-fifty-one."

Gannett looked again at the package, as if it might bite. "How did you get on it?"

"By being worth thirty-five thousand, and expenses."

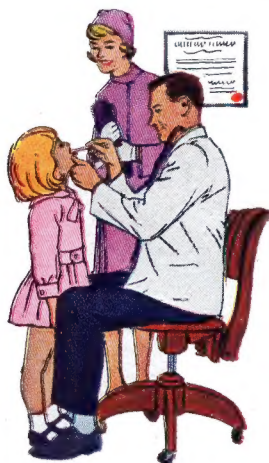
Gannett nodded. "How come you didn't turn it over to General Kilraine, or the FBI, or even the CIA?"

Costaine sounded hurt. "You're the one who is paying me."

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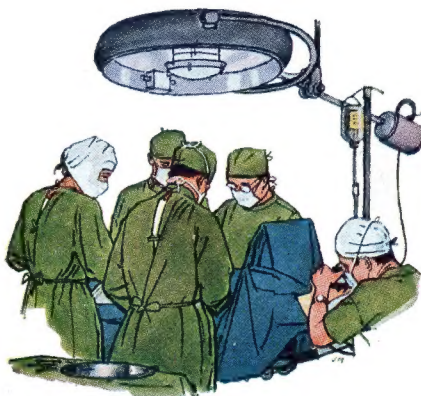
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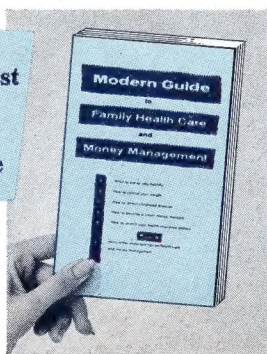
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